



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



*The Headington (parish)  
magazine [afterw.] St. ...*

Headington St. Andrew's



Digitized by Google







**THE  
HEADINGTON  
MAGAZINE.**

---

**VOL. 2.**

**1870.**

**OXFORD :**

**W. B. BOWDEN, 35, HOLYWELL-STREET.**

The Headington Parish Magazine is published in the first week of each month. The cost of the Magazine for each month is three half-pence or, through District Visitors, one penny.

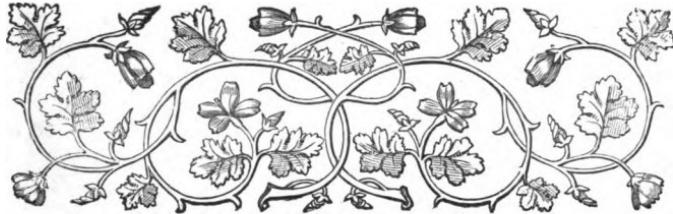
The outside sheets may be had separately for one penny each.

Those who wish to have the Magazines for the past year bound, are advised to send them to the Editor at the Post Office, who will supply them with Covers and an Index, and return them bound, for the sum of One Shilling.

The average number of copies of the Magazine sold monthly is 320.

---

The Headington Parish Almanack for the year 1870 may be had of the District Visitors for one penny each.



## Contents of Second Volume.

---

	Page.
<b>Church of S. Andrew.—</b>	
Restoration . . . . .	81
Church Workers . . . . .	82
Services . . . . .	64, 70, 74, 86, 109, 114
Confirmation . . . . .	61, 75
Celebrations of the Holy Communion . . . . .	53, 71, 114
<b>Fasts and Festivals of the English Church—</b>	
Advent . . . . .	117
Epiphany . . . . .	52, 53
Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary . . . . .	57
Good Friday . . . . .	69
SS. Philip and James . . . . .	73
Ascension Day . . . . .	74
S. Barnabas . . . . .	77
S. James . . . . .	85
S. Matthew and his Gospel . . . . .	93
S. Mark and his Gospel . . . . .	106
All Saints' Day . . . . .	105
<b>Chapel at New Headington—</b>	
Fund . . . . .	79, 99, 109, 114
Opening Services . . . . .	110, 113
<b>Sermons on special occasions—</b>	
Lent . . . . .	64, 70
Ascension Day . . . . .	74
Harvest Festival . . . . .	101
Opening of New Headington Chapel . . . . .	113
<b>Choir—</b>	
Festival . . . . .	79, 110
Funds . . . . .	66
Concert . . . . .	115

<b>Schools—</b>	
Accounts . . . . .	95
Night School . . . . .	80, 103
New Headington . . . . .	114
<b>Societies—</b>	
Propagation of the Gospel . . . . .	58, 89, 115
Additional Curates . . . . .	62, 79
Diocesan Spiritual Help . . . . .	79
<b>Charities—</b>	
District Visiting Benevolent Society . . . . .	55, 66, 71, 87, 108
Coal Club . . . . .	55
Clothing Club . . . . .	55
Lying-in Society . . . . .	66
<b>Obituaries—</b>	
Mr. Bird . . . . .	98
Mr. Vallis . . . . .	102
<b>Miscellaneous—</b>	
New Year's Address . . . . .	51
Reading Room . . . . .	59
Concerts and Entertainments . . . . .	53, 65, 109, 115
Harvest Festival . . . . .	96, 101
Athletic Sports . . . . .	102
Club Feast . . . . .	86
School Feast . . . . .	97
Cricket . . . . .	80, 98
Magazine . . . . .	66
<b>Short Passages from English Poets—</b>	
1. John Milton . . . . .	88
2. George Herbert . . . . .	99
3. George Horne . . . . .	111
<b>Collections, 1869—</b>	
For Radcliffe Infirmary . . . . .	101
For Sick and Wounded . . . . .	103
Ladies' Basket . . . . .	54, 59; 65, 71, 74, 81, 87, 91, 103, 108

THE  
**HEADINGTON  
PARISH MAGAZINE.**



SAINT ANDREW'S CHURCH, HEADINGTON.

No. 13.]

JANUARY, 1870.

[PRICE 1½D.

To the Parishioners of Headington.

**H**Y DEAR FRIENDS,—It must be with mixed feelings of joy and sorrow, of satisfaction and regret, that we look back on the year which has just passed away. That the attendance at our Church Services has not declined, that the number of our Communicants has even increased, that our parents value and use more the advantages which our week-day and Sunday Schools offer to their children, that our young men avail themselves more than formerly of the benefit of the Night School—these, amongst other things, are matters for great rejoicing and thankfulness. And yet, that there is cause for deep regret must be admitted by all who seriously consider their frequent shortcomings in the things of religion, the many opportunities of serving God and benefiting their fellow-men which they have let slip, and the numberless privileges and blessings which they have neglected or misused. Nor is this want of earnestness the only matter for shame and regret; far more must we deplore the total absence of all spiritual life amongst the masses of our people. Would that we

could report a decided improvement in the observance of the Lord's Day in our parish, or any considerable decrease in the cases of drunkenness and licentiousness which are still so great a curse to our village and so effectual a hindrance to the spread of religion and virtue amongst us ! Assuredly, if we had been dealt with as we deserved, some terrible judgment from God would ere now have overtaken us ! "It is of the Lord's mercy that we are not consumed." He has graciously spared us to another year. Oh ! let us no longer abuse the long suffering of God, but let us enter upon the new year with an earnest resolution to give ourselves more entirely to His service, to pray more fervently for His blessing on our Parish, to be more diligent in the use of His holy Word and Ordinances, to be more careful to show piety at home, and to live in love and charity with our neighbours, thus satisfying the desire of Him "who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify to Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." Wishing you all, in the truest sense of the word, a happy new year.

I remain, your faithful Friend and Minister,

LEWIS S. TUCKWELL.

### The Feast of the Epiphany.

The word Epiphany means a *manifestation* or *appearance*; and the object of this Feast is to give us an opportunity of publicly commemorating God's goodness in manifesting to the Gentiles the gospel of His Son Jesus Christ; the first instance of which goodness was shewn to the wise men of the East, who were led by a Star from their own country to the presence of the Infant Saviour at Bethlehem. "They," we read, "fell down and worshipped Him; and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto Him gifts; gold and frankincense and myrrh." We, like them, were formerly Gentiles, but have happily been led to Christ; let it be our care, then, as it was theirs, to approach Him with reverence and godly fear; and let us, too, open our treasures and offer to Him not gold and spices, but something more acceptable still, even ourselves, our souls and bodies.

#### STATEMENT OF COLLECTIONS

made in the Parish Church during the year 1869.

	£	s.	d.
For Relief of the Poor, (Offertories at the Holy Communion),	32	2	4½
For Church Restoration Fund, (last Sunday in each month),	16	3	10
For Maintenance of the Sunday Evening Services .....	10	17	1½
For Choir Expenses .....	6	16	3
For Radcliffe Infirmary, (Harvest Festival), .....	5	10	0

#### BAPTISMS, MARRIAGES, AND BURIALS during the year 1869.

BAPTISMS.	{ Males 19. Females 26.	Public 40. Private 5.	Total 45.
-----------	----------------------------	--------------------------	-----------

MARRIAGES.—By Banns 4.....By Licence 1.....Total 5.

BURIALS.—Males 8.....Females 9.....Total 17.

## Parish Notices and Reports.

**EPIPHANY.**—There will be Divine Service on this day at 11 a.m.; consisting of Morning Prayer and the Celebration of the Holy Communion. The Alms collected at the Offertory will be applied to the District Visitors' Fund.

**CHOIR CONCERT.**—In consequence of so many members of the Choir having been prevented by various circumstances from attending the Practices, it has been thought advisable to put off the Concert which was announced for the night of the Epiphany.

**S. P. G.**—A meeting of the members of our Missionary Association will be held in the School-room on Monday, January 3, at 7 p.m. The Rev. E. Sturges, Vicar of Great Milton, will address the meeting.

**READING ROOM.**—The members of this Society gave two Entertainments during the past month, both of them consisting of readings and musical performances. The thanks of the members are due to Mrs. Forman and Mrs. Robinson, and to the Rev. A. Dalton, and Mr. Brock, of Magdalen College, for their kind and valuable assistance on the first evening; and also to Mr. Pickard Hall of the University Press, to Mr. Horsley, and to Messrs. W. Goolden and W. Neville of Magdalen College, for their kind help on the second evening.

**PROGRAMME OF ENTERTAINMENT, December 2nd.—First Part.**—Reading, "Crippled Jenny," by Rev. A. Dalton; Pianoforte Duet, Overture to Puritani, by Mrs. Forman and Mrs. Robinson; Reading, "A Turkish Tale," (from Leisure Hour,) by Mr. Brock; Song, "Let me wander not unseen," (Handel,) by Rev. L. S. Tuckwell; Reading, by Mr. Swinburne; Vocal Duet. "The Danube river," by Mrs. Forman and Mr. Franklin. **2nd Part.**—Pianoforte Duet, by Mrs. Forman and Mrs. Robinson; Reading, "We, versus I," (Power,) by Rev. A. Dalton; Song, "Should be upbraid," (Bishop,) by Rev. L. S. Tuckwell; Reading, by Mr. Standen; Song, "Nil desperandum," by Mr. Franklin; Reading, by Mr. Swinburne.

**PROGRAMME OF ENTERTAINMENT, December 14th.—1st Part.**—Part Song, "Good night, beloved," (Hatton,) by four Members of the Magdalen College Choir; Reading from 'Pickwick Papers,' by Mr. Pickard Hall; Song, "Stars of the Summer Night," (Hatton,) by Mr. Neville; Reading, by Mr. Swinburne; Part Song, "The hunter's farewell," (Mendelssohn.) **2nd Part.**—Part Song, "Spring's delights," (Muller); Reading, by Mr. Standen; Song, "The village blacksmith," (Weiss,) by Mr. Horsley; Reading from 'Pickwick Papers,' by Mr. Pickard Hall; Part Song, "Now in social throng," (Mendelssohn).

The Officers of the Reading-room for the year 1870 are,—

*Vice-Presidents*,—Rev. W. Latimer, and Mr. Swinburne.

*Secretary*,—Mr. Standen. *Treasurer*,—Mr. Wootten.

**SCHOOLS.**—On Monday, December 27th ult., the following children received rewards for good conduct and proficiency in their work:—

*Boys*.—James Pulker for reading; Edwin Smith for writing William Taylor for good conduct. *Girls*.—Elizabeth Steff for reading and needlework; Violetta Dennis for good conduct. The rewards for good conduct were confined to children under eight years of age. The prizes were the kind present of the Rev. J. W. A. Taylor, of Mrs. and Miss Taylor.

On Wednesday Evening, the 29th ult., those children of the School who had been moderately regular in their attendance during the past half year were invited to see a Magic Lantern, which was exhibited by Mr. Mowbray, of Oxford.

The School will re-open on Monday, the 10th inst., at 9 a.m.

**NORTH AISLE FUND.**—During the past year the sum of £190 has been added to this Fund, of which £100 have been contributed since the 1st of April by the Ladies' Basket of Needlework, and more than £25 have been raised by Penny Cards.

	£ s. d.
Amount already acknowledged	332 12 9
Ladies' Basket ... ... ...	25 0 0
Miss Lyne, by Card ... ... ...	1 0 0
Mrs. Gill     "     "     " ... ... ...	5 0
	<hr/>
	26 5 0
	<hr/>
	£358 17 9

Farthing Collection Cards for children may be had on application to the Curate.

We must really make increased efforts this year to raise the sum required. It is not very creditable to us that our church has now been for more than six years in its present unfinished state. If each one of us were to do his best, we might soon make our old church an honour to the Parish and more fit for the worship of Almighty God.

### Hymns for this Month.

	Morning.	Afternoon.	Evening.
2nd Sunday after Christmas	55, 43,—	48, 160,—	172, 57, 10
The Epiphany	61, 59,—	— — —	— — —
1st Sunday after Epiphany	59, 64,—	58, 61,—	60, 62, 64
2nd Sunday after Epiphany	157, 61,—	59, 64,—	147, 58, 11
3rd Sunday after Epiphany	64, 66,—	62, 60,—	185, 61, 14
4th Sunday after Epiphany	62, 58, 155	61, 179, 149	64, 222, 24

### STATEMENT OF COLLECTIONS

made in the Parish Church during the last month.      £ s. d.

Sunday, December 5.—Offertory at the Holy Communion	.....	2 10 2
Christmas Day.	.....	2 14 0
Sunday, December 26.—For Restoration of the Church	.....	1 1 0
At the Sunday Evening Services.....	.....	1 9 3

£7 14 5

## DISTRICT VISITORS' FUND.

This fund is supported by the monthly offerings at the Holy Communion and by private donations. As it is not nearly sufficient to meet the pressing wants of our sick and needy, especially at this season of the year when so many cannot get work, we do not hesitate to ask for further contributions. The smallest sums will be thankfully received and rightly applied. We publish a statement of our last years' accounts.

1869.	INCOMINGS.	£	s.	d.	1869.	OUTGOINGS.	£	s.	d.
Balance in hand	- - -	11	12	2½	Six aged persons, 6d. weekly	7	16	0	
Offerteries:					Through District Visitors				
January	- - -	1	4	1	District No. 1	- - -	8	9	
February	- - -	1	19	11½	" No. 2	- - -	1	9	0
March	- - -	2	5	6½	" No. 3	- - -	2	6	3
April	- - -	1	18	9	" No. 4	- - -	2	18	8
May	- - -	2	7	4	" No. 5	- - -	1	7	0
June	- - -	2	0	8½	" No. 7	- - -	3	12	10
July	- - -	2	2	8	" No. 8	- - -	5	4	8
August	- - -	2	4	6½	" No. 9	- - -	1	10	6
September	- - -	1	16	4	" No. 10	- - -	2	1	6
October	- - -	2	4	1½	" No. 11	- - -	9	6	
November	- - -	2	5	2	100 Coal Tickets given at				
December	- - -	2	10	2	Christmas	- - -	5	0	0
Easter Day	- - -	2	16	1½	Balance	- - -	12	7	
Christmas Day	- - -	2	14	0					
A Friend in Oxford	- - -	5	0	0					
Rev. W. Latimer	- - -	5	0						
		<hr/>	£	36	5	<hr/>	£	36	5
				9				9	

We have been requested to publish the following accounts.

## HEADINGTON AND BARTON COAL CLUB.

1869.	INCOMINGS.	£	s.	d.	1869.	OUTGOINGS.	£	s.	d.
Balance in hand	- - -		9		62 tons 14 cwt. of coal	- -	62	14	0
Deposits of 62 members	-	52	0	8½	Money returned	- - -	1	6½	
Interest from P.O.S.B.	-	7	1		Firing on mornings of				
Discount on Mr. Ward's	-				collection	- - -	5	0	
account	- - -		8	0	Balance	- - -	3	11½	
Donations	- - -		10	8					
		<hr/>	£	63	4	<hr/>	£	63	4
				6½				6½	

A reduction of 3s. 4d. in the pound was made in favour of depositors.

## HEADINGTON CLOTHING CLUB.

1869.	INCOMINGS.	£	s.	d.	1869.	OUTGOINGS.	£	s.	d.
Balance in hand	- - -	2	15	6	Amount due to depositors	-	56	4	11
Deposits of 208 members	-	56	4	11	Allowance of 2d. in the 1s.	-	8	19	0
Voluntary subscriptions	-	5	0	6	Collector	- - -	1	6	0
Interest	- - -		13	6	Cards	- - -	3	0	
Deficit	- - -		1	18					
		<hr/>	£	66	12	<hr/>	£	66	12
				11				11	

## MONTHLY EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

## BAPTISMS.

*Public, Sunday, December 26.*—Ellen Blanche Aldridge.  
 " " " Fanny Strong Lambourne.  
 " " " John Herbert Williams.  
 " " " Arthur William Drewitt.  
 " " " Olive Godfrey.

*Private, Friday, December 3.*—Ada Young.

## BURIALS.

*December 7.*—Ada Young. (Infant.)  
 " 16.—George Gardner, aged 81.

**DIED.** At Headington Hill, on Christmas Eve, Mary Foster, aged 60 years.  
 " At Old Headington, on New Year's Eve, Thomas Faulkner, aged 63 years.

## Monthly Calendar.

## JANUARY.

1	S	Circumcision of our Lord.
2	S	Second Sunday after Christmas. New Moon.
3	M	District Visitors' Meeting. S. P. G. meeting at 7 p.m.
4	Tu	
5	W	
6	Th	The Epiphany. Morning Service at 11. Holy Communion.
7	F	
8	S	
9	S	First Sunday after Epiphany. Holy Communion.
10	M	
11	Tu	
12	W	
13	Th	
14	F	
15	S	
16	S	Second Sunday after Epiphany.
17	M	Full Moon.
18	Tu	
19	W	
20	Th	
21	F	
22	S	
23	S	Third Sunday after Epiphany.
24	M	
25	Tu	Conversion of St. Paul.
26	W	
27	Th	
28	F	
29	S	
30	S	Fourth Sunday after Epiphany. Holy Baptism.
31	M	New Moon.

THE  
**HEADINGTON  
PARISH MAGAZINE.**

---



SAINT ANDREW'S CHURCH, HEADINGTON.

---

No. 14.]

FEBRUARY, 1870.

[PRICE 1½D.

---

### The Purification of S. Mary the Virgin.

**H**IIS Festival is designed to perpetuate the memory of two remarkable events which took place shortly after our Saviour's birth; namely, the Purification of the blessed Virgin, and the Presentation of Jesus Christ in the Temple. It was ordained by the law of Moses that every Jewish mother should appear in the Temple on the 40th day after the birth of a son, to return thanks to God and to be re-admitted to the services of the Sanctuary, from which she had been for some time shut out; and, in token of her thankfulness, she was required to bring with her an offering to God; if she were rich, a lamb and a young pigeon or turtle-dove; but if poor, two young pigeons or two turtle-doves. In the case of her first-born son it was customary for her to present him to God at the same time, in compliance with His command that every first-born son should be dedicated to Him. And so we read, that when the days of the blessed Virgin's Purification were fulfilled, "They brought Him to Jerusalem to present Him to the Lord, and to offer sacrifice according to that which is said in the law of the Lord, a pair of turtle-doves or two young pigeons." It is in memory of this Presentation of our Lord in the Temple, that this Festival is *principally* observed, as may be seen from the Collect for the day.

## Parish Notices and Reports.

S. P. G.—The annual meeting on behalf of this Society was held in the School-room on Monday, Jan. 3rd, at 7 p.m. The Curate, the Rev. W. H. Young, of Oving, the Rev. Mr. Pancridge, of S. Lawrence, Jewry, and the Rev. E. Sturges, Vicar of Great Milton, addressed the meeting.

**CHURCH CHOIR.**—The adult members of the Choir, 14 in number, had their annual supper at Mrs. Digby Latimer's house on Thursday, Jan. 6th.

**READING ROOM.**—The members of this Society gave their 3rd entertainment for this season in the School-room, on Tuesday, Jan. 18th. The 4th entertainment consisting of music and readings will take place on Tuesday, Feb. 1st.

**CHURCH HYMN BOOKS.**—Copies of the *Hymns Ancient and Modern* with the Appendix may now be had of Mr. Rudd, High-street. It is proposed to use the Appendix for the first time on Easter Day. The Hymn Books are sold at different prices : 8d., 5½d., and 1d.

The Rev. John Fielder Mackarness, D.D., was consecrated Bishop of this Diocese on the 25th ult., the Conversion of S. Paul, by the Bishop of London, acting for the Archbishop of Canterbury, and assisted by the Bishops of Ely, Rochester, Lichfield, and Salisbury.

### Hymns for this Month.

	Morning.	Afternoon.	Evening.
5th Sunday after Epiphany	67, 205, —	65, 64, —	59, 67, 10
Septuagesima Sunday	71, 21, —	25, 180, —	23, 69, 11
Sexagesima Sunday	22, 181, —	169, 146, —	142, 153, 14
Quinquagesima Sunday	68, 72, 67	210, 12, 182	188, 70, 17

### SOCIETY FOR PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

Statement of Subscriptions and Collections made by members of the Headington Missionary Association.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	
Subscribers of 5/- and upwards.		Holders of Boxes.	
Rev. J. W. A. Taylor - - -	1 1 0	Rev. L. S. Tuckwell - - -	9 2½
Rev. L. S. Tuckwell - - -	1 1 0	Mr. Moody - - -	12 10½
Mr. Sturman Latimer - - -	5 0	Francis Parrot - - -	2 6½
Mr. Knowles - - -	10 6	Mrs. D. Latimer - - -	4 10½
Miss Latimer - - -	10 6	„ S. Latimer - - -	1 9
Miss Watson Taylor - - -	10 6	„ Thompson - - -	5 2
Mrs. Digby Latimer - - -	10 6	„ Charles Godfrey - - -	9 7
Miss M. A. Nichol - - -	10 6	„ Rose - - -	8 4
Miss Lyne - - -	5 0	„ Scarlett - - -	3 8½
	<hr/> 25 4 6	„ Collins - - -	2 2
District Collectors.		Miss Latimer - - -	2 5½
Mrs. Thompson - 4 subs.	3 6	„ G. H. Latimer - - -	13 0
Mrs. S. Latimer - 7 —	7 4	„ Pring - - -	5 8½
Miss Pring - - 8 —	5 0½	„ Wilkins - - -	16 7
Miss Lyne - - 11 —	10 0	„ Preedy - - -	12 1
Miss M. A. Nichol 6 —	5 6	„ Sarah Vallis - - -	2 7
Miss Wilkins - - 4 —	5 3	„ Harriet Baker - - -	3 11
Mrs. Robinson - - 7 —	3 3	„ Charlotte Jacobs - - -	2 11
Miss W. Taylor - 16 —	16 4	Boys' School-room - - -	3 7½
Mrs. Edgecombe - 8 —	1 9	Girls' School-room - - -	1 10½
Miss Latimer - - 17 —	11 1		
	<hr/> 23 9 0½	Total by Boxes - - -	6 4 10½
		„ by Subscribers - - -	5 4 8
		„ by Collectors - - -	3 9 0½
			<hr/> £14 18 5½

## Headington Reading Room.

The Annual Meeting of this Institution was held on the 28th December, 1869, when the accounts for the past year were produced, and Officers for the ensuing year chosen. The receipts for the past twelve months were £19 17s. 6d.; the expenditure £19 2s. 5d.

The Committee feel that the advantages of this Reading Room to the Parishioners are hardly so much appreciated as they should be. For the small sum of 4/- per year, it affords to the Working Man a pleasant relaxation, and also an opportunity of mental improvement; and supplemented, as it is, by the help of the more wealthy Inhabitants of the Parish, in the way of Honorary Subscriptions, it is placed in a position of solvency, if not of progression.

More suitable and convenient premises than those hitherto occupied have just been taken for the Library and Reading Room, wherein, it is hoped, the comforts of the Members will be materially increased.

The Committee have provided, periodically, very agreeable Entertainments, consisting of readings and music, which, it is hoped, they will be able to continue during the remaining portion of the winter months. The thanks of the Committee are due to the Proprietors of the Oxford Journal and Chronicle, for the gratuitous supply of their respective papers for the past year. The Cricket Club in connection with the Reading Room has afforded much healthful and agreeable amusement to the junior members during the past summers.

It appears, from the Librarian's report, that the number of books lent during the year is 272.

### CASH ACCOUNT.

<i>Receipts.</i>	<i>£. s. d.</i>	<i>Expenditure.</i>	<i>£. s. d.</i>
Cash in bank 1st Jan., 1869,	15 19 6	Balance due to Treasurer	5 8 8
Seventeen Hon. Members,	8 18 6	Periodicals	... 1 16 4
Subscriptions :—Ordinary		Newspapers	... 2 9 6
Members	6 17 0	Care of Library, &c.	... 3 18 0
Ten Lady Subscribers	2 0 0	Rent	... 5 4 0
Waste paper sold	17 6 <i>½</i>	Sundries	... 1 15 2
Tickets for Entertainments	10 6	Candles and Firing	... 3 19 5 <i>½</i>
Rent of Garden	5 0	Balance at Bank	... 10 0 0
Interest, Savings' Bank	9 0	" with Treasurer	... 1 5 11
	<hr/> <b>£35 17 0<i>½</i></b>		<hr/> <b>£35 17 0<i>½</i></b>

W. STANDEN, *Secretary.*

### NORTH AISLE FUND.

Amount already acknowledged	<i>£. s. d.</i>
	358 17 9
Miss Fleming	1 0 0
Miss L. Fleming	1 0 0
Mrs. Goolden	10 0
Mr. T. M. Everett	1 0 0
Mrs. H. M. Tuckwell	7 6
Miss Tuckwell	5 0
Miss H. F. Tuckwell	5 0
Ladies' basket	5 0 0
Miss Ballachey, by card...	1 0 0
Mr. B. W. Beever	5 0
Mr. B. D. Beever	5 0
Mr. S. Owen	8 6
	<hr/> <b>11 1 0</b>

### STATEMENT OF COLLECTIONS

made in the Parish Church during last month.

Jan. 6th, Epiphany.	Offertry at the Holy Communion,	£1	4	3
" 9th, 1st S. Epiphany.	"	1	14	4
" 30th, 4th "	For Restoration of the " Church, ...	1	7	11
	At the Sunday Evening Services,	1	8	0
		25	14	6

### MONTHLY EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

#### BAPTISMS.

Public, Sunday, January 30th.—Elizabeth Jacobs.

"	Thomas Rogers.
"	Frederick William Godfrey.
"	Thomas Luker.
"	John Luker.
"	Anne Adams.

#### MARRIAGE.

Tuesday, Jan. 11th.—Thomas Cave and Sarah Cannon Wilkins.

#### BURIALS.

Jan. 4th.—Thomas Faulkner, aged 63.  
,, 5th.—Sarah Ward, „ 64.

### Monthly Calendar.

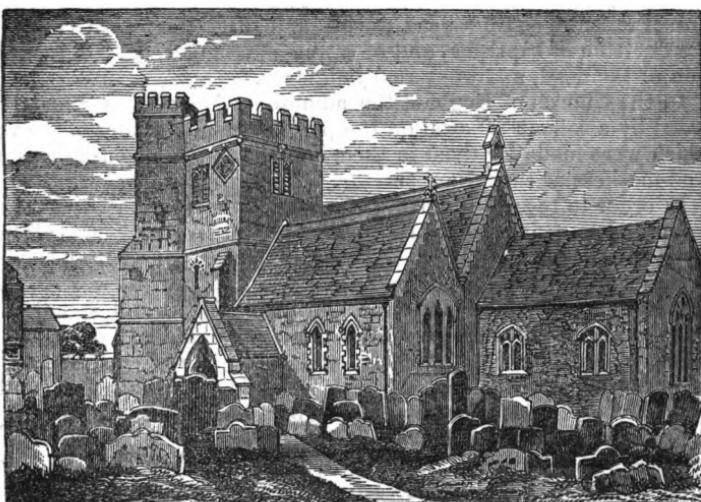
#### FEBRUARY.

1	Tu	Reading Room Entertainment, at 7.30 p.m.
2	W	Purification of S. Mary the Virgin, or Candlemas.
3	Th	
4	F	
5	S	
6	S	fifth Sunday after Epiphany.
7	M	District Visitors' Meeting.
8	Tu	
9	W	
10	Th	
11	F	
12	S	
13	S	Septuagesima Sunday.
14	M	
15	Tu	
16	W	
17	Th	
18	F	
19	S	
20	S	Sexagesima Sunday.
21	M	
22	Tu	
23	W	
24	Th	S. Matthias, Apostle and Martyr.
25	F	
26	S	
27	S	Quinquagesima Sunday.
28	M	

S. L.

THE  
**HEADINGTON**  
**PARISH MAGAZINE.**

---



SAINT ANDREW'S CHURCH, HEADINGTON.

---

No. 15.]

MARCH, 1870.

[PRICE 1½D.

---

### Confirmation.

 CONFIRMATION or, as it is also called in the Prayer Book, the *laying on of hands*, is a rite instituted by the Apostles, and has been in constant use throughout the Church from their days until the present time. The benefit to be derived from a right reception of this ordinance is the strengthening of the souls of those who are confirmed by a larger measure of that Holy Spirit by Whose operation they were born again when they were baptized.

The principal Scriptural authorities for retaining this practice and expecting the above-mentioned benefits are to be found :

Acts viii. 12.—“But when they believed Philip preaching the things concerning the kingdom of God and the name of Jesus Christ, they were baptized, both men and women.” And 14–17.—“Now when the apostles which were at Jerusalem heard that Samaria had received the word of God, they sent unto them Peter and John ; Who, when they were come down, prayed for them, that they might receive the Holy Ghost. For as yet he was fallen upon none of

them; only they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus. Then *laid they their hands on* them, and they received the Holy Ghost."

*Acts xix. 5, 6.*—"When they heard this, they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus. And when Paul had *laid his hands upon* them, the Holy Ghost came on them; and they spake with tongues, and prophesied."

*Heb. vi. 1, 2.*—"Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection; not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith toward God. Of the doctrine of baptisms, and of *laying on of hands*, and of resurrection of the dead, and of eternal judgment."

In the Church of England the administration of this rite is preceded by a solemn renewal on the part of the Candidates of the vows which were made for them in their infancy by their God-fathers and God-mothers at their Baptism.

In order to receive the benefits which Confirmation was graciously appointed to convey, it is of the highest importance that all who come to be confirmed should be sincere and hearty in their endeavours to discover and forsake the bad and sinful habits of their past lives, earnest in their profession of the Christian Faith, and steadfast in their resolution to walk ever after under the guidance of that Holy Spirit whom they seek. God-fathers and God-mothers are affectionately reminded of the charge which was laid upon them, when they presented their God-children at the Font, to see that those, who by their good offices were then brought to Christ, should avail themselves of those opportunities which Confirmation offers of obtaining fresh supplies of grace, and of increasing day by day in the power of the in-dwelling Spirit.

## Home Missions of the Church of England.

### ADDITIONAL CURATES' SOCIETY.

On Thursday evening, February 24th, the Rev. W. G. Abbott, the organizing secretary of the Additional Curates' Society, delivered a lecture in our School-room on the "Black Country and its Missions," in which he gave some account of the work of the Society in that part of England. From his lecture and the publications of the Society we gather that the population in this country increases at the rate of 200,000 a year, or 3,844 a week. In 34 of the great towns of England, embracing a population of four millions,  $52\frac{1}{2}$  in every hundred attend no place of worship whatever.

The Select Committee of the House of Lords, in their report of this subject, say :

More than half of the inhabitants of our larger towns attend no place of worship whatever. On this particular, indeed, almost all are agreed that the great want of our Church is THE WANT OF MORE CLERGYMEN, not merely for multiplying the opportunities of public worship, but far more for pastoral visiting.

**Again the Upper House of Convocation report :—**

Nor must we forget that there are millions amongst us who, neither from the mouths of others nor from our own, have ever heard the blessed tidings of salvation through Christ. The continued existence of such evils cannot fail to produce the growth of a fearfully demoralised population, and lead to the wide-spread diffusion of absolute, and too often impious, unbelief. With such a state of things we have to deal, and in looking for remedies we desire to seek them in the maintenance and extension of our parochial system, and not in any novelties which may suspend its usefulness.

The Additional Curates' Society seeks to apply the remedies here pointed out, viz., the developing and extending our parochial system by providing the means for supporting additional clergymen where, from the population or area of the parish, they are needed. In making grants the merits of each case are solely considered without any reference to party considerations. The Bishop of the Diocese certifies the truth of the statements on which the Incumbent bases his application both before and after the grant is made, and the Curate is required to be licensed by the Bishop before the Committee pay him the amount granted. In fact, the Society seeks to be the handmaid of the Church, and the late Bishop Blomfield termed it the "most valuable of the Church's auxiliary institutions." The present Archbishop of Canterbury, in a speech at the Hanover Square Rooms, April the 24th, 1861, expressed himself in these strong terms :—

I will say, simply for myself, that I conceive it would be totally impossible to carry on the work of the Diocese without the aid of the Society. . . . . I know of no way in which I can more readily recommend to those who desire to assist in the work of meeting the spiritual wants of this vast metropolis, than by telling them at once to put themselves into communication with this Society.

The late Robert Stephenson showed his sense of the good effected by this Society among the class from which he sprung, by bequeathing to it a legacy of £2,000.

In the course of his lecture Mr. Abbott made the startling statement that upwards of *five millions* of our fellow countrymen are entirely destitute of spiritual care and oversight, neither Church nor Dissent having made any provision for them. It seems that nearly one half the population of the country, from want of timely re-adjustments of the parochial system, is practically excluded from the ministrations of the Church. Of this half of the population, a moiety, about four millions of people, chiefly of the middle classes, are to be found in the various Non-conformist bodies, who have organized themselves and made provision for their own religious wants independently of the Church. Of these it may probably be said with truth, that the majority have been lost to the Church, because the Church failed to provide the means of spiritual oversight and instruction for them, and to offer them the opportunity of worship and the means of grace within her pale.

But there still remains another 5 millions, or more, chiefly of the lower classes, congregated for the most part in our large towns, who have made no provision for their religious wants by any voluntary efforts of their own, and who are destitute of all spiritual care and oversight.

It is in this portion of the population especially that this Society is interested, and it is seeking to organize for them a provision of the means of grace, lest they also be lost, not only to the Church, but even to Christianity.

Of the fearful state of sin and ignorance in which these persons too frequently live, the lecturer told us, illustrating and corroborating his statements by anecdotes which cannot easily be forgotten. He also appealed most earnestly for help, as the income of the Society has decreased somewhat during the past year.

There are about 530 grants made; and the sum total raised and expended through the Society's agency in 1869 was £56,356.

The Committee have now before them over 200 pressing applications for aid. Local donations to the amount of about £9,390 are waiting to meet the grants which are asked, and which the Committee cannot make because they have no funds. Meanwhile, thousands of souls are passing from time into eternity, uninstructed, unprepared for death, lying sick in stifling rooms, with none to visit and comfort them, or madly running riot and destroying both their own souls and bodies and those of others.

Since Mr. Abbott delivered his most interesting Lecture, several of those who were present have sent contributions to the Curate to be forwarded to the Society; it is hoped that many others may follow their example. The coming season of Lent will afford many of us a good opportunity for self-denial in some of the comforts, pleasures, and amusements which we ordinarily enjoy, and so will enable us to assist in some degree this most excellent work of bringing the souls of our fellow-countrymen to the knowledge of Christ. At the same time let us be careful not to lose our interest, or relax our efforts in the work of *Foreign Missions* which we have begun so well.

### **Parish Notices and Reports.**

**LENT.**—There will be Morning Service on Ash-Wednesday at 11 a.m. Consisting of the Litany and Commination Service.

A Special Service will be given on every Thursday Evening during this season, commencing at 7.30.; and consisting, as last year, of the Litany and a Sermon.

In Holy week there will be Morning and Evening Service daily.

The following Clergymen have kindly consented to preach during this month:—

Thursday, March 3.	Rev. W. W. JONES, St. John's College.
" " 10.	Rev. C. DEEDES, Ch. Ch.
" " 17.	Rev. C. H. GRUNDY, St. Edmund Hall.
" " 24.	Rev. W. D. MACRAY, Magdalen College.
" " 31.	Rev. G. C. ROBINSON, Ch. Ch.

All are earnestly exhorted to use these Services; working men and women are invited to come in their working clothes. Members of the choir are particularly requested to attend, and to help to make these Services as hearty and attractive as possible.

**CONFIRMATION.**—The Lord Bishop of this Diocese has announced his intention of holding a Confirmation in our Parish Church on Tuesday, April 12th. The Curate will be glad to receive, as soon as possible, the names of those who wish, with their Parents' consent, to offer themselves as Candidates for this holy ordinance. Classes will be held at 7.30 p.m., on Mondays and Wednesdays in the Girls' School-room for males; and at 3 p.m., on Tuesdays and Fridays at Miss Nichol's house for females. These classes will begin on Monday, March 7th.

**CHOIR FESTIVAL.**—The annual meeting of Parish Choirs will be held in Christ Church Cathedral on Thursday, June 30. Those members of our Choir who would like to take part in it are desired to inform the Curate as soon as possible.

**READING-ROOM.**—The members of this Society gave their 5th entertainment on Tuesday, Feb. 22nd ult.

### PROGRAMME.

#### PART I.

Reading, ..	from "Punch,"	Mr. Wootten.
Duet, ...	"The Forest cell,"	Mrs. Thompson, and Miss Mary Brooks.
Reading, ...	"Search after happiness,"	Mr. Palmer.
Song, ...	"Nil desperandum,"	Mr. Franklin.
Reading, ...	"Mrs. Caudle's Lectures,"	Mr. Standen.
Trio, ...	"The Wreath," (Mazzinghi),	Mrs. Thompson, Miss M. Brooks, and Mr. S. Latimer.

#### PART II.

Song, ...	"Get up and bar the door,"	Mr. Wootten.
Reading, ...	"Lord Burleigh,"	Mr. Palmer.
P. F. Duet, ...	"Airs from the Huguenots," (Meyerbeer,) ...	Mrs. Robinson, and Mrs. Thompson.
Reading, ...	"Mary, the maid of the Inn,"	Mr. S. Latimer.
Duet, ...	"The Elfin call,"	Mrs. Thompson, and Miss M. Brooks.
Reading, ...	"Martin Chuzzlewit," (Dickens,) ...	Mr. Wootten.
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.		

### NORTH AISLE FUND.

		£. s. d.
Amount already acknowledged	...	372 18 9
Ladies' basket	... ...	5 0 0
Miss Kidd	... ...	1 0 0
Rev. G. P. B. Latimer	... ...	1 0 0
Mrs. G. P. B. Latimer	... ...	1 0 0
Mr. H. Beckett	... ...	5 0
Mr. Godsal	... ...	5 0
Mr. W. L. Latimer	... ...	5 0
Mr. H. Cooke	... ...	5 0
Miss Ada Thompson	... ...	5 0
Mr. Rose	... ...	10 0
Mrs. Rose	... ...	5 0
Mrs. Fisher	... ...	5 0
		<hr/> 10 5 0
		<hr/> £383 3 9

## HEADINGTON LYING-IN SOCIETY.

## TREASURER'S ACCOUNT FOR 1869.

Incomings.	£.	s.	d.	Outgoings.	£.	s.	d.
Deposits of 37 women ...	9	5	0	Balance due to Treasurer	18	5	4
Voluntary Subscriptions ...	5	8	0	Nurse & Medical attendance	9	7	0
Withdrawn from the Bank ...	2	14	6	Meat and Grocery ...	4	18	3
				Linen ...		5	9
				Use of Committee Room, &c. 1	2	6	
				Printing ...	12	6	
	£17	7	6		£17	7	6

There is a balance of £9 3s. 6d. in the Oxford Savings Bank.

## CHURCH CHOIR FUND.

## Accounts for the year 1869.

INCOMINGS.	£	s.	d.	OUTGOINGS.	£	s.	d.
Collections in Church from May—September	6	16	3	Choir Supper	2	13	0
Private Contributions	1	15	0	Music (Sacred)		12	6
Deficit	1	8	11	Lighting		18	5
	£10	0	2	Expenses of Festival (June 16)	3	15	0
				Hymns A. & M. with tunes	2	1	3
	£10	0	2				

## HEADINGTON PARISH MAGAZINE.

## Accounts for 1869.

INCOMINGS.	£	s.	d.	OUTGOINGS.	£	s.	d.
100 Subscribers at 1/6	7	10	0	Woodcut of Church	1	15	0
294 Copies at 1½d.	1	16	9	Ditto North Side	1	10	0
2108 Copies at 1d.	8	15	3	3597 Insides at ½d.	11	4	9
285 Outsidess at ¼d.	11	10	4	3882 Outsidess	10	17	6
Donations	2	5	6	Almanacks	1	5	0
120 Almanacks at 1d.	10	0		Title page and Table of Contents		6	6
Deficit	5	9	5		£26	18	9
	£26	18	9		£26	18	9

## HEADINGTON BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

1869. Expenditure	£	s.	d.
" Receipts	6	12	2
	6	9	6
Deficit	2	8	4

Thirty cases of sickness have been relieved by this Society during the past year, and more than a hundred since its establishment in March, 1866. It is proposed, with the consent of its present supporters, that it should for the future form a part of the District Visitors' Society, and that its funds should be administered by the Managers of that Society; and that these two Societies, thus united, should be called 'The District Visitors' Benevolent Society.'

## STATEMENT OF COLLECTIONS

made in the Parish Church during last month.

<i>Sunday, Feb. 6th,</i>	Offertory at the Holy Communion, ...	... £2	8	9 <i>½</i>
" " 27th,	For Restoration of the Church, ...	... 1	10	2
	For maintenance of the Sunday Evening Services	1	0	5
		£24	14	4 <i>½</i>

## Hymns for this Month.

	Morning.	Afternoon.	Evening.
1st Sunday in Lent	79, 78, —	82, 77, —	80, 92, 85
2nd Sunday in Lent	82, 176, —	81, 161, —	187, 166, 96
3rd Sunday in Lent	81, 165, —	154, 185, —	157, 155, 89
4th Sunday in Lent	183, 200, 186	150, 92, 98	95, 104, 179

Oxford Lenten Sermons,  
1870.

**General Subject.—“The Typical Persons of the Pentateuch;—their Message to the Church of all Ages.”**

**ASH-WEDNESDAY, March 2.**—Subject: “Continuity of the Typical Teaching of the Old Testament.”—At St. Mary’s, the Lord Bishop of Oxford; at St. Giles’, the Rev. Canon King, Principal of Cuddesdon.

**FRIDAY, March 4.**—Subject: “Adam.”—At St Mary’s, the Rev. R. W. Church; at St. Giles’, the Rev. W. J. Butler.

**WEDNESDAY, March 9.**—Subject: “Abel.”—At St. Mary’s, the Ven. Archdeacon Bickersteth; at St. Giles’, the Rev G. C. Harris.

**FRIDAY, March 11.**—Subject: “Noah.”—At St. Mary’s, the Rev. Canon Liddon; at St. Giles’, the Rev. W. F. Norris.

**WEDNESDAY, March 16.**—Subject: “Melchizedek.”—At St. Mary’s, the Rev. T. T. Carter; at St. Giles’, the Rev. C. W. Furse.

**FRIDAY, March 18.**—Subject: “Abraham.”—At St. Mary’s, the Lord Bishop of Manchester; at St. Giles’, the Rev. W. R. Clark.

**WEDNESDAY, March 23.**—Subject: “Isaac.”—At St. Mary’s, the Rev. Dr. Barry; at St. Giles’, the Rev. H. W. Burrows.

**FRIDAY, March 25.**—Subject: “Eve.”—At St. Mary’s, the Rev. Dr. Pusey; at St. Giles’, the Rev. Canon Gregory.

**WEDNESDAY, March 30.**—Subject: “Joseph.”—At St. Mary’s, the Rev. the Master of Balliol; at St. Giles’, the Rev. R. Randall.

**FRIDAY, April 1.**—Subject: “Moses.”—At St. Mary’s, the Lord Bishop of Colombo; at St. Giles’, the Rev. A. Blomfield.

**WEDNESDAY, April 6.**—Subject: “Aaron.”—At St. Mary’s, the Rev. Canon Fremantle; at St. Giles’, the Rev. W. Ince.

**FRIDAY, April 8.**—Subject: “Joshua.”—At St. Mary’s, the Rev. the Vice-Chancellor; at St. Giles’, the Rev. Dr. Monsell.

**The Services will commence each Evening at Eight o’clock.**

*February, 1870.*

J. F. OXON.

**MONTHLY EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.****BAPTISMS.**

- Sunday, Feb. 27th.*—Ernest Edward Morris.  
 " " " William Charles Adams.  
 " " " Kate Stilgoe.  
 " " " John Dennis

**MARRIAGE.**

- Thursday, Feb. 17th.*—Henry Coleman and Sarah Cooper Kentish.

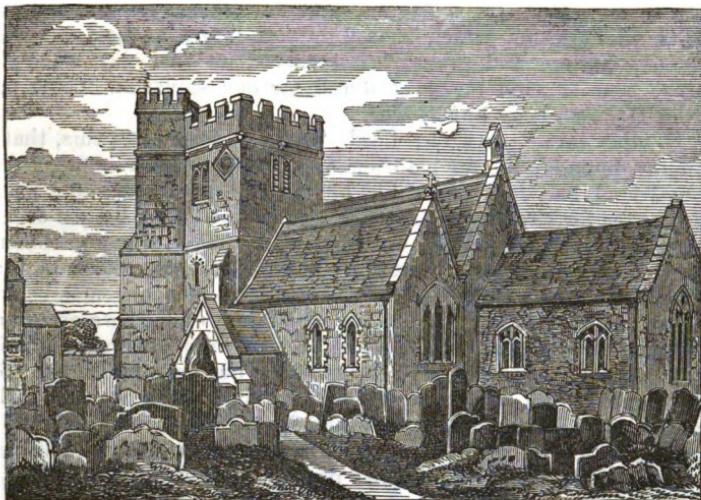
**BURIALS.**

- Thursday, Feb. 3rd.*—Joseph Soanes, aged 68 years.  
*Friday,* " 4th.—Henry Hedges, " 77 "  
*Wednesday,* 9th.—Henry Merry, " 55 "  
*Sunday,* " 20th.—Thomas Horwood, " 18 months.

**Monthly Calendar.****MARCH.**

1	Tu	Shrove Tuesday
2	W	Ash-Wednesday. Morning Service at 11 a.m.
3	Th	Litany and Sermon at 7.30 p.m.
4	F	
5	S	
6	S	First Sunday in Lent. Holy Communion.
7	M	District Visitors' Meeting at 12.
8	Tu	
9	W	Ember Day.
10	Th	Litany and Sermon at 7.30 p.m.
11	F	Ember Day.
12	S	Ember Day.
13	S	Second Sunday in Lent.
14	M	
15	Tu	
16	W	
17	Th	Litany and Sermon at 7.30 p.m.
18	F	
19	S	
20	S	Third Sunday in Lent.
21	M	
22	Tu	
23	W	
24	Th	Litany and Sermon at 7.30 p.m.
25	F	Annunciation of the Virgin Mary.
26	S	
27	S	Fourth Sunday in Lent. Holy Baptism
28	M	
29	Tu	
30	W	
31	Th	Litany and Sermon at 7.30 p.m.

THE  
**HEADINGTON  
PARISH MAGAZINE.**



SAINT ANDREW'S CHURCH, HEADINGTON.

No. 16.]

APRIL, 1870.

[PRICE 1½D.

**Good Friday.**

**G**HREE months ago we all readily obeyed the Church's call to keep the feast of Christmas, and in remembrance of the Saviour's birth to make merry and be glad. The same Church, which then invited us to observe Christmas, is now calling us to keep Lent, and, before many days, will call us to keep the most solemn day of Lent, Good Friday; but to keep it, not in feasting and merry-making, but in fasting and self-denial, in godly sorrow and repentance.

All the world observes Christmas, because it is the fashion so to do, and a pleasant thing to feast; but the world does not keep Lent, because it is neither a pleasant thing to fast nor fashionable to repent and deny oneself. Therefore it is that Good Friday is spent by so many in a thoughtless way, and that the Saviour of the world is entirely forgotten amid worldly care and business, or amid parties of pleasure, dancing, revellings and such like. No wonder that when the great festival of Easter comes, so few find themselves in a fit state to receive the Easter Communion and to really rejoice in that season.

Consider what Good Friday is. It is the death-day of Christ; the day on which the Lord of heaven and earth offered Himself as a Sacrifice on the Cross to deliver us from the power and punishment of sin. Surely, then, this is a day, not for mirth, but for sorrow; not for company and amusement, but for retirement and self-denial; not for making excursions, but for earnest prayer in Church and at home. "Could ye not watch with Me one hour?" said our Saviour to His drowsy disciples; "Can ye not fast with Me one day in the year?" may He now say to many of us. Surely, if there be any day in the year on which it is a duty to "turn to the Lord with weeping, fasting, and prayer," it must be on that day when the eternal Son of God for us men and for our salvation "bore our sins in His own body on the tree."

"Greater love," says our Lord, "hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Suppose for a moment that some friend had laid down his life for any one of us; that when our life was forfeited by some crime against the State, he had of his own accord put himself in our place and suffered the punishment incurred by our offence; would we suffer the yearly return of that day on which our friend died for us to pass by without remembering him and reflecting on his act of kindness to which we owed our very existence? And yet such an act of kindness would fall far below what we have actually received from our dear Redeemer; for it was not when we were His friends, but when we were His enemies, that He sacrificed His life for us. (Romans v. 8.) Is it then right? is it decent? is it Christian-like to spend the anniversary of our Lord's death with as much ease and unconcern as if it were an event with which we had nothing whatever to do?

We earnestly entreat you, dear friends, to hallow, as far as you are able, the week called Holy Week and, most of all, the day of our Saviour's Crucifixion. Services will be held during that week, both morning and evening, and we cannot observe the week better than by devoutly using these means of grace. May they lead us to know Christ better, to love Him more, and to live nearer to Him!

### **Parish Notices and Reports.**

CHURCH SERVICES.—The Sermon on Thursday evening, April 7th, will be preached by the Rev. C. H. Grundy, of S. Edmund Hall, and Curate of S. Peter's-in-the-East. The following Clergymen have promised to preach on the evenings in Holy Week:—

- Rev. J. E. Stocks, Ch. Ch., Monday before Easter.
- Rev. S. Hope, Queen's Coll., Tuesday before Easter.
- Rev. J. Rigaud, Magd. Coll., Wednesday before Easter.
- Rev. E. M. Acock, Magd. Coll., Thursday before Easter.
- Rev. Canon Bright, Ch. Ch., Good Friday.
- Rev. G. T. Cooke, Magd. Coll., Easter Eve.

Throughout this week there will be Morning Service at 11, with a short Meditation (except on the Tuesday when the Confirmation Service will be held,) and Evensong, with Sermon, at 7.30.

On Good Friday a School Service will be held for children, at 2.30, in the Girls' School-room. The Curate will be glad to see any parents who may wish to attend with their children.

In order that all in the Parish may have an opportunity of receiving the Holy Communion on Easter Day, there will be two Celebrations on that day: the first at 8 o'clock, and the second, as usually, after the Morning Service, at 11 a.m. We would again invite attention to the Rubric in our Prayer Book which directs "that every parishioner shall communicate, at the least, three times in the year, of which *Easter* to be one."

#### Hymns for the Month.

	Morning.	Afternoon.	Evening.
5th Sunday in Lent . . .	93, 98, —	85, 91, —	97, 101, 104
Sunday before Easter . . .	87, 86, —	95, 96, —	103, 92, 98
Good Friday . . . . .	97, 100, 101	—, —, —	Anth. 100, 104
Easter Day . . . . .	107, 292, —	106, 117, —	316, 116, 320
1st Sunday after Easter . . .	107, 291, 325	210, 110, 112	114, 335, 275

#### DISTRICT VISITORS' BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

##### QUARTERLY ACCOUNT.

Incomings.	£ s. d.	Outgoings.	£ s. d.
Balance from 1869 . . .	12 7	Six aged persons, 6d. weekly	1 19 0
Offertories—		District No. 1 . . . . .	6 0
Jan. 6, Epiphany . . .	1 4 8	" No. 2 . . . . .	17 6
,, 9, 1st S. after Ep. . .	1 14 4	" No. 3 . . . . .	1 0 0
Feb. 6, 5th S. after Ep. . .	2 3 9½	" No. 4 . . . . .	1 6 6
Mar. 6, 1st S. in Lent. . .	2 7 11½	" No. 5 . . . . .	16 0
A Friend in Oxford . . . .	5 0 0	" No. 6 . . . . .	1 2 6
Miss Larking . . . . .	1 0 0	" No. 7 . . . . .	1 13 6
		" No. 8 . . . . .	15 0
		" No. 9 . . . . .	2 1 0
		" No. 10 . . . . .	1 2 0
		" No. 11 . . . . .	17 6
		Balance . . . . .	6 5
	<hr/> £14 2 11		<hr/> £14 2 11

#### NORTH AISLE FUND.

A slight error was made in our February account of this Fund, it was occasioned by the omission of £3 which was due in January last as the Interest on £120 for 6 months. The mistake does not affect the total sum.

Amount already acknowledged . . . . .	... . . . .	£383 3 9
The Rev. Dr. Whorwood (promised) . . . .	... . . . .	10 0 0
Ladies' Basket . . . . .	... . . . .	5 0 0
Mr. Berry . . . . .	... . . . .	1 0 0
The Rev. A. Gill, by card . . . . .	... . . . .	5 0
Miss S. Gill . . . . .	... . . . .	5 0
A Friend . . . . .	... . . . .	5 0
Mr. B. W. Beever . . . . .	... . . . .	3 0
Henry Dennis, by farthing card . . . . .	... . . . .	1 3
Annie Baker . . . . .	... . . . .	1 3
	<hr/> 17 0 6	
		<hr/> £400 4 8

STATEMENT OF COLLECTIONS made in the Church during last month.		
	£	s. d.
Sunday, March 6.—Offertry at the Holy Communion	2	7 11 $\frac{1}{4}$
" " 27.—For Restoration of the Church	1	15 1
At the Sunday Evening Services	1	5 8 $\frac{1}{2}$
		25 8 9

## MONTHLY EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

BAPTISMS.	Private, March 2.—George Edward Coppock. " " 10.—Frederick Walter Cooper. " " 14.—John Turner Coleman. Public, " 27.—Fanny Boulter. 27.—Thomas Trinder.
BURIALS.	March 6.—George Edward Coppock, Infant. " 9.—William Godfrey, aged 60 years. " 10.—William Durham, " 67 "

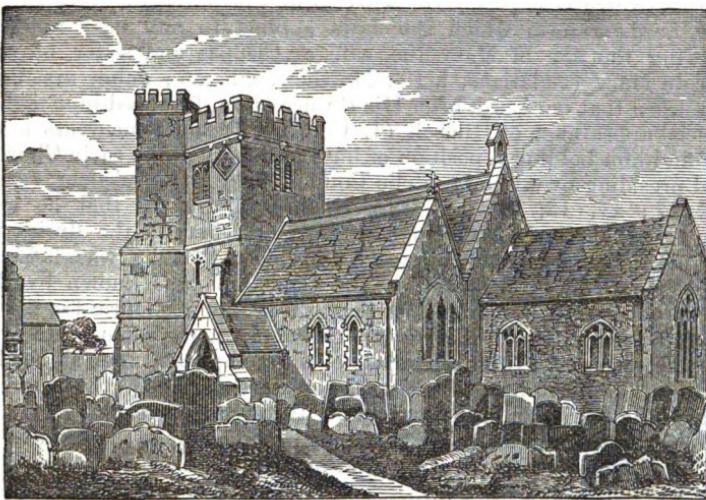
*Monthly Calendar for April.*

1	F	New Moon. Sun rises 5.38. Sun sets 6.30.
2	S	
3	S	Fifth Sunday in Lent. Holy Communion.
4	M	District Visitors' Meeting at 11.45 a.m.
5	Tu	Examination of Night Scholars at 7 p.m.
6	W	
7	Th	Litany and Sermon at 7.30 p.m.
8	F	
9	S	
10	S	Sunday before Easter, or Palm Sunday.
11	M	* Monday before Easter.
12	Tu	* Tuesday before Easter. Confirmation at 11 a.m.
13	W	* Wednesday before Easter.
14	Th	* Thursday before Easter, or Maundy Thursday.
15	F	* Good Friday. Full Moon.
16	S	* Easter Eve.
17	S	† Easter Day. Holy Communion.
18	M	Monday in Easter week. Morning Service at 11.
19	Tu	Tuesday in Easter week. Morning Service at 11.
20	W	
21	Th	
22	F	
23	S	
24	S	First Sunday after Easter. Holy Baptism.
25	M	S. Mark Evangelist and Martyr.
26	Tu	
27	W	
28	Th	
29	F	
30	S	New Moon. Sun rises 4.36. Sun sets 7.18.

\* Morning Service on each of these days at 11 a.m., and Evensong with Sermon at 7.30 p.m.

† Easter Day is always the first Sunday after the Full Moon which happens upon, or next after the 21st of March.

THE  
**HEADINGTON  
PARISH MAGAZINE.**



SAINT ANDREW'S CHURCH, HEADINGTON.

No. 17.]

MAY, 1870.

[PRICE 1½D.

**Saint Philip and Saint James.**

**S**AINT Philip was a native "of Bethsaida, the city of Andrew and Peter." We read nothing of his occupation, but probably he was, like them and the two sons of Zebedee, a fisherman on the Lake of Gennesareth. The three first Evangelists tell us nothing about him beyond the fact that he was one of the 12 disciples, but S. John brings him before our notice on several occasions. In his Gospel (1. 43-46) we read of S. Philip's call to be an Apostle, of his ready response to that call, and of the proof of his sincerity which he gave in bringing his friend Nathanael to Christ. Later on, towards the close of our Lord's ministry, when some Greeks who came up to worship at the Feast were anxious to see Jesus, they first intimated their wish to S. Philip, and he together with S. Andrew, tell Jesus. (S. John, xii. 20, 22). On two other occasions mention is made of Philip, (1) At the feeding of the 5000 (ch. vi. 5-7), and (2) at the Last Supper, (ch. xiv. 8, 9). And from what is there said of him we learn that though he believed firmly in Jesus as "The Messiah of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets did write," yet he was ignorant of the Divine nature of

the Messiah, and of the Almighty power which dwelt in Him as God, of one substance with the Father. It is said that S. Philip, like S. Peter and S. Jude, was a married Apostle. He suffered martyrdom at Hierapolis in Phrygia, but the manner of his death is uncertain. S. Philip the Apostle must not be confused with S. Philip the Deacon of whom we read in Acts. vi. 5; viii. 5, 26; xxi. 8.

S. James, called "The Less" (Mark xv. 40) was also one of our Lord's twelve Disciples. He is styled in Scripture the brother of our Lord—a term which the Jews applied to any near relation—being the son of Mary the wife of Cleopas and sister of the Virgin Mary (Galatians, i. 19; Matthew, xiii. 55; John, xix. 25). We learn that our Lord, after His Resurrection, favoured him with a special appearance of Himself (1. Cor. xv. 7) and some years after we find him holding a position of high authority in the early Church and presiding over the Apostolic Council held at Jerusalem (Acts xii. 17; xv. 13, 19; xxi. 18.) History informs us that he was the first Bishop of Jerusalem, and that he discharged the duties of his high office with such integrity and piety that he was held in great regard by Jews as well as Christians, and was known by the name of 'James the Just.' After holding his bishopric for thirty years he was called to receive the crown of martyrdom. He was first thrown down from a pinnacle of the Temple and then stoned by order of the Scribes and Pharisees, who were alarmed at the progress which the Christian faith was making through his preaching.

We must distinguish this S. James from S. James the brother of John, of whose martyrdom we read in Acts xii. 2.

**COLLECTIONS.**—The money collected at the Sunday Evening Services during the summer months will be applied to the Church Choir Fund.

SCHOOLS.—The Examination is announced for Friday, May 13th. All children whose names are on the books must be at the School at 10 a.m., on that day.

**ASCENSION DAY.**—There will be Morning Service at 11 a.m., and Evening Service at 8 p.m., on this day. The Holy Communion will be administered at the Morning Service. The Sermon in the Evening will be preached by the Rev. F. Wilson, Curate of Marston.

DIED.—April 7th, John Mason, aged 78 years.

## **NORTH AISLE FUND.**

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Amount already acknow- ledged ... ..	400	4	3	Elizabeth Steff, by farthing card	1	3	
Ladies' Basket ... ..	5	0	0	Marion Richardson	1	3	
Miss Tagg, by card	1	1	0	Harriet Heritage	1	3	
Mrs. Charles Godfrey	1	0	0	William Henry Harris	1	3	
Miss Jane Gardner	"	10	0	John Gammon	1	3	
Miss Watson	"	5	0				
Arthur Taylor, by farthing card	1	3					
					2408	7	9

## Parish Notices and Reports.

**THE CONFIRMATION.**—On Tuesday, the 12th of last month, the Tuesday in Holy week, our new Bishop, Dr. Mackarness, held a Confirmation in our Church for the Parishes of Elsfield, Beckley, Marston, and Headington Quarry, as well as for our own Parish. As many as 114 Candidates were presented, of whom 52 were inhabitants of this village. The Bishop addressed the Candidates before the renewal of their vows, and also before the concluding Blessing. A Hymn was sung before and after the imposition of hands. The Clergy of the above mentioned Parishes met the Bishop and his Chaplain, the Rev. W. Ince, at Mr. Sturman Latimer's house, and walked with them in procession into the Church. After Service Mr. Latimer kindly entertained the Bishop and Clergy at luncheon.

The following are the names of those members of our Parish who were Confirmed on that day:—

MALES.	FEMALES.
Adams, John	Adams, Jane
Aldridge, Richard	Alexander, Elizabeth
Dennis, Richard	Bartlett, Hannah
Fitchett, Edward	Boulter, Mary Ann
Gurdon, George	Busby, Tryphena
Harris, Owen	Chamberlayne, Emma
Harris, Archibald E. H.	Clarke, Emma
Louch, James	Dennis, Mary Ann
Morris, Thomas	Ellis, Sarah
Parker, Thomas	Fitchett, Julia
Price, John	Forster, Eliza
Pulker, Edward	Griffin, Estella
Smith, Edwin	Hall, Eliza
Stowe, Arthur Peel	Hedges, Susannah
Taylor, William	Jacobs, Elizabeth
Tolley, George	Morris, Harriet
Trinder, Eli	Phipps, Susan
Vallis, Samuel	
	Price, Mary Ann
	Pulker, Jane
	Pulker, Mary
	Rolph, Susannah
	Smith, Mary Ann
	Soanes, Clara
	Soanes, Harriett
	Steff, Sarah
	Tanner, Mary Ann
	Tolley, Mary Ann
	Towne, Alice Frances
	Trinder, Matilda Alice
	Walker, Elizabeth
	White, Susan
	Wilkins, Mary Claudine
	Wilkins, Rosa Fanny
	Young, Emma

On Easter Day there were two Celebrations of the Holy Communion; the first at 8 a.m.; the second after the Morning Service. At the former there were 51 Communicants; at the latter 95; altogether 146 Communicants.

**READING ROOM.**—The score of the Cricket Match which was played last month by the members of this Society, was sent too late for publication. It will appear in our next number.

### MONTHLY EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS. BAPTISMS.

<i>Private, April 21.</i> —Edwin Fathers.	<i>Public, April 24.</i> —Lloyd H. B. Hedges
<i>Public,</i> " <i>24.</i> —Rosa Giles.	"  " <i>Ada E. Jacobs.</i>
"  " <i>Eliza Giles.</i>	"  " <i>Ellinor Eliza Griffin.</i>
"  " <i>Edith Mary Rudd.</i>	"  " <i>Ada Jane Busby.</i>
"  " <i>Charlotte Walker.</i>	"  " <i>Amy Joanna Busby.</i>
"  " <i>Charles Williams.</i>	"  " <i>C. J. Hathaway.</i>
<i>BURIALS.</i> <i>April 3.</i> —James Bateman, aged 56 years.	
"  10.—Leah Trinder, aged 2 years.	
"  10.—Edwin Cooper, aged 32 years.	
"  22.—Anthony Kimber, aged 83 years, ( <i>from the Union.</i> )	
"  24.—Martha Vallis, aged 78 years.	

## COLLECTIONS

made in the Church during last month.	£ s. d.
Offertory at the Holy Communion, Sunday, April 3	2 11 0
Easter Day	4 13 2
For Restoration of the Church, Sunday, April 24	2 0 10
For maintenance of Sunday Evening Services	1 13 3½
	<b>£10 18 3½</b>

## Gymns for this Month.

	Morning.	Afternoon.	Evening.
2nd Sunday after Easter }	272, 320, —	259, 117, —	144, 113, 378
SS. Philip and James			
3rd Sunday after Easter	299, 348, —	201, 106, —	316, 179, 10
4th Sunday after Easter	292, 112, —	116, 186, —	326, 146, 11
5th Sunday after Easter	113, 335, —	139, 185, —	334, 120, 14
Ascension Day	122, 121, —	— — —	125, 121, 320
Sunday after Ascen. Day	139, 121, 378	159, 157, 155	327, 297, 325

## Monthly Calendar for May.

1	<b>S</b>	Second Sunday after Easter. SS. Philip and James.
2	<b>M</b>	District Visitors' Meeting at 11.45 a.m.
3	<b>Tu</b>	Practice for Choir Festival at 7.45 p.m.
4	<b>W</b>	Communicants' Meeting (Males) at 7.45 p.m.
5	<b>Th</b>	Communicants' Meeting (Females) at 7 p.m.
6	<b>F</b>	
7	<b>S</b>	
8	<b>S</b>	Third Sunday after Easter. Holy Communion.
9	<b>M</b>	
10	<b>Tu</b>	Practice for Choir Festival at 7.45 p.m.
11	<b>W</b>	
12	<b>Th</b>	
13	<b>F</b>	Examination of School by H. M. Inspector.
14	<b>S</b>	
15	<b>S</b>	Fourth Sunday after Easter. Holy Communion at 8 a.m.
16	<b>M</b>	
17	<b>Tu</b>	Practice for Choir Festival at 7.45 p.m.
18	<b>W</b>	
19	<b>Th</b>	
20	<b>F</b>	
21	<b>S</b>	
22	<b>S</b>	Fifth Sunday after Easter, or Rogation Sunday.
23	<b>M</b>	Rogation Day.
24	<b>Tu</b>	Rogation Day. Practice of the whole Choir at 7.45
25	<b>W</b>	Rogation Day.
26	<b>Th</b>	* Ascension Day or Holy Thursday. Holy Communion.
27	<b>F</b>	
28	<b>S</b>	
29	<b>S</b>	Sunday after Ascension Day. Holy Baptism.
30	<b>M</b>	New Moon. Sun rises 3.52. Sun sets 8.2.
31	<b>Tu</b>	Practice for Choir Festival at 7.45 p.m.

\* Morning Service at 11 a.m.; Evening Service at 8 p.m.

THE  
**HEADINGTON  
PARISH MAGAZINE.**



SAINT ANDREW'S CHURCH, HEADINGTON.

No. 18.]

JUNE, 1870.

[PRICE 1*½*D.

**S. Barnabas.**



HE first mention made of this Apostle is in Acts iv. 36, 37.

"And Joses, who by the Apostles was surnamed Barnabas, (which is, being interpreted, the son of consolation,) a Levite, and of the country of Cyprus, having land, sold it, and brought the money, and laid it at the Apostles' feet." There is much that is interesting in this brief account of the Apostle : his kind and compassionate disposition implied in his name, "son of consolation ;" the mention of his tribe reminding us that the office of the Levitical Priesthood was now accomplished, and was henceforth to be superseded by the Apostolic Ministry ; his foreign birth fitting him, like S. Paul, to be God's instrument in carrying the Gospel message to the Gentiles ; and his noble self-denial in surrendering all his earthly advantages for Christ.

The second passage in which his name occurs, (Acts ix. 26, 27,) relates an instance of kindness and Christian charity on his part which well accorded with his name. When S. Paul first came to Jerusalem after his conversion, and the other disciples were holding

back from him in suspicion, S. Barnabas took him and introduced him to the Church, and declared the circumstances of his conversion.

In the third passage in which he is mentioned (Acts xi. 23, 24) as sent to instruct the new converts at Antioch, he is spoken of in terms of the highest praise as "a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith," and so earnest in his exhortations to the people that many of them were added to the Lord.

Soon after this he went to Tarsus, and brought S. Paul with him from thence to work with him at Antioch. For a whole year did they continue together "assembling themselves in the Church and teaching the people;" and in consequence of their united efforts in that city the believers became so numerous that they obtained the name of Christians to distinguish them from the other inhabitants. While they were there a great famine arose in Judea, whereupon the Christians at Antioch made a contribution for their distressed brethren and sent it to them "by the hands of Barnabas and Saul," who, after fulfilling their charge, returned to their labours at Antioch, taking with them "John, whose surname was Mark."

But the Spirit did not long suffer them to labour in that city. We read that while the prophets and teachers there were ministering to the Lord and fasting, the Holy Ghost said "Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them." (Acts xiii. 2.) Immediately they bade farewell to their friends, and started off on their long and perilous journey. John Mark, the nephew of St. Barnabas, (Col. iv. 10) accompanied them as far as Cyprus, and then went back to Jerusalem. Their journey over, they returned to Antioch; and sometime afterwards, at S. Paul's suggestion, they prepared to start on a second missionary journey, but so sharp a contention arose between them as to the propriety of John Mark again accompanying them "that they departed asunder one from the other," and so S. Barnabas, taking his nephew with him, sailed again to Cyprus, while S. Paul, choosing Silas as his companion, "went through Syria and Cilicia confirming the Churches." Scripture history tells us nothing more of S. Barnabas after this, but it is supposed that he suffered martyrdom in his native island, and was buried there by his nephew.

S. Barnabas affords a noble example to us of single-heartedness and self-devotion in the cause of Christ; while the *dissimulation* referred to by S. Paul, (Gal. ii. 13,) with which he was carried away at Antioch, and the *sharp contention* which separated him from his brother Apostle, alike arising from the influence of excessive good nature, and testifying to the presence of human infirmity even in the very chiefest Apostles, are a solemn warning to us all to "watch and pray lest we enter into temptation."

### Parish Notices.

**DIOCESAN SPIRITUAL HELP SOCIETY.**—The alms collected at the Offertory on Ascension Day, amounting to £2 0s. 10d., will be given to this Society, in answer to an appeal made on its behalf to the Vicar and Churchwardens by the Bishop of the Diocese.

**ADDITIONAL CURATES' SOCIETY.**—The sum of £2 1s. 6d. has been collected for this Society, and sent up to the Rev. W. G. Abbott, Secretary. (*See Magazine for March, 1870.*)

**COMMUNICANTS.**—There were three Celebrations of the Holy Communion last month. Sunday, 8th, at which there were 88 Communicants; Sunday, 15th, (8 a.m.) 27 Communicants, and Ascension Day, 51 Communicants. Classes are held for Communicants, four nights in each month, at Miss Nichol's house. (*See Calendar.*)

**CHOIR FESTIVAL.**—The meeting of the Parish Choirs of Oxford and the neighbourhood, will take place in Christ Church Cathedral, on Thursday, the 30th inst. There will be Service at 11 a.m., and at 4 p.m. In the latter the music will be entirely Anglican; in the former the chants for the Psalms and Canticles will be Gregorian. The Sermon in the morning will be preached by the Bishop of the Diocese. There will be no Sermon in the afternoon. A collection will be made after each Service to meet the necessary expenses of the Festival.

**HEADINGTON QUARRY.**—The Rev. A. Dalton, having been compelled by ill-health to resign his charge of this Parish, delivered his farewell sermon to a crowded congregation on the afternoon of Sunday, May 15th. Some days previously the Parishioners presented to him a handsome gold watch, together with an address expressing their high appreciation of his work amongst them and their extreme regret at his resignation. We, too, in Old Headington have also sustained a great loss in the departure of Mr. Dalton. During his short residence in our neighbourhood he has preached several times in our Church, read at many of our evening entertainments, and shewn himself at all times a good friend and ready helper. The Rev. C. P. Longland is appointed to be his successor.

**NEW CHURCH.**—It is proposed to build a small Brick Church in the district of New Headington, for the benefit chiefly of the inhabitants of that part of our Parish. A piece of ground has been obtained, and it is hoped that before long the building will be commenced. The cost of the building and land will not be less than £300. Donations, amounting to £105, have been promised; the following have been already received:

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
The Rev. P. E. Welby ...	10	0	0	Miss Gutch	...	...	1 0 0
The Rev. N. L. Shuldharn ..	5	5	0	Miss S. Gutch	...	...	1 0 0
The Rev. H. C. Ogle ...	5	5	0	A Lady Friend	...	...	1 0 0
The Rev. B. C. Caffin ...	5	0	0	Mrs. Dallas	...	...	1 0 0
The Rev. E. Worsley ...	5	0	0	W. Neville, Esq.	...	...	1 0 0
The Rev. G. T. Cooke ...	5	0	0	Mrs. Stainer	...	...	1 0 0
W. F. Archibald, Esq. ...	5	0	0	A Birthday present	...	...	1 0 0
The Rev. Dr. Fisher ...	2	2	0	Miss Tuckwell	...	...	1 0 0
The Rev. Dr. Millard ...	2	0	0	Mrs. Goolden	...	...	1 0 0
The Rev. E. Handley ...	2	0	0	Miss Field ...	...	...	5 0
Colonel Rigand ... ...	2	0	0	Mr. N. Harrison	...	...	2 0
A Neighbour ... ...	2	0	0				
The Rev. E. M. Acock ...	1	0	0				
Mrs. Caffin ... ... ...	1	0	0				
					£	61	19 0

**DAY SCHOOLS.**—56 children were presented to H. M. Inspector for Examination on Friday May 13th. His Report will be published in our next number.

**NIGHT SCHOOL.**—This School closed on March 29th, having been opened for 43 nights. There have been 62 scholars and an average attendance of 28. It has this year been placed under Government inspection; and accordingly, on Tuesday April 5th, 17 of the Scholars were presented for Examination, which was conducted for the Government by Mr. S. Latimer and the Curate. The Report and Grant are not yet received.

**MARRIAGE.**—*March 6th*, at Cripplegate Church, the City, William Thomas Hammerton and Elizabeth Lamburn.

## Reading Room.

The First Match of the Season was played on April 19th, in Mr. Wootten's grounds, between Married and Single.

### MARRIED.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
T. Cooper, sen., b N. Freeman	...	4	b J. Price
C. Taylor, c T. Cooper, jun.,	...	6	b N. Freeman
J. Rudd, c J. Price	...	0	not out
W. Standen, b J. Price	...	1	b J. Price
T. Smith, b J. Price	...	0	c N. Freeman
F. Cooper, c S. Bateman	...	0	c T. Cooper, jun.,
J. Gardner, run out	...	1	c and b J. Price
J. Bryan, b J. Price	...	0	b J. Price
F. Rolph, b J. Price	...	1	b J. Price
T. Cooper, b N. Freeman	...	0	R. Aldridge, b N. Freeman
H. Franklin, not out	...	0	run out
Byes, &c.	...	1	Byes, &c.
Total	...	14	Total
			57

### SINGLE.

#### 1st Innings.

W. Taylor, b T. Cooper, sen.	...	...	10
S. Bateman, b T. Cooper, sen.	...	...	20
E. Rolfe, b C. Taylor	...	...	2
M. Wootten, b C. Taylor	...	...	10
N. Freeman, b T. Cooper, sen.	...	...	4
James Price, c H. Franklin	...	...	0
W. Lane, b T. Cooper, sen.	...	...	8
John Price, b T. Cooper, sen.	...	...	2
J. Bateman, c T. Smith	...	...	0
W. Latimer, not out	...	...	0
Byes, &c.	...	...	5

Total ... ... 61

In 2nd innings S. Bateman scored 8, and W. Latimer, 2.

The Reading Room has lost a valuable officer and the Parish generally a good and kind friend in the departure of Mr. Swinburne. We shall all miss him very much when the time for our winter entertainments comes round again.

## The North Aisle Fund.

	£ s. d.
Amount already acknowledged	... ... ... ...
Ladies' Basket	5 0 0
The Rookery	5 14 0
Sale of Books	3 0 0
Miss Lyne, by card	10 0
Fines at the Rookery	12 6
Anonymous	5 0
Annie Baker (2) by farthing card	1 3
Henry Godfrey	1 3
Anne Banister	1 3
	15 5 3
	£423 13 0

Besides this sum of £423 13s. which has been already received we have promises of two grants from two Church Building Societies, and of several donations from private sources. The Incorporated Society has promised £160, and the Oxford Diocesan Society, £200. The donations are as follow:—

	£ s. d.
The late Bishop of Oxford	20 0 0
The late Earl of Derby	10 0 0
The Archbishop of York	10 0 0
The Rev. W. Vernon Harcourt	5 0 0
W. W. Wootten, Esq.	25 0 0
Ditto for Oak sittings	25 0 0
John Plowman, Esq.	5 0 0
Miss Latimer	5 0 0

These however will not be paid until the North Aisle is built and the body of the Church is re-seated.

The Builder's contract for the Aisle is £794 7s. 6d.; the contract for the sittings, if of deal, £170; if of oak, about £450. Additional expenses, including the fees of the Architect, and of the Clerk of the works, may be estimated at £200. Thus the cost of the whole work will be, as far as can be at present ascertained, about £1,200. The money which has now for some years been collected in the Church on the last Sunday of each month has been applied towards paying off the debt on the work already done. The Registrar's fees for the "Faculty," and the Solicitor's charges relating to the *whole* contract—amounting together to less than £20—still remain unpaid.

It is hoped that by next spring we shall have funds sufficient to enable us to begin the work; but this will, of course, depend upon what exertions we make in the meantime to raise the sum required. It is in our power to do it; the only thing now wanting is the *will*.

### Hymns for the Month.

	Morning.	Afternoon.	Evening.
Whitsun Day	127, 128, —	131, 130, —	173, 139, 275
Trinity Sunday	137, 135, —	133, 154, —	137, 149, 135
1st Sunday after Trinity	142, 299, —	152, 192, —	333, 161, 14
2nd Sunday after Trinity	316, 364, 168	325, 169, 164	147, 318, 17

## PARISH OFFICERS.

*Churchwardens*—Mr. S. Latimer and Mr. Joseph Rose.  
*Guardians*—Mr. J. Parker and Mr. F. Davenport.  
*Overseers*—Mr. Standen and Mr. Snow.  
*Waywarden*—Mr. Miller.

## CHURCH WORKERS.

*Tract Lenders.*

Old Headington,	Mr. A. W. Poole, Worcester.
	„ E. N. Hodges, Queen's.
	„ G. Gibson, Worcester.
	„ J. Chippindall, University.
	„ E. A. Knox, Merton.
	„ J. H. Skrine, Corpus.
New Headington,	Mr. L. Burges, St. John's.
	„ J. H. Meredith, St. John's.
	„ F. D. Cremer, Wadham.
	„ H. Floud, Wadham.
Barton,	Mr. W. M. Meredith, Magdalen Hall.
	„ C. A. Garbett, Magdalen Hall.

*District Visitors.*

1. High Street,	Mrs. Thompson,	Appointed Nov., 1867.
2. „	Mrs. S. Latimer,	„ „
3. „	Miss Pring,	„ „
4. Church Lane,	Miss Lyne,	„ Nov., 1868.
5. Church Street,	Miss M. A. Nichol,	„ Oct., 1867.
6. The Croft,	Miss Wilkins,	„ Nov., 1867.
7. Marston Lane,	Mrs. Robinson,	„ „
8. New Headington,	Miss Watson Taylor,	„ „
9. „	Mrs. Edgecomb,	Oct., 1869.
10. „	Mrs. D. Latimer,	Nov., 1867.
11. Barton,	Miss Latimer,	„ „

COLLECTIONS  
made in the Church last month.

		£ s. d.
Sunday, May 8, Offertory at the Holy Communion	... ...	2 4 11 $\frac{1}{4}$
15,	„ „ „	18 7
Ascension Day	„ „ „	2 0 10
Sunday, May 29, for Restoration of the Church	... ...	1 11 6
Sunday Evening Services for Expenses of the Choir	... ...	2 4 3 $\frac{1}{4}$
		<hr/> £8 15 2

## MONTHLY EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

## BAPTISMS.

Sunday, May 29th.—Laura Vallis.	
” ” Annie Taylor.	
” ” Caroline Hudson.	
” ” John Goodgame.	
” ” Charles Henry Collett.	
” ” Alice Mary Goodgame.	
” ” Sarah Ann Elizabeth Young.	
” (Received) Charles Francis Dallaway.*	

\* The Prayer Book directs that, if a child, which has been privately baptized, do afterwards live, he shall be brought into the Church to the intent that the congregation may be certified that he has been rightly baptized, and that he may be received as one of the flock of true Christian people.

N.B. There is no fee required for Baptism.

## MARRIAGE.

*Sunday, May 8th, George Alfred Richards and Eliza Davies.*

## BURIALS.

<i>Saturday, April 30th.</i>	—Harriet Elizabeth Larking, aged 60 years.
<i>Sunday, May 15th.</i>	—George Draper, " 36 years.
<i>Friday</i>	<i>" 20th.</i> —Eliza Jacobs, " 24 years.

**Short Passages from English Poets.**

No. 1.—JOHN MILTON, BORN 1608, DIED 1674.

*Lines from 'T' Allegro.*

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee  
 Jest, and youthful jollity,  
 Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
 Nods, and becks, and wreathéd smiles  
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
 And love to live in dimple sleek ;  
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,  
 And Laughter holding both his sides :—  
 Come, and trip it as you go  
 On the light fantastic toe ;  
 And in thy right hand lead with thee  
 The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty ;  
 And if I give thee honour due  
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,  
 To live with her, and live with thee  
 In unreprovéd pleasures free ;  
 To hear the lark begin his flight  
 And singing startle the dull night  
 From his watch-tower in the skies,  
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;  
 Then to come, in spite of sorrow,  
 And at my window bid good-morrow  
 Through the sweetbrier, or the vine,  
 Or the twisted eglantine :  
 While the cock with lively din  
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,  
 And to the stack, or the barn-door,  
 Stoutly struts his dames before :  
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn  
 Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,  
 From the side of some hoar hill,  
 Through the high wood echoing shrill.  
 Sometime walking, not unseen,  
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,  
 Eight against the eastern gate  
 Where the great Sun begins his state  
 Robed in flames and amber light,  
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;  
 While the ploughman, near at hand,  
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,  
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
 And the mower whets his scythe,  
 And every shepherd tells his tale  
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.

A Prize of an Album is offered to members of the Parish, who are under 16 years of age, for the best written copy of the above lines. The copies must be sent to the Editor, Post Office, before Tuesday, the 21st inst.

## Monthly Calendar for June.

1	W	Communicants' Meeting (Males) at 7.45 p.m.
2	Th	Communicants' Meeting (Females) at 7 p.m.
3	F	
4	S	
5	S	Whitsun Day. Holy Communion.
6	M	Whitsun Monday. Morning Service at 11 a.m.
7	Tu	Whitsun Tuesday. Morning Service at 11 a.m.
8	W	Ember Day. Practice for Choir Festival.
9	Th	
10	F	Ember Day.
11	S	St. Barnabas Apostle and Martyr. Ember Day.
12	S	Trinity Sunday. Holy Communion at 8 a.m.
13	M	District Visitors' Meeting at 11.45 a.m. Full Moon.
14	Tu	Practice for Choir Festival.
15	W	Communicants' Meeting (Males) at 7.45 p.m.
16	Th	Communicants' Meeting (Females) at 7 p.m.
17	F	St. Alban, first English Martyr, A.D. 303.
18	S	Battle of Waterloo, 1815.
19	S	First Sunday after Trinity.
20	M	Accession of Queen Victoria, 1837.
21	Tu	Practice for Choir Festival.
22	W	Commemoration at Oxford.
23	Th	
24	F	Nativity of St. John the Baptist.
25	S	
26	S	Second Sunday after Trinity.
27	M	
28	Tu	New Moon. Sun rises 3.47. Sun sets 8.19.
29	W	St. Peter Apostle and Martyr.
30	Th	Choir Festival in Christ Church Cathedral.

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

CHARLES HEDGES,  
STONE AND MARBLE MASON,  
LONDON PLACE, ST. CLEMENT'S, OXFORD.

MONUMENTS, TOMBS, HEADSTONES,

And all kinds of plain and ornamental Stone Work executed on the shortest notice at very moderate terms.

### WANTED.

AT Michaelmas, a HOUSE in Headington, containing two sitting-rooms and three bed-rooms, with a piece of garden attached. Rent not more than £14 or £15. Application to be made to Mr. Vallis, Schoolmaster.

Oxford: Printed and Published by W. R. Bowden, 35, Holywell Street.

THE  
**HEADINGTON  
PARISH MAGAZINE.**

---



SAINT ANDREW'S CHURCH, HEADINGTON.

---

No. 19.]

JULY, 1870.

[PRICE 1½D.

---

### *Saint James.*

**S**AINT James, called "The Greater," to distinguish him from the first Bishop of Jerusalem, was the son of Zebedee, a fisherman of Galilee, and his wife Salome; and brother of S. John the Evangelist "The disciple whom Jesus loved." With his brother he was brought up to follow his father's business, and with him he was also called to leave his earthly occupation and to become "a fisher of men" (Mark. i. 17.) The two brothers were afterwards formally summoned to the Apostolic office and received from Christ the surname of "Boanerges," that is the sons of thunder (Mark. iii. 17.) a name indicating their vehement and impetuous character, of which we have a remarkable example in their desire to call down fire from heaven, as Elias did, upon the Samaritan village which refused to receive their divine Master (Luke ix. 53, 54.) Together with St. Peter they enjoyed a closer intimacy with the Lord, and were allowed to be with Him on certain occasions on which the rest of the Twelve were excluded, these occasions were the raising of Jairus' daughter, the Transfiguration, and the Agony in the garden.

To these three favoured Apostles, in company with St. Andrew, were vouchsafed the prophecies which our Lord delivered shortly before His Death relating to the destruction of Jerusalem and to His second coming. (Mark xiii. 3.)

We may reasonably suppose that these marks of special favour which were shewn to them emboldened S. James and S. John to seek through their mother the highest places in the kingdom which they imagined our Lord was about to establish at Jerusalem (Read S. Matth. xx. 20-24; S. Mark x. 35-41.) The mysterious answer to their request, whilst indicating their mistaken conception of Christ's kingdom and denying that its honours could be bestowed on grounds of personal favour, contains, doubtless, an allusion to the path of suffering which S. James, first of all the Apostles, was to follow in imitation of his blessed Master.

The time soon arrived when he was called upon to drink the cup and to be baptized with the baptism of Jesus. It may be that his characteristic zeal, shewn in the cause of his Master, pointed him out as the first victim of Herod's malice. We read in Acts. xii. 1. 2. that "Herod the king stretched forth his hands to vex certain of the church; and he killed James the brother of John with the sword." In these few words is his martyrdom recorded in Holy writ, but Church history has added a most interesting circumstance which may here be inserted—"As he was led to martyrdom, his accuser, being struck by the extraordinary courage and constancy which S. James had displayed on his trial, repented of what he had done and falling at the Apostle's feet asked pardon for all he had testified against him. S. James raised him up and embraced him and said 'Peace be with you'; The accuser then turning to the people professed himself a Christian, and was beheaded together with the Apostle whom he had accused; thus in one and the same day receiving the faith and sealing it with his blood".

## **Parish Notices and Reports.**

**CHURCH SERVICES.**—The Sunday Afternoon Service will be discontinued until further notice, except on the first Sunday in each month, when the Litany will be said, and Holy Baptism administered at 3 o'clock. On this Sunday the Litany will be omitted in the Morning Service.

**CLUB FEASTS.**—The members of the Britannia Benefit Society held their feast on Tuesday in Whitsun week. The members of the Loyal Havelock Lodge of Odd Fellows purpose holding their Annual Meeting on Monday, the 4th inst. There will be Divine Service at 11 a.m.

**SCHOOLS.**—The report of H.M. Inspector has not yet been received.

**DIED.**—On June 5th, at Greatbridge, in her 11th year, Marian Isabel, fourth daughter of Thomas Underhill, Esq., Surgeon, and Mary his wife.

**ADVERTISEMENTS.**—No charge is made to PARISHIONERS for advertising in the Magazine.

NORTH AISLE FUND.		£ s. d.
Amount already acknowledged .....		423 13 0
Ladies' Basket .....	£5 0 0	
Miss Preedy .....	1 0 0	
E. G. W. W., .....	1 0 0	
A. F. W. W., .....	5 0	
Fines at the Rookery, .....	5 0	
Miss R. F. Wilkins .....	5 0	
" M. A. Wilkins .....	5 0	
" Emily Godfrey .....	5 0	
Annie Baker (3) by Farthing Card.....	1 3	
		—
		8 6 3
		£431 19 3

## DISTRICT VISITORS' BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

Quarterly Account, April—June.

## INCOMINGS.

£ s. d.	OUTGOINGS.
Balance from last quarter... 6 5	5 aged persons (6d weekly) 1 13 0
Offertories :—	District Visitors :—
5th Sunday in Lent ... 2 11 0	No. 1 ..... 11 6
Easter Day 1st celebration 1 9 8	No. 2 ..... 1 1 9
2nd ..... 3 3 6	No. 3 ..... 1 1 0
3rd Sunday after Easter 2 4 11½	No. 4 ..... 1 0 0
4th Sunday after Easter 13 7	No. 5 ..... 1 12 8
Whitsun Day ... 2 7 10½	No. 6 ..... 1 2 6
Trinity Sunday ..... 12 10	No. 7 ..... 16 0
Subscriptions (20) ..... 5 14 6	No. 8 ..... 1 18 6
J. W. Larking, Esq., ..... 3 3 0	No. 9 ..... 3 0 6
	No. 10 ..... 1 4 4
	No. 11 ..... 1 9 10
	Balance ..... 5 15 9
£22 7 4	£22 7 4

## MONTHLY EXTRACTS FROM PARISH REGISTERS.

## BAPTISMS.

Private, Sunday, June 19th.—Ada Beacham.

## MARRIAGES.

Saturday, June 4th.—William Charles Cullimore and Charlotte Louisa Morris.

## BURIALS.

Friday, June 17th.—Edwin Fathers, aged 4 months.

## STATEMENT OF COLLECTIONS

made in the Church last month.

	£ s. d.
Whitsun Day.	Offertory at the Holy Communion, ... 2 7 10½
Trinity Sunday.	12 10
Sunday, June 26.	For Church Restoration Fund, ... 1 6 7
Sunday Evening Services for Maintenance of the Choir,	2 8 5½
	£6 15 9

## Hymns for this Month.

	Morning.	Evening.
3rd Sunday after Trinity	180, 348, —	144, 199, 275
4th Sunday after Trinity	181, 325, —	164, 157, 10
5th Sunday after Trinity	333, 165, —	201, 186, 14
6th Sunday after Trinity	179, 320, —	299, 318, 17
7th Sunday after Trinity	327, 166, 335	316, 200, 378

## Monthly Calendar for July.

1	F	
2	S	<i>Visitation of B. V. M.</i>
3	S	<i>Third Sunday after Trinity.</i> Holy Communion. Litany
4	M	Odd Fellows' Club Feast. [and Baptisms at 3 p.m.]
5	Tu	
6	W	Communicants' Meeting (Males) at 7.45 p.m.
7	Th	Communicants' Meeting (Females) at 7 p.m.
8	F	
9	S	
10	S	<i>Fourth Sunday after Trinity.</i>
11	M	District Visitors' Meeting at 11.45 a.m.
12	Tu	Full Moon. Sun rises 3.58. Sun sets 8.12.
13	W	
14	Th	
15	F	<i>St. Swithin. Bishop of Winchester. A.D. 852.</i>
16	S	
17	S	<i>Fifth Sunday after Trinity.</i> Holy Communion at 8 a.m.
18	M	
19	Tu	
20	W	Communicants' Meeting (Males) at 7.45 p.m.
21	Th	Communicants' Meeting (Females) at 7 p.m.
22	F	<i>St. Mary Magdalene.</i>
23	S	
24	S	<i>Sixth Sunday after Trinity.</i>
25	M	<i>St. James Apostle and Martyr.</i>
26	Tu	<i>St. Anne, Mother of the Virgin Mary.</i>
27	W	
28	Th	New Moon. Sun rises, 4.19. Sun sets, 7.53.
29	F	
30	S	
31	S	<i>Seventh Sunday after Trinity.</i>

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

CHARLES HEDGES,  
**STONE AND MARBLE MASON,**  
 LONDON PLACE, ST. CLEMENT'S, OXFORD.  
*MONUMENTS, TOMBS, HEADSTONES,*

And all kinds of plain and ornamental Stone Work executed on the shortest notice at very moderate terms.

### WANTED.

A T Michaelmas, a HOUSE in Headington, containing two sitting-rooms and three bed-rooms, with a piece of garden attached. Rent not more than £14 or £15. Application to be made to Mr. Vallis, Schoolmaster.

Oxford : Printed and Published by W. R. Bowden, 85, Holywell Street.

THE  
**HEADINGTON  
PARISH MAGAZINE.**



SAINT ANDREW'S CHURCH, HEADINGTON.

No. 20.]

AUGUST, 1870.

[PRICE 1½D.

**Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.**

**E**T is probable that not many of our readers have ever heard of Walpole Island, and that fewer still are aware of the missionary work which has been carried on there for upwards of twenty-five years. The following report, which has been taken from the Society's last Quarterly Paper, contains an account of this Island, and of the progress of the Gospel in it, which cannot fail to interest all who are anxious for the success of our foreign missions to the heathen.

Walpole Island is situated at the mouth of the river St. Clair, about 26 miles south of Port Huron. It is about 9 miles long and 3 miles broad. The population, which numbers about 1000, consists of Indians belonging to the Ojibway and other tribes.

More than 25 years ago the Rev. A. Jamieson was sent out as missionary to these people. He found them in a most wretched condition. They were ignorant and degraded, and wedded to the superstitions of their forefathers. The Indian maxim is, 'It is better to walk than to run ; it is better to stand than to walk ; it is better to sit than to stand ; and it is better to lie than to sit.' This was

verified to the letter ; for a more lazy and apparently good-for-nothing set could not be found than the Indians of Walpole Island at that time. Spiritual progress amongst such a people was at first inevitably slow, and Mr. Jamieson thus describes his experience :—

" My congregation during the first year was small indeed. Sometimes, in truth, I would enter the Church, remain an hour or two, and leave without having any congregation at all. This experience was so often repeated, that I soon got tired of it, and instead of going to church and waiting for a congregation that never came, I went about amongst the Indians, on Sundays as at other times, and endeavoured to gain their attention to the claims of Christianity. This change of tactics proved beneficial, for in the course of a few months two or three Indians visited me once or twice a week, to ask questions about the Christian religion, and to obtain information on any points of which they were ignorant. And one year after the commencement of my labour, I was cheered by being able to baptize two Indians, one of whom I was particularly glad to have for a convert, for, though not a chief, he was a man of good sense, and of some influence amongst his brethren."

" At the early part of my career, my plan of operation was this :—I marked out the island into districts, which I visited at stated times. Before making the visit, I sent word to the leading man in the district that it was my intention to come to his wigwam to have a talk with him and his neighbours. At the time appointed, I was there with my interpreter. Sitting down in the wigwam, which would be full of Indians dressed in the old Indian costume, I placed tobacco before them ; and having waited till all their pipes were in full blast, I opened my message, and spoke to them of the love of God in Christ Jesus, telling them, in the words of our Saviour, that God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. I recollect, on one occasion, when seated in such a wigwam, surrounded by listening Indians, after speaking for some time, I paused, and waited for their remarks, if they wished to make any. After a brief interval, the chief speaker of the group, taking his pipe out of his mouth, and laying it down slowly by his side, thus addressed me :—' Brother ! what you have now told us is *good news*. In truth, the best news I have ever heard.' And after adding much more than I can recapitulate, he closed his remarks by saying that he would be glad to hear me again, and that he would recommend his relations and friends to give heed to my words. This man is now a sincere Christian, and a man of a most exemplary character."

But not all were so easily convinced of the truth of the Gospel ; for Mr. Jamieson relates anecdotes of some, who, though not unwilling to listen to what he had to say, yet persisted in their attachment to their old superstitions, and were content to live and die as their forefathers had done.

Still, a great success has crowned the labours of this Missionary, a success such as is seldom granted to the work of one man ; and that a great change for the better has taken place amongst the Walpole Islanders is acknowledged by all who knew them twenty years ago. Then the Sunday was given up to smoking, drinking, card-playing, jumping, running, wrestling, or spent in the excitement of horse-racing ; now, this revelry and riot have nearly disappeared. They respect the Sunday, and many of them begin their preparation first on the Saturday afternoon, by scrubbing their floors, and putting things in order. Their houses are different from what they used to be ; they are better built and cared for, and the household furniture and appliances are superior. A good deal of attention is now given to agriculture, whereas twenty years ago, with the exception of a few patches of Indian corn, rudely cultivated, they paid no

attention to the tilling of the soil. Their main dependence for a livelihood was on fishing and the chase: they had no ploughs, no oxen, no implements of husbandry whatever. More correct ideas in regard to matrimony now obtain amongst them. Polygamy, as is well known, prevailed to a great extent amongst them, and they lived pretty much as they pleased in the married life, following without compunction the devices and desires of their own hearts, so that separation between man and wife was a thing of common occurrence. It is so no longer. They contract Christian marriages, and are faithful to the marriage bond.

Mr. Jamieson, who is now on a visit to England, thus answers the question sometimes asked, if the Indians really do comprehend and feel the truth of the Christian religion :—

"Having been many years amongst the Indians, and knowing their language, I have easy access to their hearts and minds, and understand their thoughts and feelings; and I can assert in all sincerity, that some of these children of the forest have as clear views of divine truth, and as much experimental acquaintance with it, as many Christian white people have. The Indians are not naturally dull of comprehension, and in intellect I think they are superior to the lower orders amongst the whites. In my visits to their wigwams, I have often been delighted and edified with their Christian knowledge and experience; and in attending some of their death-beds, I have been humbled with a sense of my own inferiority in faith and patience, and in cheerful submission to the Divine will."

Thus, for a quarter of a century has a great work been carried on, in a country so remote that many of our readers probably heard of Walpole Island for the first time when they took up this paper, and by a humble labourer in the Mission Field even less known than the District which he has rescued from spiritual darkness and brought to the knowledge of Christ. Truly it may be said of the Church, as well as of the world, that it knows little of its greatest men.

### Parish Notices and Reports.

NORTH AISLE FUND.			
Amount already acknowledged	...	...	£ s. d.
Ladies' Basket	...	5 0	431 19 3
Miss J. C. Locke (by farthing card)	...	5 0	
Nesta	...	5 0	
			5 10 0
			£437 9 3

### COLLECTIONS

made in Church during last month.	£	s.	d.
Sunday, July 3, Offertory at the Holy Communion	...	1	15 2
"    17,	...		16 0
"    31, For Restoration Fund...	...	1	18 0
Sunday evening Services for maintenance of the Choir	2	6	6 1
			£20 15 84

### MONTHLY EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

- BAPTISM.—*Sunday, July 3.*—Elizabeth Crawford Jacobs.  
 MARRIAGES.—*Monday, July 4.*—John Wise and Thyrza Cross.  
     "    "    11.—John Hartwell and Eliza Wiggins.  
 BURIALS.—*Sunday, July 3.*—Anna Berry, aged 48 years.  
     "    "    "—Louisa Marian Vallis, infant.

**A PRAYER,** which may be used during this time of War.

**G**RANT, O Lord, we beseech Thee, that the course of this world may be so peaceably ordered by Thy Governance, that Thy Church may joyfully serve Thee in all godly quietness; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

**Hymns for this Month.**

Eighth Sunday after Trinity ...	182, 204, —	142, 299, 275
Ninth Sunday after Trinity ...	302, 146, —	189, 198, 11
Tenth Sunday after Trinity ...	334, 149, —	153, 190, 275
Eleventh Sunday after Trinity ...	137, 326, 155	833, 125, 17

**Monthly Calendar for August.**

1	M	Lammas Day.
2	Tu	
3	W	
4	Th	
5	F	
6	S	
7	S	Eighth Sunday after Trinity. Holy Communion. Litany [and Baptisms at 3 p.m.]
8	M	
9	Tu	
10	W	School Feast.
11	Th	Full Moon.
12	F	
13	S	
14	S	Ninth Sunday after Trinity.
15	M	District Visitors' Meeting
16	Tu	
17	W	Communicants Meeting (Males) at 7.45 p.m.
18	Th	Communicants Meeting (Females) at 7.0. p.m.
19	F	
20	S	
21	S	Tenth Sunday after Trinity. Holy Communion at 8 a.m.
22	M	
23	Tu	
24	W	St. Bartholomew Apostle and Martyr.
25	Th	
26	F	New Moon.
27	S	
28	S	Eleventh Sunday after Trinity. S. Augustine, Bishop.
29	M	School re-opens.
30	Tu	
31	W	

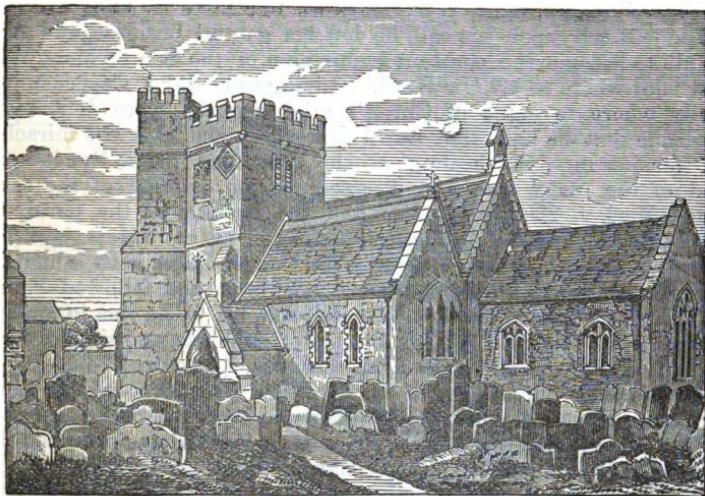
**A D V E R T I S E M E N T .**

BEST REFINED No. 1 NON-EXPLOSIVE OIL,  
with the least possible smell,

**FOR BURNING IN THE PARAFFIN LAMPS.**  
THREE SHILLINGS A GALLON.

May be had at RUDD'S, Tea, Grocery, and General Stores, High Street,  
Headington.

THE  
**HEADINGTON  
PARISH MAGAZINE.**



SAINT ANDREW'S CHURCH, HEADINGTON.

---

No. 21.]

SEPTEMBER, 1870.

[PRICE 1½D

---

### **S. Matthew and his Gospel.**

**S**T. MATTHEW, the Apostle and Evangelist, was the son of Alphæus—a different person, it is generally understood, from Alphæus or Cleopas, the father of James and Jude. He was by occupation a Publican, that is, a tax-gatherer, under the Roman Government; and had his office on the shore of the sea of Galilee, where he received the toll levied upon the goods and passengers which crossed the water.

This business was especially hateful to the Jews; both on account of the rigour and extortion which so frequently attended it, and also because it constantly reminded them of the state of subjection to which they had been reduced by a heathen nation.

He is spoken of by S. Mark and S. Luke, previous to his calling, by the name of Levi, (Mark ii. 14; Luke v. 27.) and it seems probable that he took the new name of Matthew, (which like the name Theodore signifies *the gift of God,*) in humble and grateful acknowledgment of God's goodness in calling him out from an odious and disreputable employment to the highest and most

honourable office which could be entrusted to man. This deep sense of his own unworthiness may be observed in several particulars in his Gospel. For instance, he alone of the four Evangelists connects his Apostolic name of Matthew with his former life as a publican, (ch. x. 3.) ; he omits all mention of the sacrifice which he made, and of the reception which he gave to our Lord, (ch. ix. 9.) ; and whilst the other Evangelists in their lists of the Apostles place Matthew *before* Thomas, he writes "Thomas and Matthew the publican," (comp. Matt. x. 8; Mark iii. 18; Luke vi. 15.)

Immediately upon his call, he left his gainful business and gave up all to become the constant companion of the Son of Man, Who had 'not where to lay His Head.' Living as he did at Capernaum—a city where so many of Christ's mighty works were done—it is probable that he had often heard His words and seen His miracles, as, for instance, the healing of the demoniac in the Synagogue, and of the many sick and diseased on the evening of the same day, (Mark i. 23-26; 32-34,) and the healing of the paralytic, mentioned immediately before the history of his call (Matt. ix. 2-7); this may in some measure account for the readiness with which he complied with our Lord's summons and "arose and followed Him," (ch. ix. 9.) His last act before quitting his home was to make a "great feast," to which a large number of publicans and sinners came and sat down with Christ and His disciples, (Luke v. 27-29.)

No further particulars of S. Matthew are recorded in Holy Scripture beyond the mention of his name with the other Apostles in the Gospels and the Acts. He is reported to have preached the Gospel in the remote east, and to have suffered martyrdom.

But S. Matthew was not only one of the Twelve Apostles, he was also one of the Four Evangelists or writers of the Gospel. It is uncertain at what date his Gospel was composed, but it is universally admitted to have been the first written. There is a very general consent amongst early Church writers that he first wrote for his own countrymen in Hebrew, and that he afterwards published his Gospel in Greek, which was then the common language of the educated world. His special object was to convince the Jews that Jesus was Christ, the promised Messias; and for this purpose he traces His descent from Abraham and David, (ch. i. 1-16,) and shews how in many particulars the ancient prophecies were fulfilled in Him.

In conformity with a large portion of Hebrew prophecy, and in accordance with what was commonly expected by the Jews, S. Matthew presents our Saviour under the special character of a King. For example; he traces his legal descent through a line of kings, (ch. i. 1-16) ; records the homage of the Wise Men to Him as the "King of the Jews," (ch. ii. 1-12) ; sets forth at length the nature of His Church in the parables relating to the Kingdom of Heaven, (ch. xiii.) ; speaks of the Gospel as the Gospel of the Kingdom, (ch. xxiv. 14) ; and brings Him before us at His final coming (ch. xxv. 31-46) as the King seated on the throne of His glory, and passing sentence of everlasting woe or blessing upon the assembled nations of the world.

## Headington National School.

The Report of H. M. Inspector has been received, together with a grant of £42 3s. 10d., from the Committee of Council on Education. He speaks favourably of the general condition of the Schools, particularly that of the lower classes, and remarks that the late Examination showed an improvement over that of last year. Of the grant, £37 3s. was allowed for the Day School; viz., £18 16s. for attendance, £16 8s. for examination, and £1 19s. for Infants presented. This is a larger grant than we have received for many years. The remaining sum of £5 0s. 10d. was given on behalf of the Night School; viz., £3 2s. 6d. for attendance, and £1 18s. 4d. for examination.

The following is an account of the Income and Expenditure for the year ending June 30, 1870.

### ANNUAL SUBSCRIBERS.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mrs. Allen ...	10 0	Carried forward ...	21 14 0
Mr. Badcock ...	1 1 0	Mr. Parker ...	1 1 0
Mrs. Ballachey ...	1 1 0	Rev. J. C. Pring ...	1 1 0
Mrs. Berry ...	5 0	Mr. J. Rolph ...	1 1 0
Miss Bolton ...	1 0 0	Mrs. Robinson ...	10 0
Mr. Davenport ...	1 1 0	Mr. Rose ...	10 6
Mrs. Fisher ...	1 1 0	Mr. Rose (New Headington)	5 0
Mr. Foster ...	10 0	Mr. Sargent ...	1 0 0
Mr. Gill ...	1 1 0	Mrs. Sargent ...	10 0
Captain Jones ...	10 0	Mrs. Stone ...	5 0 0
Mr. Knowles ...	1 1 0	Mr. Swinburne ...	10 0
Miss Larking ...	10 0	Mr. Tawney ...	1 1 0
Miss Latimer ...	2 0 0	Rev. J. W. A. Taylor ...	1 1 0
Mr. Digby Latimer ...	1 12 0	Mr. Watson Taylor ...	1 1 0
Mr. Sturman Latimer ...	1 0 0	Miss Watson Taylor ...	1 1 0
Rev. W. Latimer ...	10 0	Dr. Thompson ...	10 0
Miss Lyne ...	10 0	Rev. L. S. Tuckwell ...	1 0 0
Magdalen College ...	5 0 0	Mrs. Turner ...	10 0
Mrs. Mason ...	5 0	Mr. Wootten ...	1 1 0
New College ...	1 1 0	Messrs. Wootten & Co. ...	10 0
Miss M. A. Nichol ...	5 0		
	<hr/> £21 14 0		<hr/> £40 17 6

### RECEIPTS.

	£ s. d.
Balance in hand ...	7 7 1
Subscriptions as above ...	40 17 6
Payment of Scholars ...	32 18 4
Government Grant ...	42 3 10
	<hr/> £123 6 9

### EXPENDITURE.

	£ s. d.
Stipends of Teachers ...	96 14 5
Books and Stationery ...	1 6 1
Fuel ...	4 14 6
Cleaning ...	1 0 0
Rates and Insurance ...	13 1
Mr. Knowles' Bill ...	7 0 5
Messrs. Gill & Ward ...	1 14 0
Sundries ...	11 10
Balance with Treasurer ...	9 12 5
	<hr/> £123 6 9

J. C. PRING, TREASURER.

## Parish Notices and Reports.

**HARVEST FESTIVAL.**—It is proposed to observe Wednesday, the 14th inst. as a day of Thanksgiving to God for the Harvest. The day will be kept very much in the same way as it was last year. There will be two Services—Morning at 11, and Evening at 7.30. The Rev. E. Sturges, Vicar of Great Milton, will preach in the morning; and the Rev. W. W. Jones, Vicar of Summertown, in the Evening. Collections will be made at both Services in aid of the Radcliffe Infirmary. If the weather permit, the afternoon will be spent in Athletic Sports, Cricket, Football and other games, in the grounds belonging to Mrs. Ballachey, which she has kindly lent for the occasion. Tea will be served at 4 o'clock. A good Band will be in attendance. The grounds will be opened at 2.30 p.m. and closed at 7 p.m. No person will be admitted to the grounds without a ticket. Tea-tickets, 9d each, to admit to the ground and the tea; and entrance-tickets, 2d each, to admit to the ground only, may be had of Mr. Wyatt, White Hart, or of any of the District Visitors. Application for Tea-tickets must be made before 5 o'clock on Tuesday the 13th. Prizes will be offered for the winners of the Athletic Sports, in which none but parishioners will be allowed to compete.

The order of the services at the Harvest Festival will be as follows :

### MORNING.

Hymn before the Service, No. 223.

Venite.—Purcell in G.

Glorias.—Rimbault in G.

Te Deum.—Goss in A, and Battishill in D.

Benedictus.—Elvey in F.

Anthem.—“Thou visitest the earth,” Greene.

Hymn before the Sermon, No. 224.

Hymn after the Sermon, No. 335.

### EVENING.

Hymn before the Service, No. 224.

Proper Psalms.—145, 146, 147.

145.—Purcell in G.

146.—Woodward in C.

147.—Hayes in F.

Cantate Domino.—Battishill in G.

Deus Misereatur.—Barnby in E.

Anthem.—“Oh taste and see,” Goss.

Hymn before the Sermon, No. 225.

After the Sermon.—Benedicite—“O all ye works of the Lord.”

### Hymns for the Month.

	Morning.	Evening.
Twelfth Sunday after Trinity	21, 348, —	106, 201, 10
Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity	176, 181, —	152, 199, 325
Harvest Festival	224, 223, 335	224, 225, —
Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity	157, 179, —	170, 146, 14
Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity	169, 141, 320	144, 318, 275

SCHOOL FEAST.—The boys and girls of the National Schools had their annual Feast in Mrs. Ballachey's grounds on Wednesday, Aug. 10. The money collected for this object was not sufficient to admit of giving prizes, as last year, to those children who had attended over 400 times. Had the fund permitted, the following children would have each received a prize:

Alfred Godfrey	...	425	times.	Emma Adams	...	...	412	times.
Emily Smith	...	425	"	John Harris	...	...	411	"
Charles Jacobs	...	422	"	John Dickens	...	...	409	"
Albert Vallis	...	418	"	William Steff	...	...	408	"
Clara Pearce	...	417	"	James Green	...	...	406	"
Emily Pettifor	...	417	"	Frederick Adams	...	...	404	"
Ellen Stilgoe	...	415	"	Jemima Smith	...	...	404	"
Harriet Heritage	...	414	"	Ada Vallis	...	...	404	"
Henry Pettifor	...	413	"	Sarah Jacobs	...	...	402	"
Henry Harris	...	413	"					

CRICKET.—On Monday, August 29, a match was played on the Balliol College ground, between the Headington Reading Room Club and the Oxford Excelsior Club. The result may be seen in the following score:

## HEADINGTON.

	1st inn.	2nd inn.
Rev. L. S. Tuckwell, c and b Parker	...	9
Mr. M. Wootten, c Quarterman, b Parker	11	c White, b Pethers
„ H. Franklin, c Wiltshire, b Parker	0	run out
„ J. Bryan, c Pethers, b Parker	19	run out
„ James Price, b Parker	35	not out
„ Rudd, c Parker, b Pethers	1	run out
„ Richardson, not out	1	c White, b Pethers
„ T. Smith, b Parker	0	run out
„ F. Rolph, c and b Pethers	6	b Parker
„ T. Cooper, jun. hit. w.	0	b Quarterman
„ John Price, c Quarterman, b Pethers	0	st. White
Byes, &c.	5	b Parker
		Byes &c.
	87	93

## EXCELSIOR.

	1st inn.	2nd inn.
Mr. D. Pethers, b Franklin	1	run out
„ Wiltshire, b Tuckwell	4	b Bryan
„ F. Pethers, b Franklin	3	run out
„ Parker, c Cooper, b Tuckwell	3	b Cooper
„ Quartermain, b Franklin	12	b Tuckwell
„ Buckingham, b Tuckwell	1	c Bryan, b Tuckwell
„ Bushnell, c Richardson, b Cooper	16	b Franklin
„ White, b Franklin	0	b James Price
„ Ritchings, not out	0	b Bryan
„ James Bateman, b Cooper	0	c and b James Price
„ Hastings, run out	0	
Byes, &c.	2	Byes, &c.
	42	110

## NORTH AISLE FUND.

	£	s.	d.
Amount already acknowledged	...	437	9 3
Mr. C. Myers	£3	5	0
Miss Lyne, by card	10	0	0
Frederick Adams, by farthing card	1	3	
	3	16	3
	£441	5	6

**DIED.**—June 28, in North America, from the effects of sunstroke, William, son of John and Lucy Clay, of this Parish, aged 19 years.

**DIED.**—July 12, at Rondebosch, Capetown, of enlargement of the liver, John P. Bird, Schoolmaster, aged 63 years.

Mr. Bird was the first Master appointed to the National Schools in Headington Parish. He laboured in them earnestly and successfully for 12 years. At the end of that period he was advised to try a warmer climate for the benefit of his delicate children, and obtained by means of his high recommendations the mastership of the National School at Rondebosch. To his work in that distant land he went resolved, by God's help, to do his duty. The hold which he gained upon all with whom he was there connected, is proved alike by the kind consideration which he received, and by the affection with which he was inspired towards his employers and his pupils; on this subject he never wearied when writing to his friends at home. In January last he came to England for medical advice, and in May returned to the Cape perfectly cured; but shortly afterwards a new disease attacked him, which increased so rapidly that it baffled the skill of his physicians. We venture to quote from Archdeacon Badnall's letter to a friend in England announcing Mr. Bird's death. Speaking of his suffering at the last, of which he was a witness, he says—

"I should not indeed have drawn much comfort from this by itself, but it is very pleasant to think of, knowing, as we do, that it was the closing scene of a long and faithful service, and particularly of a trying illness, itself the immediate sequel of much previous trial, long and patiently borne. I saw much of him during the last weeks of his life, and all that I did see was instructive; no murmuring, no flinching from what he felt was the duty of absolute submission, and throughout all, a calm and, I think, a truly humble trust in his Saviour's merits. The funeral took place on July 14th, when a large number, including all the school children and many others, men and women of all ranks, followed our friend's mortal remains to their last resting-place."

[Communicated.]

#### MONTHLY EXTRACTS FROM PARISH REGISTERS.

##### BAPTISMS.

Private, August 21.—Lizzie Durham.

      "      28.—Edward Albert Marlow.

##### MARRIAGE.

Thursday, August 25.—Thomas Mitchell and Hannah Heritage.

##### BURIALS.

Friday, August 5.—Elizabeth Jacobs, infant.

                        Emma Goodgame, aged 2 years.

Wednesday, Aug. 10.—Bessie Draper, aged 1 year.

Thursday,    "    11.—Kate & Alfred Pulcher, aged resp. 9 and 7 years.

Thursday,    "    18.—Elizabeth Kate Honey, aged 4 years.

Friday,       "    19.—John Turner Coleman, infant.

Wednesday,   "    24.—Fanny Gardner, aged 77 years.

Thursday,     "    25.—John Thomas Trinder, aged 7 years.

Friday,       "    26.—Charles Williams, infant.

THE LITTLE CHURCH IN NEW HEADINGTON, of which we gave some account in our June number, has been commenced, and is now progressing rapidly. It will be ready for Service, we hope, before the 1st of November. Mr. Joseph Castle, of Oxford, is the builder. The cost of the Building will be about £250; the necessary fittings may be estimated at £50; and the purchase of the ground, together with the erection of a boundary wall, will bring the total expenditure up to £350. The following contributions have been already received.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
The President, Magd. Coll...	10	0	0	Carried forward ...	86	12	0
The Rev. A. Edwards...	5	0	0	An Oxford Lady...	5	0	0
The Rev. J. Fisher, D.D. ...	2	2	0	A Neighbour ...	2	0	0
The Rev. J. Rigaud ...	5	0	0	A Lady Friend ...	1	0	0
The Rev. G. T. Cooke ...	5	0	0	A Parishioner ...	1	1	0
The Rev. J. E. Millard, D.D.	2	0	0	Miss Gutch...	1	0	0
The Rev. N. L. Shuldharn	5	5	0	Miss S. Gutch ...	1	0	0
The Rev. H. C. Ogle ...	5	5	0	Mrs. Dallas...	1	0	0
The Rev. E. Worsley...	5	0	0	Miss Tuckwell ...	1	0	0
The Rev. P. E. Welby ...	10	0	0	Mrs. Stainer ...	1	0	0
The Rev. E. Handley...	2	0	0	Rev. C. Corfe ...	1	0	0
The Rev. E. M. Acock ...	1	0	0	Rev. A. Cooper ...	1	0	0
W. Neville, Esq....	1	0	0	Rev. W. C. Barwis ...	10	0	0
The Rev. B. C. Caffin...	5	0	0	Mrs. Barwis...	10	0	0
Mrs. Caffin ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Goolden ...	1	0	0
W. F. Archibald, Esq...	5	0	0	Miss Field ...	5	0	0
Colonel Rigaud ...	2	0	0	Mr. Harrison ...	2	0	0
Miss Fleming ...	5	0	0	Birthday Present ...	1	0	0
Miss L. Fleming ...	5	0	0	By sale of Furniture ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Fisher... ...	5	0	0	By occasional duty ...	8	8	0
	<hr/>				<hr/>		
	£86	12	0		£119	8	0

### Short Passages from English Poets.

No 2. George Herbert, Born 1593, Died 1633.

#### VIRTUE.

Sweet Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky,  
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,  
For thou must die.

Sweet Rose, whose hue angry and brave  
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,  
Thy root is ever in its grave,  
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,  
A box where sweets compacted lie,  
My Music shows ye have your closes,  
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,  
Like season'd timber, never gives,  
But though the whole world turn to coal,  
Then chiefly lives.

The Prize offered for the best written copy of Milton's lines has been awarded to Samuel Vallis. A Prize of a Church Service will be given to the writer of the best copy of the above lines, subject to the same conditions as before.

**STATEMENT OF COLLECTIONS  
made in the Church during last month.**

		£	s.	d.
Sunday, August 7.—Offertory at the Holy Communion		2	5	2
" 21 "				13 9 <i>½</i>
" 28.—For Restoration of the Church	...	1	7	7 <i>½</i>
Sunday Evening Services, for expenses of the Choir	...	1	18	4 <i>½</i>
		<b>£</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>4 11<i>½</i></b>

**Monthly Calendar for September.**

1	Th	<i>S. Giles, Abb. and Conf.</i>
2	F	
3	S	[and Holy Baptism at 3 p.m.]
4	S	<i>Twelfth Sunday after Trinity. Holy Communion. Litany.</i>
5	M	District Visitors' Meeting at 11.30 a.m.
6	Tu	School Committee Meeting at 11.30 a.m.
7	W	Communicants' Class (Males) at 7.30 p.m.
8	Th	Communicants' Class (Females) at 6.30. p.m.
9	F	Full Moon. Sun rises 5.30. Sun sets 6.20.
10	S	
11	S	<i>Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.</i>
12	M	
13	Tu	Practice for the whole Choir at 7.30 p.m.
14	W	Harvest Festival. Mattins at 11. Evensong at 7.30.
15	Th	
16	F	
17	S	
18	S	<i>Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity. Holy Communion at [8 a.m.]</i>
19	M	
20	Tu	
21	W	<i>S. Matthew, Apostle, Evangelist &amp; Martyr. Ember Day.</i>
22	Th	
23	F	Ember Day
24	S	Ember Day
25	S	<i>Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity. New Moon.</i>
26	M	<i>S. Cyprian, Archbishop and Martyr.</i>
27	Tu	Sun rises 5.55. Sun sets 5.44.
28	W	
29	Th	<i>S. Michael and all Angels.</i>
30	F	<i>S. Jerome, Confessor and Doctor.</i>

**A D V E R T I S E M E N T .**

**GEORGE GARDNER,  
HEADINGTON AND OXFORD CARRIER.**

Anchor Inn, Corn-Market,

Starts from Headington on Mondays and Saturdays at 8 a.m., and 2 p.m.; on other days (Sundays excepted) at 11 a.m. only.

Oxford: Printed and Published by W. R. Bowden, 35, Holywell Street.

THE  
**HEADINGTON  
PARISH MAGAZINE.**

---



SAINT ANDREW'S CHURCH, HEADINGTON.

---

No. 22.]

OCTOBER, 1870.

[PRICE 1*½*d.

---

### Harvest Festival.

THE annual Harvest Thanksgiving Festival was celebrated in our Parish on Wednesday, September 14th. The weather, which had been very wet on the previous day, cleared just in time to admit of everything being carried out as proposed in our last number. The day's Festivities began with Morning Service at 11 a.m., and ended with Evening Service at 7.30, p.m. In the Morning the Prayers were read by the Rev. G. T. Cooke, Vicar of Beckley and the Rev. H. A. Tyndale, Rector of Holton, and the Sermon was preached by the Rev. E. Sturges, Vicar of Great Milton; in the evening the Rev. G. T. Cooke again read the Prayers, and the Rev. W. W. Jones, Vicar of Summertown, was the Preacher. The Anthem in the morning was "Thou visitest the earth" by Greene; the Evening Anthem was "O taste and see how gracious the Lord is" by Goss. The proper Psalms and Lessons were taken from the "Form of Thanksgiving for Harvest" agreed on by Convocation. Collections were made after both Services for the Radcliffe Infirmary, amounting to £7 7s. 10d. The Church was, as usually, most tastefully decorated; the Congregation in the Evening was one of the

largest that ever assembled within its walls; and the singing was certainly not less hearty than on former occasions.

At one o'clock about 40 ladies and gentlemen of the parish and neighbourhood sat down to Luncheon; and at 2.30, the grounds belonging to Mrs. Ballachey were opened, and Cricket, Football, and other games began. The Athletic Sports took place at 4 p.m. under the direction of Mr. Montague Wootten. The prizes were awarded to the following;—To Albert Soanes for 100 Yards' Race; Thomas Cooper, Jun., for High Jump; Samuel Bateman, for Quarter-of-Mile Race; James Price, for Throwing the Cricket Ball; Albert Soanes, for Mile Race.

At 5 o'clock Tea was served by Mr. Wyatt in a large tent, to which 160 persons sat down; after which dancing began and was kept up with much spirit until 7, when the National Anthem was played by the Band and all the company left the ground.

At the conclusion of the Evening Service the old bells rung out a merry peal, and thus ended a most bright and happy day.

---

### **Parish Notices and Reports.**

SAMUEL VALLIS.—IT is with much sorrow that we record this month the death of our beloved and respected School-master, Mr. Vallis. He died early on the morning of Monday, September 19th, from the effects of a most painful disease which, though it made itself known only a few days before his death, must have caused him considerable suffering for some years past. Far beyond the circle of his own family and pupils his loss has been, and will be for a long time, very deeply felt; for he had won the esteem and affection of all who knew him, by the devoted attachment which he showed to his mother, more especially in her declining years, by the kindness and courtesy of manner with which he met every one, and by the Christian humility and gentleness which characterized all that he said or did. Born in Headington, and educated in his early years at the Free School, he afterwards, by dint of steady application and a diligent use of the abilities which God had given him, raised himself to the honourable position of a Certificated Master, which he occupied for the last 25 years of his life. His fondness for his native village, and his long-cherished wish to end his days in the abode of his childhood and to be laid by the side of his mother in the old Churchyard, led him to become a candidate for the Mastership vacant by the resignation of Mr. Franklin, to which he was appointed in January, 1868. His funeral took place on the evening of Saturday, September 24th, amongst a large congregation of parishioners of every class and age. Six adult members of the Choir voluntarily acted as Bearers, and the children of both Schools followed in procession. At the conclusion of the service, the Hymn “Abide with me” was sung by the Choir; and later in the same evening the Ringers gave a muffled peal as their tribute to his memory. These things show, more plainly than any words can, the affectionate remembrance in which he was held by all classes in the Parish.

THE NIGHT SCHOOL will be opened at 7 p.m. on Monday, October 31st, and will continue to be held on every Monday and Thursday evening, at the same hour, until further Notice is given. The payment of each Scholar is 2d. weekly for the first three weeks, and after that 1d. weekly.

BIRTH.—Sept. 29th, at Oving, near Aylesbury, the wife of the Rev. W. H. Young, of a Son.

DEATH.—Sept. 14th, at East Ilsley, near Newbury, Elizabeth Lambourn, aged 72 years.

NORTH AISLE FUND.			
	£	s.	d.
Amount already acknowledged	441	5	6
Ladies' Basket	25	0	0
E. G. W. W. by card	1	0	0
A. F. W. W. by card (2)	5	0	0
Miss. L. Taylor ,	5	0	0
	6	10	0
	£447	15	6

STATEMENT OF COLLECTIONS  
made in the Church during last month.

	£	s.	d.
Sunday September 4.—Offertory at the Holy Communion	1	19	7½
Harvest Festival.—For the Radcliffe Infirmary .....	7	7	10
Sunday, September 18.—Offertory at the Holy Communion	1	14	7½
"      25.—For Restoration of the Church ...	1	6	0½
"      For the Sick & Wounded in the War	6	16	9½
Sunday Evening Services, For the Expenses of the Choir ...	1	9	8½
	£20	14	7

MONTHLY EXTRACTS FROM PARISH REGISTERS.

BAPTISMS.

- Sunday Sep. 4.—Sarah, daughter of Henry and Sarah Harris.  
 "      "      Matilda Kayns, daughter of Isaac and Annie Solloway.  
 "      "      Edward James, son of James and Sarah Douglas.  
 "      "      Florence Emily, daughter of Thomas and Anna Smith.  
 "      "      George, son of William and Harriett Green.

MARRIAGES.

- Monday, Sep. 5.—John Wale and Harriett Louch.  
 "      "      Charles Tolley and Ann Bampton.

BURIALS.

- Thursday, Sep. 8 Edward Albert Marlow, infant.  
 Friday,    "   9 Frederick James Ryman, infant.  
 "      "   "   Frederick Latimer, aged 56 years.  
 Sunday,    "   11 Ada Jane Busby, aged 3 years.  
 Friday,    "   16 Isabel Horwood, aged 2 years.  
 Saturday,   "   24 Samuel Vallis, aged 48 years.  
 Thursday,   "   29 Charles Richard Brimfield, aged 6 years.

Mrs. SOANES, of New Headington, undertakes to mangle clothes well at the rate of 1½d. a dozen for large articles, and 1d. a dozen for small articles.

**Hymns for the Month.**

	Morning.	Evening.
Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity	166, 204, —	188, 181, 17
Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity	169, 334, —	327, 164, 11
Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity	161, 364, —	160, 299, 222
Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity	190, 139, —	159, 155, 275
Twentieth Sunday after Trinity	362, 185, 168	315, 179, 378

**Monthly Calendar for October.**

1	S	Remigius, Bp. [and Holy Baptism at 3 p.m.]
2	S	Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity. Holy Communion. Litany
3	M	District Visitors' Meeting at 11.45 a.m.
4	Tu	School Committee Meeting at 11.30 a.m.
5	W	
6	Th	
7	F	
8	S	
9	S	Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity. Full Moon.
10	M	Communicants' Class (Males) at 7.30 p.m.
11	Tu	
12	W	Communicants' Class (Females) at 3 p.m.
13	Th	
14	F	
15	S	
16	S	Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity. Holy Communion at
17	M	Etheldreda, Virgin. [8 a.m.]
18	Tu	S. Luke, Evangelist.
19	W	
20	Th	
21	F	
22	S	
23	S	Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.
24	M	New Moon
25	Tu	Crispin, Martyr.
26	W	
27	Th	
28	F	S.S. Simon and Jude, Apostles and Martyrs.
29	S	
30	S	Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.
31	M	

**ADVERTISEMENT.**

BEST REFINED No. 1 NON-EXPLOSIVE OIL,

with the least possible smell,

**FOR BURNING IN THE PARAFFIN LAMPS.**

THREE SHILLINGS A GALLON.

Composite Candles, 8d. per lb.

Palmer's Patent Snuffless Dips, 6½d. per lb.

May be had at RUDD'S, Tea, Grocery, and General Stores, High Street,  
Headington.

Oxford : Printed and Published by W. R. Bowden, 35, Holywell Street.

THE  
**HEADINGTON  
PARISH MAGAZINE.**



SAINT ANDREW'S CHURCH, HEADINGTON.

No. 23.]

NOVEMBER, 1870.

[PRICE 1½D.

**All Saints' Day.**

**H**IIS is the last Festival of the Christian Year. Our greater anniversaries we have given to the commemoration of those solemn events by which our blessed Saviour procured eternal salvation for us; and, having on our lesser festivals celebrated the memories of His Apostles and Evangelists, we sum up all to-day by meditating on that 'great multitude' who have fought the good fight of faith, and are entered into the joy of their Lord.

Not a few only of the Saints do we commemorate this day, not Apostles and Prophets alone, but *all* who have departed this life in the faith and fear of Christ; many, whom we ourselves have seen and known in the flesh, who were once by our side, who dwelt in the same home, worked in the same fields, and worshipped with us in the same House of Prayer.

And whilst we call such to mind, we are bidden, not to mourn over them, but to rejoice on their account; to bless God's holy Name, Who has guided them safely through this wicked world, and is now sheltering them in their place of rest and happiness; we are encouraged to persevere in our Christian warfare by a recollection of their faithfulness unto death, and by an assurance that, if we be

faithful too, we shall ere long be united to them again ; we are taught to pray for grace so to follow them in their ‘ virtuous and godly living ’ that we may some day share in their present state of blessedness, and at last arrive with them at those unspeakable joys in Heaven which God has prepared for all that unfeignedly love Him.

### S. Mark and his Gospel.

F, as has been generally supposed, this S. Mark was the son of Mary mentioned in Acts xii. 12, to whose house S. Peter resorted after his deliverance from prison by an Angel, he was also the same S. Mark to whom we have already referred in our account of S. Barnabas, as having been, through his unsteadfastness, the cause of a sharp contention and separation between that Apostle and S. Paul. Although not one of the twelve Apostles, he may very possibly have been an eye-witness of the life and doings of our blessed Lord. Some ancient writers assert that he was one of the seventy disciples sent to the different countries of Judea, (Luke x.); some, that he was one of the servants at the marriage-feast in Cana of Galilee, (John ii.); some, that he was the man bearing a pitcher of water in whose house Jesus sat down with the Twelve to eat the Passover, (Luke xxii. 10); some, that he was the young man in a linen garment who followed our Lord after He was taken in the garden of Gethsemane, (Mark xiv. 51, 52); others, on the contrary, speak of him as though he had never known Christ in the flesh, but had derived all his information about Him from the Apostle S. Peter, with whom he was intimately acquainted, (1 Pet. v. 13,) and under whose guidance he wrote his Gospel.

The first historical fact mentioned of S. Mark, the son of Mary, in the New Testament is, that he went with his uncle Barnabas and Saul from Jerusalem to Antioch, (Acts xii. 25); not long after, he set out from Antioch with those Apostles upon their first missionary journey ; but he soon left them, probably without sufficient reason, and returned to Jerusalem. Afterwards, when Paul and Barnabas resolved to undertake their second journey into Asia, and Barnabas proposed to take Mark with them again, S. Paul objected to his accompanying them because he had formerly deserted them ; and so Barnabas took Mark with him and sailed unto Cyprus, his own country (Acts xiii. 5, 13 ; xv. 36—39). The New Testament tells us very little of S. Mark after this ; but from that little we may conclude that he was again admitted to the friendship and confidence of S. Paul ; for he speaks of him in his epistle to Philemon as his *fellow-labourer* ; and sends his salutations, together with those of “ Luke the beloved physician,” to the faithful at Colosse, and exhorts them specially to receive him, (Col. iv. 10); and in writing to Timothy he charges him to bring Mark with him as being profitable to him for the ministry (2 Tim. iv. 11).

We learn from early Church history something further of his life and the circumstances of his death. He was the constant companion of S. Peter, until by that Apostle's direction he left him and went to Alexandria to preach the Gospel there. His ministry was so successful that he converted great numbers to the religion of Christ.

For many years did he preach in Libya, Thebais, and other parts of Egypt, and everywhere his labours were abundantly blessed. On his return to Alexandria he was put to death in the following horrible manner. The heathen in that city, enraged at the success which had attended his preaching, came upon him as he was celebrating the Lord's Supper, seized him, hurried him from the holy place, bound his feet with cords, and dragged him about the streets and rocks until his flesh was torn from his bones, and he expired in great agony.

S. Mark wrote his Gospel in Greek for the use of the Gentile Christians who dwelt at Rome. That it was not designed, as S. Matthew's was, for Jews, is evident from the few quotations of Jewish Scriptures which it contains, and from the way in which Jewish customs are explained and Jewish names interpreted; as, for instance, in such passages as ch. ii. 18 ; vii. 4 ; and ch. v. 41 ; vii. 11, 34. It was universally believed by the ancient Church that he wrote it under the direction, and almost by the dictation, of the Apostle Peter, of whom he was the intimate friend and companion. The fact that S. Peter's name is not prefixed to it may be considered as a silent token of that Apostle's humility ; and it may be further mentioned as a proof of his humility that his *failings* are described more fully in this Gospel than in any other, (compare ch. viii. 29, 30 with Matt. xvi. 16-20,) while incidents which redound to his honour—such as those recorded in Matt. xvii. 24-27, Luke xxii. 31 John xxi. 7, 15-18—are less dwelt upon or altogether omitted.

The narrative of his Gospel is much the same in substance and language with portions of S. Matthew's; indeed it seems as if it was his intention to repeat much of what S. Matthew had already written. And yet he was no mere copyist of S. Matthew. It will be found, on a careful reading of S. Mark's Gospel, that the writer of it possessed much *original* and *independent* knowledge; many lively and striking particulars related in the narrative bespeak an eye-witness—such as the mention of the hired servants, in ch. i. 20 ; the pillow in the hinder part of the ship, iv. 38 ; the green grass, vi. 39 ; the *running* of the young man, x. 17 ; the place where the colt was tied, xi. 4 ; the actions of the young man in the garden, xiv. 51, 52. The Author of this Gospel makes use of the *present tense* more often than any of the Evangelists, and appears to realize what he is describing as actually before his own eyes. He recites more frequently the very words of Christ, not in Greek, the language in which he was writing, but in the original *Syro-Chaldaic* uttered by Christ ; as, Boanerges, iii. 17 ; Talitha cumi, v. 41 ; Ephphatha, vii. 34 ; and he notices more frequently the expression of Christ's aspect and look, ch. iii. 5 ; vii. 34.

Lastly we may regard it as a remarkable proof of God's mercy that S. Mark, who was permitted for a time to falter in the faith and to depart from the work of his Master Christ, was afterwards enabled by the help of the Holy Spirit to become a signal instrument in strengthening the faith of others, and in diffusing the glorious Gospel throughout the world.\*

\* This account of S. Mark and his Gospel is for the most part taken from Bishop Wordsworth's Commentary on the Gospels.

## DISTRICT VISITORS' BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

## QUARTERLY ACCOUNT, — JULY TO SEPTEMBER.

<i>Incomings.</i>	<i>Outgoings.</i>
Balance from last quarter... 5 15 9	5 aged persons (6d. weekly) 1 12 6
OFFERTORIES:—	DISTRICTS:—
3rd Sunday after Trinity... 1 15 2	No. 1 ... ... ... 0 7 0
5th " " " 0 16 0	No. 2 ... ... ... 0 13 8
8th " " " 2 5 2	No. 3 ... ... ... 0 17 6
10th " " " 0 13 9½	No. 4 ... ... ... 0 14 0
12th " " " 1 19 7½	No. 5 ... ... ... 1 6 0
14th " " " 1 14 7½	No. 6 ... ... ... 0 5 6
£15 0 1½	No. 7 ... ... ... 2 0 2
	No. 8 ... ... ... 0 2 0
	No. 9 ... ... ... 0 13 10
	No. 10 ... ... ... 1 2 0
	No. 11 ... ... ... 0 8 0
	Balance ... ... ... 4 18 5½
	£15 0 1½

## Gymns for the Month.

	Morning.	Afternoon.	Evening.
21st Sunday after Trinity	165, 207, —	150, —	316, 201, 275
22nd Sunday after Trinity	326, 178, —	161, —	153, 181, 222
23rd Sunday after Trinity	315, 190, —	197, —	199, 188, 17
Advent Sunday ...	40, 39, 37	35, 175	83, 146, 39
1st Wednesday in Advent }	— — —	— — —	259, 144, —
S. Andrew's day }	— — —	— — —	— — —

## NORTH AISLE FUND.

	£	s.	d.
Amount already acknowledged	447	15	6
Ladies' Basket	5	0	0
Mr. F. Bateson	5	0	0
Miss Jane Gardner	5	0	0
Edwin Smith	5	0	0
Kate Pulker (by farthing card)	1	3	0
Marion Richardson	1	3	0
Harriet Heritage	1	3	0
Emma Adams	1	3	0
	6	0	0
	£453	15	6

## MONTHLY EXTRACTS FROM PARISH REGISTERS.

## BAPTISMS.

- Public. Oct. 2.—David Thornhill, son of Thomas and Sarah M'Murdock.  
 Private. Sept. 14.—Frederick William Best Harris (Horspath).  
 " Oct. 15.—Emily Florence, daughter of John and Jane Horwood.

## MARRIAGE.

Sunday, Oct. 2.—George Browne and Hannah Webb.

## BURIALS.

- Sunday, Oct. 2.—Mary Luckett, aged 73 years.  
 " 9.—Minnie Mary Stilgoe, aged 2 years.  
 Tuesday, " 11.—Frances Fortescue, aged 52 years.  
 Monday, " 24.—Emily Florence Horwood, Infant.

## Parish Notices and Reports.

### NEW HEADINGTON CHAPEL FUND.

	£	s.	d.
Amount already acknowledged	119	8	0
Rev. Dr. Bright, Christ Church,	5	0	0
Rev. H. R. Bramley, Magd. Coll.	5	0	0
T. E. Henderson, Esq., Magd. Coll.	5	0	0
M. Knight, Esq., Magd. Coll.	5	0	0
Rev. T. V. Durell, Mongewell,	5	0	0
Mrs. Durell, ...	1	0	0
Misses Durell, Oxford,	4	0	0
R. J. H., by M. B., ...	2	13	0
Rev. Dr. Bloxam, Magd. Coll.	1	0	0
Rev. G. N. Freeling, Merton College,	1	0	0
Mrs. Nichol, ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Robinson, Headington,	1	0	0
A Parishioner, New Headington	1	0	0
A Thank-Offering, ...	1	0	0
Miss Bolton, Headington,	10	0	0
A Parishioner, Headington,	10	0	0
Miss Rice, ...	5	0	0
Occasional duty	8	8	0
	48	6	0
	£167	14	0

Besides the above contributions we have received lately many handsome presents which will considerably lessen our expenses. One kind friend in Oxford has given the Reading Desk, Lectern, Communion Table, and a set of Communion Vessels; and through the kindness of another friend we have received from the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge a Bible, Prayer Book, and two books of Altar Services together with twenty-four large Prayer Books for the use of the congregation.

The sum of £150 is still wanted.

AN ENTERTAINMENT, consisting of Music and Readings, will be given in the School Room on Tuesday, the 15th inst. at 7 o'clock, by some members of Magdalen College, assisted by other University friends. Tickets, Front Seats, 6d., Back Seats, 1d., may be had on application to the Curate, or Mr. Rudd, Grocer, High Street, Headington. The proceeds of the Concert will be given to the School Fund.

THE PRIZE of a Church Service, which was offered for the best written copy of George Herbert's Poem, has been awarded to Frederick Cooper. There seems to be so little desire amongst our young people to compete for these prizes that no more will be offered for the present.

CHURCH SERVICES.—The Services on Sundays will be as follows, until further notice is given. Morning Service (without Litany) and Sermon, at 11 a.m. Afternoon Service, consisting of Litany and Sermon, at 3 p.m. Evening Service, consisting of Evensong and Sermon, at 7 p.m.

The Holy Communion will be celebrated after the Morning Service

on the first Sunday of the month, and at 8 a.m. on one other Sunday in the month.

Holy Baptism will be administered in the Afternoon Service on the first Sunday in the month.

The Rev. E. M. Acock, of Magdalen College, has kindly promised to undertake the Sunday Evening Services until the end of the year.

There will be an Evening Service, consisting of Evensong and a Sermon, on each Wednesday in Advent, at 7.30 p.m.

The Chapel in New Headington will be used for Service on every Sunday evening, at 7 p.m.

N.B.—This Service is intended for those *only* who are living in that part of the Parish.

**CHOIR FESTIVAL.**—At a Meeting of the Committee held on the 22nd ult., it was decided that, in consequence of the probability of the Cathedral being under repair in the coming year, the next Festival of Parish Choirs should not be held until the summer of 1872.

**NEW HEADINGTON CHAPEL.**—This building is now finished, and will be opened for Divine Service on Thursday, November 3rd. There will be two Services on that day—in the Morning, at 11 a.m.; and in the Evening, at 7 p.m. The Lord Bishop of the Diocese will be present, and will preach at the Morning Service. The Holy Communion will be celebrated after Morning Prayer, and the Offertory will be applied to the Building Fund. In the Evening the Rev. Dr. Bright, Canon of Christ Church, will be the Preacher, and a collection will be made on behalf of the same object.

The order of Services will be as follows:—

**MORNING.**

- Processional Psalm. 24th to Rimbault in G.  
 Venite. Russell in C.  
 Proper Psalms 84. Purcell in G.  
 " " 122. Hayes in D.  
 " " 132. Macfarren in A.  
 Proper Lessons. 1st Gen. xxviii. 10-17 inclusive.  
 2nd Heb. x. 19-25 inclusive.  
 Te Deum. Purcell in G, and Battishill in D.  
 Benedictus. Turle in F.  
 Anthem. "O how amiable." Richardson.  
 Introit. Hymn 202. <sup>184</sup>  
 Kyrie Eleison. Nares in F.

**EVENING.**

- Processional Psalm. 24th, Rimbault in G.  
 Proper Psalms and Lessons, as in the Morning.  
 Magnificat. Ouseley in E.  
 Nunc Dimittis. Barnby in E.  
 Anthem. "O taste and see." Goss.  
 Hymn before Sermon. 244.  
 Hymn after Sermon. 335.

No person will be admitted to the Morning Service without a Ticket.

Tickets will not be required for the Evening Service.

N.B.—The Evening Service is intended for those *only* who are living in New Headington.

## Short Passages from English Poets.

No. 3. George Horne, Born 1730, Died 1792.

" We do all fade as a leaf"—*Is. lxiv. 6.*

See the leaves around us falling,  
Dry and wither'd to the ground ;  
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,  
In a sad and solemn sound.

Sons of Adam, once in Eden  
Blighted when like us he fell,  
Hear the lecture we are reading :  
" Tis, alas ! the truth we tell.

Virgins, much, too much, presuming  
On your boasted white and red,  
View us, late in beauty blooming,  
Number'd now among the dead.

Griping misers, nightly waking,  
See the end of all your care ;  
Fled on wings of our own making  
We have left our owners bare.

Sons of honour, fed on praises,  
Flutt'ring high in fancied worth,  
Lo ! the fickle air, that raises,  
Brings us down to parent earth.

Learned sophs, in systems jaded,  
Who for new ones daily call,  
Cease, at length, by us persuaded,  
Every leaf must have its fall !

Youths, tho' yet no losses grieve you,  
Gay in health and manly grace,  
Let not cloudless skies deceive you,  
Summer gives to Autumn place.

Venerable sires, grown hoary,  
Hither turn the unwilling eye.  
Think, amidst your falling glory,  
Autumn tells a Winter nigh.

Yearly in our course returning  
Messengers of shortest stay,  
Thus we preach this truth concerning  
" Heav'n and earth shall pass away."

On the Tree of Life eternal,  
Man, let all thy hopes be staid,  
Which alone, for ever vernal,  
Bears a Leaf that shall not fade.

The writer of the above lines is best known as the author of a Commentary on the Book of Psalms. He was for some time Dean of Canterbury, and President of Magdalen College, Oxford. Whilst at Oxford, he was in the habit of paying frequent visits to Headington Parish, and it is said that he often resided at a house which is now known by the name of Linden House. In a letter written by him a few years before his death, he speaks of the great benefit which he had derived from the Headington air. He was made Bishop of Norwich in the year 1788. Soon afterwards he was seized with a paralytic stroke, and died at Bath in the 62nd year of his age.

STATEMENT OF COLLECTIONS made in the Church during last month.		
Sunday, October 2nd,	Offertory at the Holy Communion	£1 18 8 <i>½</i>
" 16th,	"	13 9 <i>½</i>
" 30th,	For "Restoration" of the Church	1 13 6
Sunday Evening Services	For Expenses of the Choir	2 9 4 <i>½</i>
		<hr/>
		£6 15 4 <i>½</i>

**Monthly Calendar for November.**

1	Tu	All Saints' Day.
2	W	All Souls. Practice for the whole Choir.
3	Th	Opening of New Headington Chapel.
4	F	
5	S	[and Holy Baptism.
6	S	Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity. Holy Communion
7	M	District Visitors' Meeting at 11.45 a.m.
8	Tu	Full Moon.
9	W	Communicants' Bible Class (Males) at 7 p.m.
10	Th	Communicants' Bible Class (Females) at 3 p.m.
11	F	S. Martin. Bp. Conf.
12	S	
13	S	Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.
14	M	
15	Tu	Entertainment in the School Room at 7 p.m.
16	W	
17	Th	
18	F	
19	S	
20	S	Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.*
21	M	
22	Tu	Bible Class (Females) at 3 p.m.
23	W	Bible Class (Males) at 7 p.m. New Moon.
24	Th	
25	F	
26	S	
27	S	First Sunday in Advent. Holy Communion at 8 a.m.
28	M	
29	Tu	
30	W	S. Andrew's Day. Evening Service at 7.30 p.m.

\* Collect, Epistle, and Gospel for the 25th Sunday after Trinity.

**ADVERTISEMENT.**

BEST REFINED No. 1 NON-EXPLOSIVE OIL,  
with the least possible smell,

**FOR BURNING IN THE PARAFFIN LAMPS.**  
THREE SHILLINGS A GALLON.

Composite Candles, 8d. per lb.

Palmer's Patent Snuffless Dips, 6*½*d. per lb.

May be had at RUDD'S, Tea, Grocery, and General Stores, High Street,  
Headington.

Oxford : Printed and Published by W. R. Bowden, 35, Holywell Street.

6

# THE HEADINGTON PARISH MAGAZINE.



SAINT ANDREW'S CHURCH, HEADINGTON.

---

No. 24.]

DECEMBER, 1870.

[PRICE 1½D.

## New Headington Chapel.

THE opening of this little House of Prayer took place, as was announced, on Thursday, Nov. 3rd. At 10.30 a.m., the Bishop arrived at the Parish and was received by the Archdeacon, the Rural Dean, and the rest of the Clergy at the house of Mr. Rose, Churchwarden. Having robed they walked in procession towards the New Chapel, and, as they entered the building, the 24th Psalm was sung by the Choir. Morning Prayer was said by the Curate; the Rural Dean read both the Lessons: the Bishop preached and, assisted by the Archdeacon, administered the Holy Communion to nearly 70 persons, many of whom were residents in New Headington. The offertory amounted to £21 11s. 0d. After the Service the Bishop and Clergy were entertained at Luncheon in Linden House. In the evening the Parish Choir was assisted by 16 members of the Magdalen College Choir; the latter entered the Chapel in procession chanting the 24th Psalm, and then there followed a full Choral Service, and as hearty a Service as was ever heard; the Sermon was preached by

the Rev. W. Bright, Canon of Ch. Ch.; after which a collection was made amounting to £2 16s. 7d. At the close of the Service the bells of the Parish Church rung out a merry peal, and thus ended a most happy and successful day.

The following Clergy were present at one or both of the Services: the Ven. Archdeacon Clerke; the Rev. R. Gordon, Rural Dean; the Rev. Canon Bright; the Rev. G. T. Cooke, Vicar of Beckley; the Rev. E. Elton, Vicar of Wheatley; the Rev. H. A. Tyndale, Rector of Holton; the Rev. H. R. Bramley, Vicar of Horspath; the Rev. C. P. Longland, Vicar of Headington Quarry; the Revs. W. Latimer, G. Sprston, H. C. Ogle, and E. M. Acock.

---

#### NEW HEADINGTON CHAPEL FUND.

	£ s. d.
Amount already acknowledged,	... ...
Collected at the Opening Services,	24 7 7
Herbert Parsons, Esq.,	5 0 0
The Misses Durell,	5 0 0
R. Bruce Russell, Esq.,	2 10 0
Rev. C. E. Steward,	2 2 0
Rev. W. Latimer,	2 0 0
Rev. G. Branson,	1 0 0
Mrs. Bulley,	1 0 0
J. Martin, Esq.,	1 0 0
A.B.,	1 0 0
Collected at the Sunday Evening Services,	1 1 0
	<hr/>
	46 0 7
	<hr/>
	£213 14 7

#### Parish Notices and Reports.

NEW HEADINGTON SCHOOL.—In order to supply a want which has been long felt in this part of the Parish, and to satisfy the requirements of the new Education Act, it is proposed to erect a School-room and Teacher's house on a piece of land adjoining the site of the New Chapel. Application for help has been made to the National Society, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and to the Diocesan Board of Education. But, besides the Grants which these Societies may be disposed to give, a large sum will be required to carry out this project. The Curate therefore earnestly begs for assistance from all persons who are interested in the education of the children of our poor, and who would preserve the religious instruction which is at present given in our Church Schools. The proposed School is intended for the benefit of the infants and young children living in New Headington.

CHURCH SERVICES.—On Christmas Day the Holy Communion will

be celebrated twice; first, in the New Chapel at 8 a.m.; and afterwards at the Morning Service in the Parish Church. The other Services on this day will be the same as on Sundays.

On Saints' Days and all Holy Days there will be Morning Service at 11 a.m. and Evensong with Sermon at 7.30 p.m.

On Sunday, January 1st, the Feast of the Circumcision of our Lord, the Holy Communion will be celebrated in the Parish Church at 8 a.m.

On Friday, January 6th, the Feast of the Epiphany of our Lord, the Holy Communion will be celebrated at the Morning Service; and the Evening Service will be held in the New Chapel instead of at the Parish Church.

S. P. G.—A Meeting of the Members of our Missionary Association will be held in the School-room, at 7.30 p.m., on Friday, the 9th inst. The Rev. G. H. Bodily, the Society's Missionary in the Island of S. Helena, will address the Meeting. Those who hold boxes are requested to return them to the Curate on or before Thursday the 8th.

SCHOOLS.—Mr. Joseph Wilkes, who has at present the charge of our Schools, will leave us, we are sorry to say, at the end of the year. He will be succeeded by Mr. Thomas Yeates, of Culham College, formerly a Pupil Teacher in the Beckley School. All will be glad to know that the Trustees are able to retain the services of Mrs. Vallis.

The Day School will break up on December 24th, and will be opened again on January 9th.

The children of the Sunday School, whose attendance and behaviour have been satisfactory, will be invited to take Tea in the School-room, on Thursday, January 5th.

CONCERTS.—On Tuesday, November 15th, a Concert of Secular Music was given in the School-room by some gentlemen belonging to the University. The Pianoforte Solos and Duets were performed by the Rev. J. E. Stocks and Mr. Denison of Ch. Ch.; the vocal pieces were sung by some Members of the Magdalen College Choir—Mr. Heywood, Mr. Nichols, Mr. Swire, and Mr. Thompson. The last named gentleman and his 'Old Wife' were decidedly the favourites of the evening. The Programme was as follows.

#### PART I.

OVERTURE . . . . .	"Zampa," . . . . .	Herold.
SONG . . . . .	"The Lark now leaves," . . . . .	Hatton.
PART SONG . . . . .	"Parting," . . . . .	Otto.
SONG . . . . .	"Hybris the Cretan," . . . . .	Elliott.
. . . . .	"A hundred years ago," . . . . .	
PIANOFORTE SOLO . . . . .	"Harmonious Blacksmith," . . . . .	Handel.
GLEE . . . . .	"By Celia's Arbour," . . . . .	Horsley.
SONG . . . . .	"When other lips," . . . . .	Baile.
PART SONG . . . . .	"Maiden, listen," . . . . .	Adam.

## PART II.

OVERTURE . . . . .	"Ruy Blas," . . . . .	Mendelssohn.
SONG . . . . .	"The Student's Serenade," . . . . .	Hatton.
PART SONG . . . . .	"The Sailor's Song," . . . . .	Hatton.
SONG . . . . .	"Will o'the Wisp," . . . . .	Cherry.
. . . . .	"My Old Wife," . . . . .	
DUET . . . . .	"Evening Song," . . . . .	Mendelssohn.
PIANOFORETE SOLO . . . . .	Selections from Heller . . . . .	
PART SONG . . . . .	"Beware," . . . . .	Hatton.
SONG . . . . .	"The Bailiff's Daughter," . . . . .	
GLEE . . . . .	"Crabbed Age and Youth," . . . . .	Stevens.
	God SAVE THE QUEEN.	

The sum of £1 17s. 6d., which was cleared by the Concert, will be given to the School Funds.

**OXFORD ORPHEUS SOCIETY.**—The gentlemen of this Society, some twelve or fourteen in number, have most kindly promised to give a Concert in our School-room on Tuesday, December 13th. They will be conducted by Dr. Stainer, of Magdalen College. Tickets, 6d. each, may be had at Mr. Rudd's, High Street, Headington. Seats, numbered and reserved, may be taken in the front rows for 1s. each. The proceeds of this Concert also will be given to the School Funds.

We hope by raising the prices of the tickets not only to secure a larger sum for our Schools, but also to prevent the repetition of such a disturbance as took place at the last entertainment.

**CHURCH CHOIR.**—The members of the Choir purpose to give their Christmas Concert on Wednesday, January 4th, 1871. The first part of the programme will consist of Carols; the second part of Songs and Madrigals. Tickets may be obtained through Members.

**MARRIED.**—November 5th, at Boxmoor, Herts, by the Rev. R. Tring, Mr. John Lewin Palmer to Annie, second daughter of Mr. J. W. Brinfield, Barton, Headington.

**DIED.**—Friday, November 18th, Katharine Mary, aged six years, daughter of the Rev. W. H. Young, Rector of Oving, and granddaughter of the Rev. J. W. A. Taylor, of the Rookery, Headington.

Persons wishing to have their Numbers of the Magazine bound may send them to the Editor, who will undertake to have them bound in cloth for the sum of One Shilling each.

A sheet Almanack for 1871 will be presented to each subscriber to the Magazine.

NORTH AISLE FUND.			£	s.	d.
Amount already acknowledged	...	...	453	15	6
Ladies' Basket	...	...	5	0	0
Miss Gordon (by card)	...	...	1	0	0
Rookery Fines	...	...	0	5	0
			6	5	0
			£460	0	6

## ADVENT.

Prepare ye the way of the Lord.

Prepare ! Prepare ! the prophet cried of old,  
 Prepare the way for Israel's mighty King ;  
 But Israel heard not the prophetic voice,  
 Nought to their hearts the saving truth could bring.

Humble and meek the Son of God appeared,  
 E'en as a babe of this our lower sphere ;  
 No royal state, no kingly robe He wore,  
 He came to live, and teach, and suffer here.

Prepare ! Prepare ! again the words resound,  
 For death, for judgment, for the last great day ;  
 Prepare your Saviour, Lord and Judge to meet ;  
 In penitence for loving-mercy pray.

Not will He come, as when before He came,  
 Humble and meek, a man of grief and woe,  
 But King of kings and Lord of lords He'll come,  
 As Judge to punish and as God to know.

Our day of life is well nigh past away,  
 The night of death is near, e'en at the door ;  
 Seek we for mercy while it may be found,  
 Nor wait till life and hope are ours no more.

Arise ! Awake ! thy works of darkness now  
 Cast off, O man, and banish from thy sight ;  
 Now, while e'en yet the time is left thee here,  
 And clothe thyself in armour of God's light.

*From the "Old Church Porch."*

## Gymns for the Month.

	Morning.	Afternoon.	Evening.
2nd Sunday in Advent ...	34, 37, —	— 39 —	35, 201, 14
Wednesday, Dec. 7. ...	— — —	— — —	— 195, 39
3rd Sunday in Advent ...	33, 154,	— 169 —	40, 34, 37
Wednesday, Dec. 14. ...	— — —	— — —	— 150, 33
4th Sunday in Advent ...	165, 37, —	— 12 —	24, 326, 39
S. Thomas's Day ...	— — —	— — —	— 272, 144
Christmas Day ...	43, 42,	— 44 —	42, 46, 43
S. Stephen's Day ...	— — —	— — —	— 50, 44
S. John's Day ...	— — —	— — —	— 260, 43
The Holy Innocents' Day.	— — —	— — —	— 54, 42

STATEMENT OF COLLECTIONS made in the Parish Church during last month.			
Sunday, November 6th,	Offertory at the Holy Communion	... £1	16 2
" 27th,	" For Restoration of the Church "	... 1	5 10
Sunday Evening Services	For Expenses of the Choir ...	1 2	4½
			£4 17 9

**Monthly Calendar for December.**

1	Th	Choir Practice.
2	F	
3	S	
4	S	Second Sunday in Advent. Holy Communion. Baptisms.
5	M	District Visitors' Meeting at 11.30 a.m.
6	Tu	Choir Practice.
7	W	Evening Service at 7.30 p.m.
8	Th	Choir Practice. Full Moon.
9	F	Missionary Meeting in School-room at 7.30 p.m.
10	S	
11	S	Third Sunday in Advent.
12	M	Choir Practice.
13	Tu	Concert in School-room at 7.30 p.m.
14	W	Ember Day. Evening Service at 7.30 p.m.
15	Th	Choir Practice.
16	F	Ember Day.
17	S	Ember Day.
18	S	Fourth Sunday in Advent.
19	M	Choir Practice.
20	Tu	Bible Class for Males at 7.30 p.m.
21	W	S. Thomas, Apostle and Martyr. Bible Class for Females
22	Th	New Moon. [at 3 p.m.]
23	F	
24	S	
25	S	Christmas Day. Holy Communion.
26	M	S. Stephen, Deacon and First Martyr.
27	Tu	S. John, Apostle and Evangelist.
28	W	Saint Innocents.
29	Th	Choir Practice.
30	F	
31	S	New Year's Eve.

**ADVERTISEMENTS.**

BEST REFINED No. 1 NON-EXPLOSIVE OIL,  
with the least possible smell,

**FOR BURNING IN THE PARAFFIN LAMPS.**  
THREE SHILLINGS A GALLON.

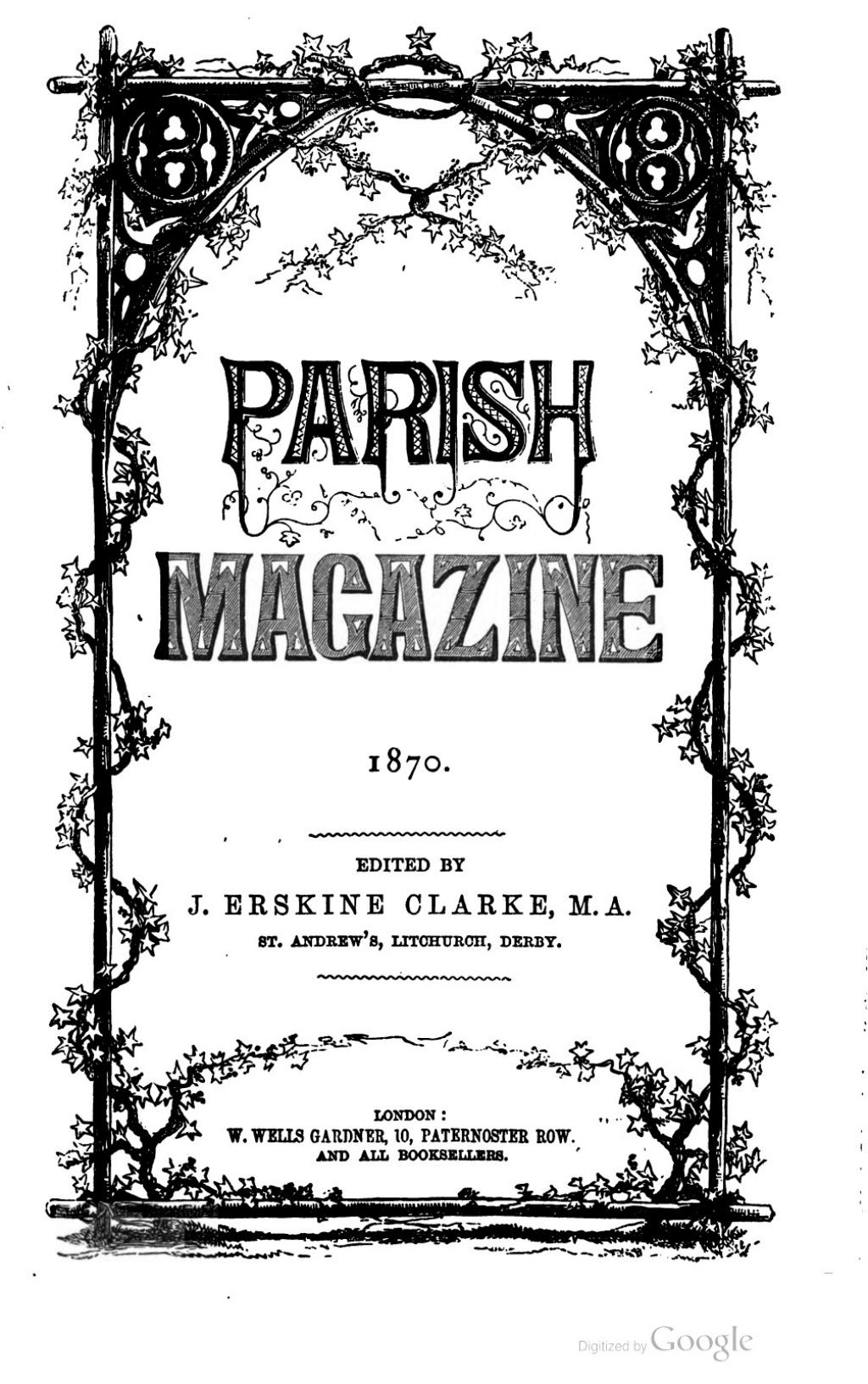
Composite Candles, 8d. per lb.

Palmer's Patent Snuffless Dips, 6½d. per lb.

May be had at RUDD'S, Tea, Grocery, & General Stores, High Street, Headington.

**CAROLINE TAYLOR**, living near the Church, will be glad to take in a Family's Washing on moderate terms.

Oxford : Printed and Published by W. R. Bowden, 35, Holywell Street.



# PARISH MAGAZINE

1870.

EDITED BY

J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A.

ST. ANDREW'S, LITCHURCH, DERBY.

LONDON :  
W. WELLS GARDNER, 10, PATERNOSTER ROW.  
AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

LONDON:  
PRINTED BY WERTHEIMER, LEA AND CO.,  
FINSBURY CIRCUS.



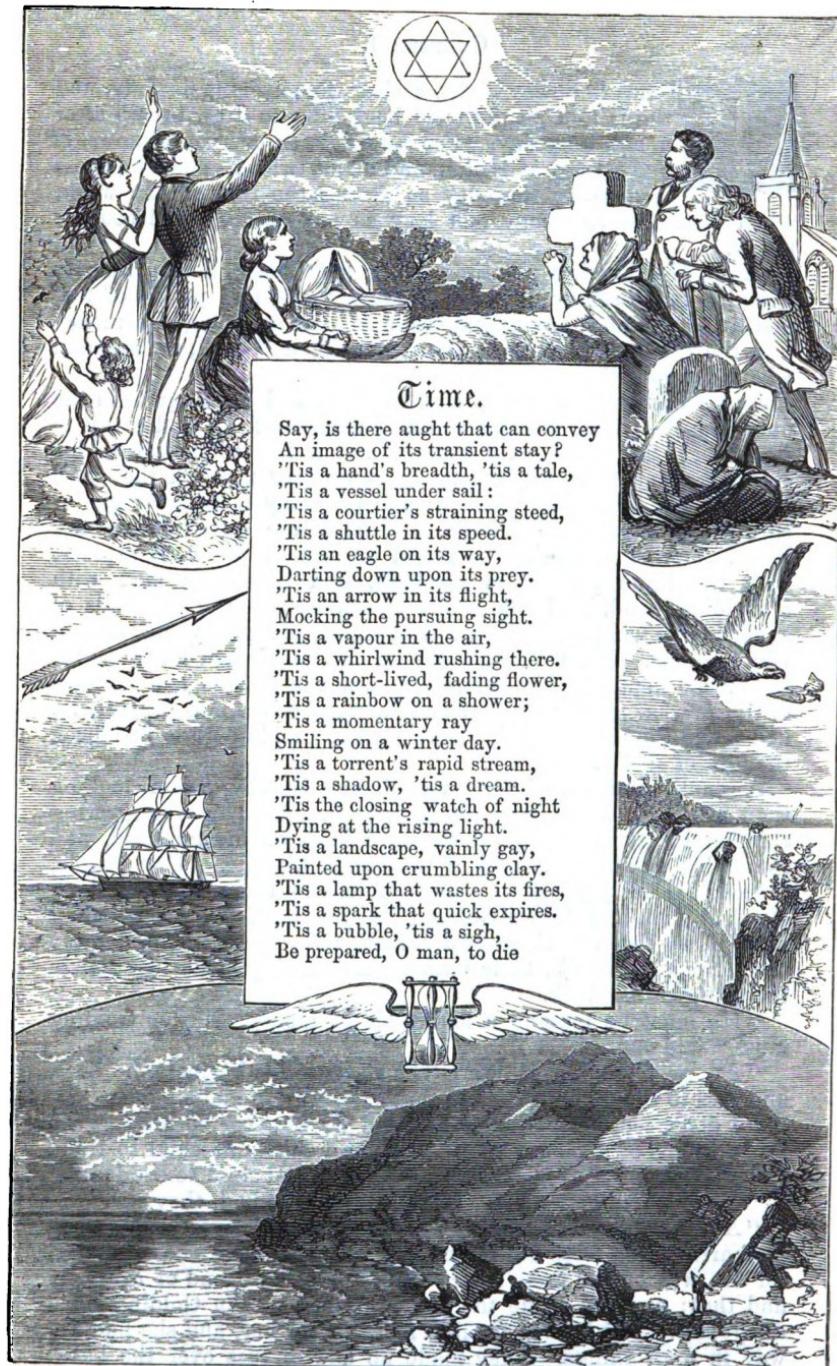
## Contents.

	NO. AND PAGE.
A Good Answer . . . . .	8 — 19
A Northern Coal-mine . . . . .	6 — 12
A valuable Receipt for Lowness of Spirit . . . . .	2 — 16
An earnest Farmer . . . . .	8 — 9
An Act of Love . . . . .	8 — 18
Anecdote of Bishop Heber . . . . .	3 — 21
A Practical Example . . . . .	11 — 16
A Copper Mine . . . . .	12 — 13
Bagdad . . . . .	10 — 20
Berlin . . . . .	9 — 21
Dr. Franklin's Way of Lending Money . . . . .	10 — 17
George Peabody . . . . .	3 — 12
 Hearty Hints to Lay Officers of the Church—	
The Wardens . . . . .	1 — 9
The Sidesmen . . . . .	2 — 14
Parish-clerk, Verger, Beadle . . . . .	3 — 10
The Sexton . . . . .	4 — 16
The Church-cleaners . . . . .	5 — 15
The Bell-ringers . . . . .	6 — 2
The Organist . . . . .	7 — 10
The Choir . . . . .	8 — 15
Day School Teachers and Pupil Teachers . . . . .	9 — 18
Sunday School Teachers . . . . .	10 — 15
Visitors . . . . .	11 — 19
Guildmen . . . . .	12 — 7
 Jassy . . . . .	8 — 7
James Golding's Boy . . . . .	1—2, 2—5, 3 — 2
 Karl and Nina . . . . .	6—14, 7—2, 8 — 2
La Garaye . . . . .	6 — 10
Martin Luther on Catechising . . . . .	5 — 19
'My Seat, Sir' . . . . .	10 — 7
 'No Sweet English Service' . . . . .	9 — 2
 On a Mistletoe Thrush . . . . .	2 — 3
Origin and History of the English Bible . . . . .	1—14, 2—18, 3—17, 4—11, 5—2, 6—2, 7—15, 8—11, 9—5, 10—2, 11—3, 12— 2
 Put to Test . . . . .	4—4, 5 — 6
 Reflections on Child Stopping its Ears . . . . .	1 — 16
on a Blackbird, Linnet and Lark singing at once . . . . .	4 — 3
on handing a half-brick to a Mason . . . . .	5 — 19
on passing a Beggar Woman . . . . .	6 — 19

## CONTENTS.

## NO. AND PAGE.

Reflections on Weevils in a Granary . . . . .	7 — 9
on the Commotion created in a Small House . . . . .	8 — 19
on Flowers seen by Day-light and Candle-light . . . . .	10 — 18
on the Delicacy of a Mole's Ear . . . . .	10 — 19
on a Christmas Tree . . . . .	12 — 17
Rose Hardy's Home . . . . .	9 — 10, 10 — 8, 11 — 8, 12 — 9
Sir Thomas More in the Tower . . . . .	1 — 22
Short Sermons by :—	
The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Montreal . . . . .	1 — 12
Rev. Prebendary Clark . . . . .	2 — 21
Rev. Prebendary Harris . . . . .	3 — 21
Rev. W. D. MacLagan . . . . .	4 — 21
Rev. W. H. Ridley . . . . .	5 — 21
Hon. and Rev. W. H. Lyttleton . . . . .	6 — 21
Rev. M. H. Scott . . . . .	7 — 21
Rev. I. R. Vernon . . . . .	8 — 21
Rev. W. Kay, D.D. . . . .	9 — 22
Rev. W. Baird . . . . .	10 — 22
Rev. T. C. Whitehead . . . . .	11 — 21
Rev. Francis Morse . . . . .	12 — 18
Ten a Penny Walnuts . . . . .	10 — 1
The Blind Man and his Dog . . . . .	3 — 15
The Mountain of Misery . . . . .	1 — 20
The Transport . . . . .	1 — 2
The Power of the Cross . . . . .	4 — 2
The Butcher's Horse . . . . .	11 — 2
Who built it ? . . . . .	7 — 19
 <b>Poetry.</b>	
A Colloquy with myself . . . . .	12 — 16
“Behold I stand at the door and knock” . . . . .	6 — 10
Be True . . . . .	7 — 19
God's Anvil . . . . .	7 — 19
Life . . . . .	12 — 8
Life's Battle with Old Time . . . . .	11 — 18
New Year's Day . . . . .	1 — 19
“No Englishmen is he” . . . . .	10 — 18
Rutherford's Last Words . . . . .	1 — 18
Summer Evening . . . . .	6 — 1
Stand like an Anvil . . . . .	10 — 14
Sunny Days in Winter . . . . .	12 — 6
Time . . . . .	1 — 1
The Close of the Year . . . . .	12 — 13
The Little Winter Grave . . . . .	7 — 20
The Deathbed of Rutherford . . . . .	7 — 14
The Parish Register . . . . .	5 — 18
The Destruction of Sennacherib . . . . .	5 — 2
The Lady's Dream . . . . .	4 — 16
The Land o' the Leal . . . . .	2 — 9
The Scandal of the Age . . . . .	12 — 2
The Song of the Brook . . . . .	2 — 17
The Death of the Christian . . . . .	2 — 13
The New Year . . . . .	1 — 12
Treasures . . . . .	4 — 21
The Death of a Christian . . . . .	11 — 17
The Night Watchman's Song . . . . .	11 — 18
The Old Year . . . . .	12 — 17



### Time.

Say, is there aught that can convey  
An image of its transient stay?  
'Tis a hand's breadth, 'tis a tale,  
'Tis a vessel under sail:  
'Tis a courtier's straining steed,  
'Tis a shuttle in its speed.  
'Tis an eagle on its way,  
Darting down upon its prey.  
'Tis an arrow in its flight,  
Mocking the pursuing sight.  
'Tis a vapour in the air,  
'Tis a whirlwind rushing there.  
'Tis a short-lived, fading flower,  
'Tis a rainbow in a shower;  
'Tis a momentary ray  
Smiling on a winter day.  
'Tis a torrent's rapid stream,  
'Tis a shadow, 'tis a dream.  
'Tis the closing watch of night  
Dying at the rising light.  
'Tis a landscape, vainly gay,  
Painted upon crumbling clay.  
'Tis a lamp that wastes its fires,  
'Tis a spark that quick expires.  
'Tis a bubble, 'tis a sigh,  
Be prepared, O man, to die

## James Golding's Boy.

### CHAPTER I.

T was Saturday night, a clear, fine evening in July, and the Hilton people were beginning to draw breath after a hot, busy day. For Saturday, as everyone knows, is market day at Hilton, and about twice as much business is done on that day as during the rest of the week, when Hilton is as sleepy and lazy as most other small country towns.

James Golding has not time yet to get breath, hardly time to wipe his hot forehead between handing the square packet of tea, and little cone of sugar to one customer, and dropping the money into the till, and turning to the next with a "Well, ma'am, and what's for you?"

James Golding's was only a small shop, and stood quite in the outskirts of Hilton, looking across the cricket-field, and away to the river; there was only himself and a boy to attend to his customers, and there was not much to be seen through the small panes of his little shop window; and yet many a farmer's gig or spring cart stops at Golding's, as it is driven out from market, rather than at Parker's, the grand grocers in the market-place, with the large plate-glass windows, and the china man with a nodding head, and the heaps of coffee, and the pyramids of sugar in the window, and the row of smart, obliging young men in white aprons. For Golding's was an old established business, his father had kept the shop before him, and the fathers and mothers of the present race of farmers and farmers' wives had dealt there, and found the things good, before Parker or plate-glass had been thought of in Hilton.

A small, sharp-faced man was James Golding, older looking than his years, which were about forty-five, his hair was growing thin on his temples, and there were lines on his forehead, and round his mouth, that told of trouble in his life. Few people, indeed, see forty years of this troublesome life without a dark cloud or two, and James Golding has not been free, as we shall hear, if we listen to those two women, who, having stowed away the various packets in their baskets, are turning home together in the fast growing dusk.

"He must be making a smart bit of money, Master Golding must," said one.

"Ay, ay," was the answer; "he sticks to his business, he does, and sees to things himself, and that's the way to make money."

"I don't see, neither, why he need be working so hard, when he's only his own mouth to fill, and not a chick nor child to think for. It was a sad thing his losing his wife and child so sudden."

"Yes, so I've heard tell. He felt it terrible bad, they say."

"Ay, that he did, I mind it well. He weren't over young when he married, and folks did say as how he might have chosen better, for she was one of them smart ones, dressy and fond of company and that; and she made the money fly faster than Golding liked altogether. But he was terrible foolish over her, and she had her way in most things. They made no end of fuss over the baby, and it was dressed up to the skies pretty near; my lady's at the

Hall was nothing to it in its ribbons and laces. And then she went off to see her people, they wasn't of these parts, lived t'other side of London, or somewheres, and there she and her baby died. I never heard tell much about it, but it must have been quite sudden, and James Golding felt it terrible, and couldn't abear to hear a word of it; but it made an old man of him."

"A bad job for him," replied the other; "but there, it's always the way, them as has plenty has nobody to give it to, and poor folk like us, as find it hard to make two ends meet, have half-a-dozen children, and next to nothing to put in their mouths."

And then their talk turned from Golding's trouble to bad times and babies, where we will not follow it.

The little oil lamp was lighted in the shop window before the customers ceased coming. No early closing on Saturdays for the Hilton shopkeepers. What would the labourers wifes have done, who only got their wages when their husbands came home from work, and then had to go to shop with them? So the shops were open later on Saturdays, and Golding's was often one of the latest. Nine was striking from St. Peter's on the Hill, when Golding at last bid the boy put up the shutters; but even then some one pushed open the door, with its little jingling bell, and came up to the counter. All the afternoon and evening a woman had been loitering about near the shop, a dirty, poor-looking woman, a regular tramp, with broken, dusty boots, and ragged bonnet pulled down low over her face. A child was with her, a little boy about three, a bright and merry little fellow, who seemed quite contented, playing about in the dust, and rolling on the grass. Through the hot afternoon this woman and child had stayed on the dusty bit of turf opposite the shop, between the road and the hedge of the cricket-field, the woman dozing, and the child playing, but Golding had been too busy to notice them. He was making up his books as the woman entered, and at the same time keeping an eye on the shop-boy, who was as much given to mischief as most boys.

"Gently, Tom, gently, them shutters ain't made of iron—6 and 4 is 10 and 9 is 19, 1s. 7d.—mind that glass there—carried forward £2 1s. 7d. No, my good woman, I haven't anything for you. Come be off, we're just closing."

The woman made no answer, but laid one thin, worn hand, with a wedding ring on the third finger, near James Golding's on the counter, while with the other she pushed back her ragged bonnet, and cleared the rough hair from her forehead and eyes, and stood looking at him. For a minute he did not notice her, for he was still busy reckoning, but when he had reached the bottom of the column, he turned to her again, angrily: "Come, did you hear what I said?" and then the words died away on his lips, as his eyes met hers. There was something more than the entreaty of an ordinary beggar in those eager eyes, and the misery of that haggard, worn face.

"James," said a weak, hoarse voice, and the sound seemed to break the spell that kept James Golding staring at the woman's face. "I've nothing for you," he said, coldly, and turned to his books again. "I don't want any beggars here."

"Have you forgotten——" the woman began, but he interrupted almost fiercely, though his voice was low, lest the strange meeting should be noticed by the boy outside the window. "No," he said, "I have not forgotten that I had a wife once, but I lost her two years ago—Do you hear? She died, as far as I am concerned, and there's an end of it."

"I don't ask anything for myself," the woman's weary, hopeless voice went on, "God knows I've no right to ask anything of you, but it's the child—poor little boy—your boy, James Golding, your boy! have pity on him!"

Golding's face was white and set, and his voice came hoarsely from his shut teeth. "If you don't go off this minute with that brat of yours, I'll have the constable to turn you out. And don't let me ever see your face again."

"It isn't likely," the woman said, as she took the child's hand, "as you'll ever be troubled with me again; but the child, oh! James Golding, the child! God have mercy on it, if you won't!"

"4 and 5 is 9 and 6 is 15."

James Golding was back at his books again, and, as the boy came in from putting up the shutters, he met the ragged woman and child going out into the dark street. The woman's shawl caught on the sugar-cask at the door, and tore, but she did not seem to notice it, passing on into the night without a look back, and his master was busy still with his books and took no heed. But the figures were dancing and swimming before Golding's eyes, and he shut the book with a bang, saying to himself that he was tired and must do it another time.

The shop boy bid him Good night, and ran off whistling down the street, and James Golding locked the door after him and turned into the little back-parlour where his solitary supper was set ready for him. It was all very nice and comfortable, but the room seemed hot and stifling to him, and he opened the little casement and looked out into his garden behind. There were heavy clouds coming up, and he said to himself that a storm was coming, and even as he thought it, a low rumbling sound of thunder in the distance, and the first heavy drops of rain showed that he had said true. It came on quickly, heavy peals of thunder, bright, dazzling flashes of lightning and pouring rain, a storm that made one glad to be under a good shelter, as Golding was. His supper was waiting for him, and his pipe lay ready filled on the shelf, and upstairs his bed was inviting him to rest after his hard working day, but he did not seem inclined for either, but sat watching the storm, and, forgetting the comforts and shelter he enjoyed, his mind followed two homeless, shelterless wanderers, going on with weary feet and drenched clothes, and in spite of himself he heard the voice of a tired little child crying in the storm, and he heard again the woman's despairing voice—"It's the child! God have mercy on it if you won't!"

The storm was passing, and James Golding got up and shook himself, as if to shake off his oppressive fancies, and spoke aloud, "I swore I'd done with them, and I'd well nigh forgotten them, and I won't be worried with them now;" and he turned to his supper



and went up to bed, and soon fell asleep and dreamt of old days when he was the happiest and proudest man in Hilton, with his little boy in his arms, and his pretty wife, and his happy home, and he woke with a start, fancying he heard a child crying, and turned over saying, "I've done with them for ever," and went to sleep again.

A hard man was James Golding, but he had borne a great deal, and the cold touch of trouble had frozen, not broken, his heart. He had idolized his wife and baby with all the love of a narrow nature ; they had been his one thought and hope in this world and the next. His very love and faith in God seemed only part of his love and faith in them, and his kindness to his fellow-men was only the overflowing of his exceeding kindness to his wife and baby.

When then one day, as he was thinking of the delight of his wife's return from a visit to her parents to the home that was so lonely without her, he received a letter from her father, full of shame and anger, against his daughter, saying how she had been false to her husband, and sinned against God, and how she had left her father's house, taking the baby with her; Golding's faith, his love, his peace of mind, crumbled to dust, and his life was ruined; words of comfort and sympathy were added, but what good were they to his crushed heart. In the bright morning of that day the neighbours saw James Golding creep out white and dazed, and blinking, like one dazzled in the sun, and with his own hands put up the shutters.

"Anything wrong?" asked one, passing by.

"Yes," was the answer; "my wife and child are dead."

## CHAPTER II.

ST. PETER'S ON THE HILL was a small, plain church at the unfashionable end of Hilton. It had been built when St. Margaret's could no longer pretend to hold all the town, and had been divided into a separate parish, and was now independent of St. Margaret's altogether, and had schools and clergymen of its own. Mr. Percy was the name of the incumbent, and he was much liked. A plain, kind-hearted man, with free sympathy for all troubles, great or small, from the man who had lost his fortune to the child who had broken its doll. He had not many rich people in his parish, for at St. Margaret's were to be found the fashionables of Hilton, and little St. Peter's had a poorer class of worshippers, who, I am sure, praised God no less heartily that they worked hard all the week. It was to St. Peter's that James Golding went every Sunday. He had been one of the first to go there when it was consecrated three years before, and his wife was at his side then. His baby was baptised there, and Golding still went on attending regularly at the morning and evening service after his trouble fell on him.

Mr. Percy had noticed the change in Golding, caused, as he supposed, by his intense sorrow at his wife's death, and he tried to lead the man to speak of his grief, and so lighten the load that lay on his heart. He spoke to him of not sorrowing as one without hope, of the pleasant memory of his peaceful married life, of the troubles and sorrows his wife had escaped, of the safe haven she and her baby had found free from the trials of this transitory life, and of the hope of meeting them both again in heaven; and he never guessed how his kindly meant words only sent a new sting into the man's sick heart. But when he found that all his attempts at comfort were met by respectful silence, and only added to Golding's gloom, he gave them up, commanding him to a better Comforter. He would not quite let him go, however, but tried to win his friendship, though he could not gain his confidence. He tried to interest him in parochial matters, invited him to join the choir, where his bass voice was very useful, and often consulted him and talked over matters with him, till Golding was called Mr. Percy's right hand man.

At first Golding would rather have been let alone ; but as the pain deadened in his heart, as the sharpest pain will, he began to take a pleasure in his position at St. Peter's, and to be pleased at being treated as a man in authority and a confidential friend of Mr. Percy's. Sunday was his happiest day, only it was happy with the praise of man, not of God.

The day following that evening described in the last chapter was one of those bright, fresh days that so often follow a thunder-storm, when the summer seems to have taken a new lease of beauty. The bells of St. Peter's were ringing as Golding locked his door behind him and turned up the hill. Groups of people in their Sunday clothes were going in the same direction, and all round nature, too, seemed to be more than usually adorned to do honour to God's day, even the piece of turf, where the beggar woman had sat the day before, was washed free from dust and looked green and fresh. But James Golding felt out of tune with all around him, he avoided the groups of people he knew, shut his eyes to the beauty of the morning and grumbled to himself that the way was steep and the road muddy. In church, too, nothing pleased him ; the prayers were tedious, the sermon long and dull, the singing flat, the church hot and close. It was generally the custom at St. Peter's for the choir men to stop at the gate till Mr. Percy came out of the vestry, as he often had some remarks to make on the morning service or instruction to give for the evening, and Golding was always one of those who stayed, but this morning he kept his seat till the church was quite empty, hoping that the talk would be over and Mr. Percy and the others gone before he got out ; but he was disappointed, for when at last he ventured out, he found that Mr. Percy had been detained and the men were still there, and all clustered round Smith, the stationer, who was giving some description which seemed to interest all his hearers. As Golding approached, the circle opened to admit him, and Smith turned to the new comer, "I was just telling them, Master Golding, of the woman who was found dead in the Low meadows."

"Who?"

"A poor tramp woman with a little child."

It was well for James Golding that just at this moment Mr. Percy came out and joined the group, and the greetings to him drew away attention from the ashy paleness of Golding's face, which otherwise might have betrayed him. The story was now told to Mr. Percy, and Golding was able to listen unnoticed with strained hearing and beating heart, while Smith told the few details he knew.

Some children coming to school had heard a child crying in the Low meadows, and had found a woman lying on her face, as they thought, asleep. But when they found they could not rouse her, they got frightened and ran for help. But help was too late ; she had been dead, the doctor said, for hours, and they carried the body and the little child to the workhouse. "I saw her," said the man, "as they carried her by ; she was quite a young woman, but worn, poor soul, almost to a skeleton."

"Were there any signs of violence ?" asked one.

"Oh, no ; she was evidently quite hopelessly ill, and fell from exhaustion, and died where she fell, that was what the doctor said, but they'll hold the inquest to-morrow."

"Do they know where she came from ?"

"No, they can't even tell her name, but they'll try and find out."

"Poor creature," said Mr. Percy ; "it's sad to think of the want and poverty in this rich Christian land of ours. But where's Golding ? I wanted a word with him."

"He was here a minute ago, Sir, but he stepped away just now."

"Well, good day."

"Good day, Sir."

That was a splendid Sunday afternoon, a cloudless blue sky and golden sunshine pouring down on everything like God's great justice, yet with a soft West wind blowing gently, like God's mercy tempering His justice. Justice and mercy, sunshine and wind, both entered the great bare workhouse room where a rosy, little boy had cried himself to sleep on the floor and sobbed even now in his sleep for "Mother." The sweet, soft wind alone stole in to that quiet room, detached from the other Union buildings where lay the body of the woman who had been a sinner. It moved the hair on her pale forehead as gently as if no brand of shame was there, and stirred the rags on her still breast as tenderly as if the heart that once beat there had been pure—gentle and tender as God's great loving-kindness, for His mercy endureth for ever.

The sun beat fiercely into Golding's little parlour till he rose and shut it out impatiently, for his head ached, and the brightness and beauty of the day were hateful to him. It would be impossible to describe all the thoughts that passed through his brain, those hours that he sat with his head leaning on his hands and his elbows on the table. Sometimes those bitter two years faded away, and there was nothing left but sorrow for his pretty wife ; but these softer feelings were soon driven from him by anger and shame. Had she not wronged him enough that she should come back to shame him before everyone ? She had ruined his happiness and spoiled his life, and now she was come back to hurt him more by her death than she had in her life. He had sworn to have done with her, and now the world would know, the little world of Hilton—that was the whole world to him—that he had been disgraced, that his wife had died a miserable outcast almost at his door, and his child had been taken in rags to the workhouse. How could he look anyone in the face ? When would Mr. Percy and all hear of it ? Perhaps even now they did know, and were wondering and talking of him. She had robbed him of the last thing he had left, the respect and good opinion of his neighbours.

With these thoughts the afternoon passed, and, before he thought the time had nearly come, the old woman, who came from a neighbouring cottage to attend to his house, came in to get his tea, and roused him by her chatter about the weather and the storm. She, at any rate, had not yet heard who the woman was, and he felt a moment's relief. As he finished his tea, the church bells began for evening service, and he hesitated whether he should

go or not. Well, if they all knew it, his going would do no harm, and if they did not know, they would wonder at his not being there. He reached church just in time, and, as he looked round, his heart stood still, and he told himself that the worst had come, for his eyes met those of the master of the Hilton Union fixed upon him. All through the service he was in a dream. What should he do? He would go away, sell the business and go with the little boy; a feeling of pleasure even came across him at the thought of himself and his boy going away together and beginning life again somewhere else. But the sermon was over, the blessing was given, the organ sounding, and he must go out with the rest of the congregation. The hot church is left behind, and he is out in the open air under the beautiful evening sky. He was almost clear of the congregation, when he heard a step coming hastily behind him, and felt a hand on his arm, and heard the master's voice say, "Golding, I want a word with you."

It was just as he expected and had pictured to himself, but now—he had not a word to say, and stood waiting for the next.

"Why, man alive!" went on Mr. Giles, "are you ill? or have I startled you out of your senses? You're walking home, I'll come with you, and we'll have a pipe together, if you're at leisure. It was about that tea and sugar I wanted to speak, as I'd the chance."

What came next Golding did not hear or care to hear, he could only say to himself again and again that he was still safe and his secret was not known. And then Mr. Giles spoke of the dead woman, and said that they could not even find out her name, and that there seemed no way of finding out anything about her, and the child was too young to help them.

After Mr. Giles was gone, James thought calmly over it all. He was safe, no one need ever know the wretched story, unless indeed he proclaimed it himself and took the child, and that was out of the question now. He had sworn to have done with his wife, and he had; she had made her bed, and must lie in it, even though that bed were her death-bed in the long, damp grass of the Low meadows or a nameless pauper's grave, and the child must take its chance. He would forget all about it, and be happy in his shop and business, in his respectability, and in being looked up to by other people.

(*To be continued.*)

---

## **Hearty Hints to Lay Officers of the Church.**

BY GEORGE VENABLES, S.C.L., VICAR OF FRIEMLAND.

### THE WARDENS.

 HE day has happily passed when Mrs. Jowler, whose husband had recently been elected Churchwarden, insisted on being called 'Mrs. Churchwarden Jowler,' not because the office was regarded as an high and important religious office, but only because she thought to gain control over the big, square pews and to displace the wife of a neighbouring farmer, against whom she had a long standing grudge.

## *Hearty Hints to Lay Officers of the Church.*

---

That day (let us be glad of it) is over, and so too is the day when (under 1 Eliz., c. 2) Churchwardens were bound to levy a fine of one shilling, to be given to the poor, on all such as did not attend Church on Sundays and Holydays, unless they could give a reasonable excuse for their neglect; for it is folly to attempt to force men to be religious, sad and sinful though it be for a nation to forget God in its laws.

And let us rejoice, too, that the day is gone for ever when, unhappily for the Church of Christ, Churchwardens were frequently notorious for being Non-Communicants, for being quite unfit for their important and religious duties, and when their Wardenship was deemed worthy of Parochial approval in proportion as the Church-rate was reduced to the lowest possible poundage, and when, as a result, meanness and even filthiness were permitted in the house of God and at its diminished services, until what even came to be known as ‘Churchwardens’ Mould’ crept, like a leprosy, along the walls,—sad symbol of the spiritual leprosy which festered in the hearts and souls of many Church-people of that period.

These things are gone. Let us thank God for it. It is a blessed thing they are gone.

But the office of Churchwarden has not ceased. It exists as of old, and it is likely to become of greater importance than ever. It occupies one of the most ancient positions amongst the Lay Offices of the Church. From the earliest days Laymen were called on to assist in Church matters; only, as is clearly shown in the New Testament and in Ancient History, there was no clashing in action, no mingling of their respective functions betwixt them and the Clergy.

Churchwardens represent the privileges of the Laity in things spiritual within the Church. They are eminently the great connecting link between the Clergy and the Laity. They would be worth retaining, therefore, if this alone were the reason for so doing. But there are other important reasons for this. The office of Churchwarden is one of great felicity in its mode of introducing Laymen for work within as well as outside of the Church, but with a well-defined distinction between the spiritual function of the ordained Deacon or Priest, and the religious duties or functions of the unordained Churchwarden.

The Churchwarden ministers, subject to law and the Bishop, in many holy things between the people and the Priest.

It is his especial duty and privilege to see to the proper condition of the Church, for, as the great Blackstone says, “Churchwardens are the guardians or keepers of the Church, and representatives of the body of the parish.” It is his duty to assist in decently and devoutly collecting the Offertory every week and to bring it for presentation.

It is his duty to have regard to the proper and due celebration of the two Sacraments, and to see to it that all things are right and comely for the ministration of both the one and the other.

It is, as it ever was, his duty to secure, if possible, the use, day by day, of public prayers in his Church, to assist at these, and at all

occasional services, especially at Confirmations and other occasions of concourse, and generally to promote punctuality, order, reverence and devotion in the ministration of all services.

To the Churchwarden, too, belong the privilege and duty, as the representative at once of the Bishop and the people, of properly placing the parishioners in Church for worship, endeavouring to accommodate all who come, and to promote the utmost reverence and devotion by every means in his power.

The Churchwardens also ought to have frequent regard to the furniture of the Church, taking care that all things are comely, and in proper order, for the purposes for which they were intended. They ought often to look into the Belfry and the Ringing Chamber, and to see to it that no kind of misconduct takes place anywhere within or about the sacred edifice. Churchwardens, too, should take care that the Church is well furnished with a Prayer Desk for the Prayers, a Lectern for the Lessons, and, it may be, a Faldstool for the Litany, and that the Pulpit is suited to its purpose, and also that the Lord's Table is, in all particulars, adapted to the sacred ministration of 'that holy mystery.'

May it not be, too, that Churchwardens ought, at the celebration of the Lord's Supper, to induce due obedience to the wise orders of the Rubrics, which evidently intend, that after Non-Communicants have withdrawn (after the Prayer for the Church militant) Communicants shall be '*conveniently placed for receiving the Holy Communion?*' Attention to this would render the celebration often a much heartier, livelier, and warmer act than it now is, when all sympathy is chilled by the miserable separation of the people from one another. The whole power and charm of the 'sympathy of numbers' is lost by inattention to this rubric; and Churchwardens could soon, therefore, do a grand work here. In a few old Churches this custom (as well as of marrying in the body of the Church) is happily maintained.

Churchwardens, too, may, by a little tact and wisdom, put an end to all misbehaviour just outside the Church. We have known them issue forth always at a *certain hour* (with more than one object, perhaps, as it was sermon time!) professedly to see that beer-houses were closed, but, in fact, *by their punctuality*, to keep them open until that time! By irregular and uncertain sallies out around the Church (and we do not advise their going far), they may soon put a complete stop to much that is often very annoying about the House of God.

Especially should they see to it that ill-behaved persons do not congregate near the Church just before the close of Divine service.

It is a matter of much thankfulness that often, now-a-days, Churchwardens may be seen not alone discharging their exact duties, but displaying an amount of zeal and singleness of heart and self-denial, which it is refreshing to witness, and will, we trust, extend on every side.

It is the recognised duty of every Church-person, wherever he or she may be, to assist in the performance of any of the offices of the Church (baptisms, burials, or whatever it may be that happens to be proceeding), and clearly it must be much more the duty

of the Churchwardens to do so. Of course, every Churchwarden ought to be a Communicant. The primitive Church said that "No man is a complete layman, but he that is in full communion with the Church;" surely then no man can be a complete lay officer of the Church who is not a Communicant! But all we urge may be summed up in the one word, "Heartiness."

And we earnestly and affectionately call on all Churchwardens, in whatever part of the world they may be, that, without delay, they endeavour, by the grace of God, prayerfully and wisely to promote everything which may render God's House on earth, and the services therein, warm, earnest, and congregational.

We say to them, Work heartily with your minister and your people. Do nothing rash. Do nothing rashly. But do something, yea, do much. Do all wisely, humbly, prayerfully, and thus begin this year with the grand work of the promotion, in the discharge of their many religious functions, of "Heartiness amongst Churchwardens."

---

### The New Year.

TIME slips from under us. The year is gone!  
And now—what comes? Hark to the headlong bells,  
Whose sudden cries shoot through the circling air,  
Like lightning through the dark. What birth is next?  
The year,—the new-born year! Cold, weak and pale,  
She enters on her round. No flowers awake  
To herald her; no winds start forth to pipe  
Their Bacchanalian welcomes in her ear:  
But silence and inanimate Nature lie  
In watch, awaiting her first look serene;  
And, deep within her breast, what marvels sleep;  
What deeds of good and ill; what dreams,—desires,  
Flowers like the stars, and thoughts beyond the flowers;  
Laughing delights, mute woes, passionate tears;  
And kindness, human sunshine, softening all!

BARRY CORNWALL.

---

### Sir Thomas More in the Tower.



IR THOMAS MORE, who was made Chancellor in 1530, boldly opposed King Henry VIII.'s divorce from Catherine of Arragon, for which he was sent to the Tower, brought to trial, and condemned to lose his head, which sentence he endured with courage and dignity.

Whilst he was a prisoner in the Tower, he would not so much as suffer himself to be trimmed, saying, "That there was a controversy between the king and him for his head, and till that was at a happy end, he would be at no cost about it."

Upon which quaint saying an old writer makes this reflection :—"Certainly, all the cost we bestow on ourselves, to make our lives pleasurable and joyous to us, is but mere folly till it be decided what will become of the suit betwixt God and us, what



SIR THOMAS MORE IN THE TOWER.

will be the issue of the controversy that God hath against us, and that not for our heads, but for our souls, whether for heaven or hell. Were it not, then, the wisest course to begin with making our peace, and then we may soon lead a happy life."

## Origin and History of the English Bible.

BY DENHAM BOWE NORMAN, VICAR OF MIDDLETON BY WIRKSWORTH.

On the rock of Thy commandments  
Fix me firmly lest I slide;  
With the glory of Thy presence  
Cover me on every side,  
God, for ever glorified.

S. JOHN DAMASCENE,  
*Hymns of the Eastern Church.*



OT long since, the writer overheard in a public place a somewhat sharp passage of words between two earnest, intelligent, but not highly educated men. The lively, interesting discussion carried on with such eagerness and vigour quickly attracted several listeners. Almost at once there were two parties as well as two talkers. With no ordinary zeal each set of partizans attempted to aid its leader with apt quotations. Expressions of dissent or approval, as arguments adverse or favourable were advanced, became frequent and lusty. Even the most careless spectator must have observed an unusually strong desire to come at the right of the matter by some means or other. Each word appeared to be challenged—scrutinised—thoroughly sifted and discussed—before it was allowed to be taken as proved. Many were the minor alterations of phrases before statements made were conceded. Inch by inch, so to speak, was the ground gallantly contested, till at length the defender had to yield his position. It was a healthy and refreshing spectacle. Earnest, candid, thinking, yet untrained, men spending their leisure time in such a bracing and improving manner. Just freed from engrossing daily labour—these anxious and ardent controversialists were ready at once to enter with keenest zest on an intellectual contest about matters of great importance.

As it should seem, the occasion of this debate was a recent purchase which had been made by one of the disputants. Passing a book-shop, he observed a copy of the New Testament in English, published by Baron Tauchnitz, and edited by that celebrated German scholar, Constantine Tischendorf. To see it was to buy; and the preface of that edition, in its simple yet impressive diction, was read and read again! The man was resolved so far to master its conclusions and understand its terms as to be able to convey to others some faint idea of the importance of this new discovery in the region of Biblical knowledge; and he spent every moment of the brief intervals of leisure in perusing with unabating diligence, pencil in hand, chapter after chapter. Each search seemed to yield some fresh store of wisdom from the abundant harvest thus furnished by the casual investment in this unpretending little volume.

What patience, ability, acuteness, were manifested in the attempt to decipher the foot-notes, so as to be able to form some opinion upon the consequences of the alterations suggested! The outlook upon the Past, how strange it was! When, but as yesterday, the English Bible as in common use—as quoted from the pulpit—was held as the *very words* spoken by God to man—how quickly had this dream of life been dispelled! Well into middle life—the man had had the most vague and hazy notions—even if any notions at all as to *how* the Holy Scriptures came into existence. There was a guess, or suspicion, or idea, that somehow or other the

book was found by the Reformers in the sixteenth century. This mist which had hung about the mind soon showed symptoms of departure on the arrival of this vivid, powerful, welcome beam of light. The elements of a sound, true and satisfactory knowledge having been thus introduced into the mind, there was a thirst and longing to obtain fresh additions to the present limited stock.

It should be observed, then, that it was in the very early days of possession, when almost in a delirium of delight, that the controversy which has been mentioned took place. By the merest chance there was this meeting with a shrewd, sturdy, obstinate stickler for the belief that every single syllable of the English Bible is a special and direct inspiration of God. Then came this smart, prolonged combat of words. Though by far the abler man, and with much the strongest arguments in his favour, the man of new fangled notions was now and again made to feel extremely uncomfortable. The management of his new found weapons was a difficult task. He was now and then consciously aware that he was playing with edge tools without sufficient knowledge or practice. At intervals there was a break, an awkward pause, a hesitation, a wavering, a waiting for the right word, the correct date, which more than suggested, that, however strong the wish to become conqueror in the argument, the power to gain a decided advantage had yet to be acquired. ‘Original language,’ ‘canon,’ ‘codex,’ ‘manuscript,’ ‘version,’ ‘translation,’ ‘recension,’ ‘interpolation,’ ‘omission,’ ‘text,’ ‘reading,’ these were terms which as yet had no clear, definite meaning in his mind.

It was only of late that he could himself claim an acquaintance with these words, and so it was only likely that mistakes would occasionally occur. In such unpractised hands the wrong word would, as a matter of course, make its appearance. If a fact must be declared, instead of proving a formidable artillery against his opponent’s position, the frequent misuse of terms delayed and protracted the struggle.

The end came, however, at length. The defender of the authorised English version could not answer this question. If every English word in the English Bible is a special and direct inspiration of God, how is it that in the Prayer Book there are many words in the Psalms which are not the same as in the Bible?

Now, it may be, perhaps, that there are those of our readers who would consider it the greatest profanity to suspect the genuineness of even one English word within the covers of our English Bible, who would almost avoid the company of a doubter about a verse, and who still need more information than what they at present possess. They are unacquainted with certain facts which it is well to be aware of in these active days. Unacquainted, not willingly, yet actually so. Uninformed simply because the means of enlightenment have never been within their reach. Wherefore some modest instalments of information upon the Origin and History of the Old and New Testament may not be ill-timed now; when every tittle of reliable intelligence is eagerly sought after and received; and it is this, that the writer hopes to be able to give in succeeding papers, in as simple a form as he can use on what is a somewhat difficult subject.

## Reflection

### ON A CHILD STOPPING HIS EARS WHILE BEING TAUGHT.

BY JAMES HILDYARD, B.D., RECTOR OF INGOLDSBY.

"Even like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ears; which refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."—Psalm lxxxii. 4, 5.

 N an old hall in the East Riding of Yorkshire, belonging to a branch of my family, hangs a very beautiful picture by a French artist—Greuze, I believe—of a little boy about five years of age being taught his letters by a young and interesting mother. He stands by her lap, leaning his elbows on her knees, with his forefingers in both his ears, while the archness of his look betrays a lively consciousness how utterly the lesson of his painstaking parent is thrown away upon him! She nevertheless appears bent on persevering; and, though doubtless aware of the little urchin's perverseness, hopes, almost against hope, that some seed of her instruction may slip in between whiles, and take root even in such unpromising ground.

This child, indeed, is partly excusable, for he hardly knows better; and the kind mother bears meekly with his natural averseness to learn, which seems part of our original birth-sin. But what shall we say of those who, being no longer babes, but full-grown men and women, thus obstinately shut their ears against the truth, avoid to come within hearing of the preacher, or, if brought to Church against their will, shut their ears, and refuse to hear his voice, charm he never so wisely.

The charmer, in the case of this little boy, was one so fair and lovely, that one would have thought it scarcely possible for even a child not to listen to her winning accents. The charmer in our case is our blessed Saviour, speaking to us early and late, in the tenderness of love, through His appointed ministers, anxious to gather us together as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing, but we will not.

Who will not blame this child, young as he is, for making no other use of his ears than to put his fingers in them in order to block up this principal avenue of instruction? But naughty as he is, we are worse. He does but shut out the voice of his parent teaching him what it was high time and most needful that he should know. We, some of us at least, not only shut out the voice of Wisdom, but open the portals wide to the voice of Folly. We listen eagerly to the sly whisper of the serpent, while we are deaf to the louder but loving note of the dove.

Unlike the wise Ulysses, who stopped the ears of his crew with wax against the Sirens' song, and caused himself to be fast bound to the mast, in order, if by any means, to escape their fascinations; we rush headlong upon the ruin which we know awaits us from the deadly poison that entereth in at the ear, and even invite our comrades to partake with us of the baneful draught. But let an angel from heaven call upon us to walk still in the narrow path of duty and shun the broad highway of sin, he shall call to us in vain; he addresses himself to ears close stuffed with cotton. We are fast bound by the chains of our sins, and hug them with a willing mind.

This child, if he persisted long in his obstinaey, would grow up

an ignorant, and therefore an unhappy, man, and who to blame but himself? The patient mother avoids compulsion, and hopes to win by long endurance; and haply she will succeed in time. But what



of the grown-up reprobate, who will neither turn nor hear, even though Christ bear long with his wilfulness, and seek him once and again? What of the perverse spirit that would die sooner than enter the doors of a Church; or entering, comes only to scoff and to despise? I see not the difference between putting the fingers in both ears during the delivery of a sermon, and allowing the words to pass through them unregarded. As well stay away from Church altogether as come with thoughts pre-occupied with the farm or the shop, and, as it were, with a settled purpose to refuse instruction in the way of holiness. "He that hath ears to hear," said our Saviour, "let him hear." "He that rejecteth me, and receiveth not my words, hath one that judgeth him: the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day." We shall be judged hereafter as surely for neglect of the due use of the ear, as we shall for the undue use of the tongue.



## Rutherford's Last Words.



SAMUEL RUTHERFORD was one of the ablest Scotch writers in the early part of the seventeenth century, who displayed a fine Christian spirit through stormy times. He was silenced in 1636 for preaching against the articles of Perth, and was for a time imprisoned.

His letters, many of which were written in jail, are rich in Christian experience, and have also a literary value as specimens of the English then in use among scholars. In 1639 he was appointed Professor of Divinity at the New College, St. Andrew's, and was one of the Commissioners at the Westminster Assembly. His *Lex Rex*, a Treatise on Civil Polity, written in reply to the Bishop of Ross, was, after the Restoration, burned by order of the Committee of Estates. *Anwirth*, where he fulfilled his ministry, is one of the loveliest spots in Scotland. The Solway, coming up between round hills, encircled by still rising heights covered with shrubs to the top, presents a beautiful picture in summer. The following lines on his last words, '*Glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's Land*', which breathe the spirit of his own works, were written by a lady, and some of them are truly exquisite.

THE sands of time are sinking,  
The dawn of heaven breaks :  
The summer morn I've sighed for,  
The fair sweet morn awakes ;  
Dark, dark, hath been the midnight,  
But day-spring is at hand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

Oh, well it is for ever !  
Oh, well for evermore !  
My nest hung in no forest  
Of all this death-doomed shore.  
Yea, let the vain world perish,  
As from the ship we strand,  
While glory, glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

There the red rose of Sharon  
Unfolds its heart-most bloom,  
And fills the air of heaven ;  
With ravishing perfume :  
Oh, to behold it blossom,  
Be by its fragrance fanned,  
Where glory, glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

The King there in His beauty  
Without a veil is seen ;  
It were a well-spent journey,  
Though seven deaths lay between.  
The Lamb, with his fair army,  
Doth on Mount Zion stand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

Oh, Christ, He is the fountain,  
The deep, sweet well of love !  
The streams on earth I've tasted,  
More deep I'll drink above.  
There to an ocean fulness,  
His mercy does expand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

Oft in yon sea-beat prison  
My Lord and I held tryst,  
For *Anwirth* was not *heaven*,  
And *preaching* was not *Christ*.  
And aye my murkiest storm-cloud  
Was by a rainbow spanned,  
Caught from the glory dwelling  
In Immanuel's land.

But that He built a heaven  
Of His surpassing love,  
A little new Jerusalem,  
Like to the one above,—  
“Lord take me o'er the water,”  
Had been my loud demand,  
“Take me to love's own country,  
And to Immanuel's land.”

But flowers need night's cool darkness,  
The moonlight and the dew,  
So Christ from one who loved it,  
His shining oft withdrew ;  
And then for cause of absence  
My troubled soul I scanned,  
But glory shadeless shineth  
In Immanuel's land.

The little birds of *Anwirth*,  
I used to count them blest,  
Now beside happier altars  
I go to build my nest.  
O'er these there broods no silence,  
No graves around them stand,  
For glory deathless dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

Fair *Anwirth* by the Solway,  
To me thou still art dear ;  
Even from the verge of heaven  
I drop for thee a tear.  
If but one soul from *Anwirth*  
Meet me at God's right hand,  
My heaven will be two heavens  
In Immanuel's land.

## New Year's Day.

I've wrestled on toward heaven  
'Gainst storm, and wind, and tide ;  
Now, like a weary traveller  
That leaneth on his guide,  
As fall the shades of evening,  
While sinks life's lingering sand,  
I hail the glory dawning  
From Immanuel's land.  
Deep waters crossed life's pathway,  
The hedge of thorns was sharp !  
Now these lie all behind me—  
Oh, for a well-tuned harp !  
Oh, to join Hallelujah !  
With you triumphant band,  
Who sing where glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.  
With mercy and with judgment  
My web of time He wove :  
But ay the dens of sorrow  
Were lustered by His love.  
I'll bless the Hand that guided,  
I'll bless the Heart that planned,  
When thronged where glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.  
Soon shall the cup of glory  
Wash down life's bitterest woes,  
Soon shall the desert briar  
Break into Eden's rose.  
The curse shall change to blessing,  
The name on earth that's banned,  
Be graven on the white stone  
In Immanuel's land.  
Oh, I am my Beloved's,  
And my Beloved's mine,  
He brings a poor, vile sinner  
Into His house of wine.

I stand upon His merit,  
I know no safer stand,  
Not e'en where glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.  
I shall sleep sound in Jesus,  
Filled with His likeness rise  
To love and to adore Him,  
To see Him with these eyes.  
'Twixt me and resurrection  
But Paradise doth stand,  
Then—then for glory dwelling  
In Immanuel's land.  
The Bride eyes not her garments,  
But her dear Bridegroom's face,  
I will not gaze at glory,  
But at my King of grace.  
Not on the crown He giveth,  
But on His piercèd hand,  
The Lamb is all the glory  
Of Immanuel's land.  
I have borne wrath and hatred,  
I have borne wrong and shame,  
Earth's proud ones have reproached me  
In Christ's thrice blessed name ;  
Where God's seal's set the fairest,  
They've stamped their foulest brand ;  
But judgment shines like noon-day  
In Immanuel's land.  
They've summoned me before them,  
But there I may not come ;  
My Lord says "Come up hither,"  
My Lord says "Welcome home !"  
My kingly King at His white Throne  
My presence doth command,  
And "glory, glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land."

## New Year's Day.

Rise, sons of merry England, from mountain and from plain,  
Let each light up his spirit, let none unmoved remain :  
The mornang is before you, and glorious is the sun ;  
Rise up, and do your blessed work before the day be done.  
"Come help us, come and help us," from the valley and the hill  
To the ear of God in heaven are the cries ascending still :  
The soul that wanteth knowledge, the flesh that wanteth food ;—  
Arise, ye sons of England, go about doing good.  
Your hundreds and your thousands at usage and in purse,  
Behold a safe investment, which shall bless and never curse !  
Oh, who would spend for house or land, if he might but from above  
Draw down the sweet and holy dew of happiness and love ?  
Pour out upon the needy ones the soft and healing balm ;  
The storm hath not arisen yet—ye yet may keep the calm :  
Already mounts the darkness,—the warning wind is loud ;  
But ye may seek your fathers' God, and pray away the cloud.  
Go, throng our ancient churches, and on the holy floor  
Kneel humbly in your penitence among the kneeling poor ;  
Cry out at morn and even, and amid the busy day,  
"Spare, spare, O Lord, Thy people ;—oh, cast us not away!"  
Hush down the sounds of quarrel ; let party-names alone ;  
Let brother join with brother, and England claim her own :  
In battle with the Mammon-host join peasant, clerk, and lord,  
Sweet charity your banner-flag, and God FOR ALL your word.

ALFORD.

## The Mountain of Miseries.

BY JOSEPH ADDISON, A.D. 1672—1719.



T is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed amongst the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they are already possessed of before that which would fall to them by such a division.

As I was ruminating on this, seated in my elbow chair, I insensibly fell asleep, when, on a sudden, methought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the centre of it, and saw with a great deal of pleasure the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds. There was a certain lady, of a thin, airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying-glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes as her garments hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was Fancy. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me. There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion.

I observed one person carrying a fardel (*i.e.* a bundle) very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be poverty. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. But what most of all surprised me, was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap, at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties. I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who, I did not question, came laden with his crimes; but, upon searching into his bundle, I found that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When all had thus cast down their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when, of a sudden, she held her magnifying-glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it than I was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humour with my own countenance, upon

which I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which, it seems, was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a most shameful length; I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and return to his habitation with any such bundles as should be allotted to him. Upon this, Fancy began again to bestir herself, and, parcelling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time were not to be expressed. A poor galley-slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout instead, but made such wry faces that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made—for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain. I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with a long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, than he made such a grotesque figure in it, that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done; on the other side, I found that I had myself no great reason to triumph, for, as I went to touch my forehead, I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceedingly prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it.

I saw two other gentlemen by me who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish exchange between a pair of thick, bandy legs and two long trapsticks that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it, while the other made such awkward circles as he attempted to walk, that he scarcely knew how to move forward upon his new supporters.

The whole heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter, at length, taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure; after which, the phantom, who had led them into such gross delusions, was commanded to disappear; There was sent in her stead a goddess of quite a different figure. her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious, but cheerful. She every now and then cast her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter. Her name was Patience. She had no sooner placed herself by the Mount of Sorrows than, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree

that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learnt from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbours' sufferings; for which reason also I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

*The Spectator.*

---

## Short Sermon.

---

### Trust and Fear Not.

(A SIMPLE NEW YEAR SERMON.)

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND ASHTON OXENDEN, D.D.,  
LORD BISHOP OF MONTREAL, AND METROPOLITAN OF CANADA.

Isaiah xii. 2.—“*I will trust, and not be afraid.*”



HIS is my New Year's text. This is what I wish you, each one, to feel as regards your future. I wish you to enter upon this New Year with the prophet's words on your lips and in your hearts, “I will trust, and not be afraid.”

How much there is that crowds in upon us just at this time. The sins of our past lives seem to rise up before us, and fill us with shame and sorrow; and as for our many mercies that we have received, it is a special season when we should count them up. We are now beginning a New Year—we are entering upon a fresh stage in our lives—we are come to another milestone on our earthly journey. I think, then, it is well to make at least some one good resolution for the future, and then pray earnestly to God to enable us to carry it out. And what shall our resolution be? I might suggest many, but I shall choose one, and that is concerning the *Holy Supper of our Lord*. Let us think more than we have done about the Lord's Table, and endeavour to act as He, whose servants we are, would have us act. Perhaps you are not a communicant; then I earnestly hope that you will resolve to become one this year; for until you obey this commandment of the Saviour, you cannot be one of His.

I would not say that all who *do* come are on the road to heaven, but I must say that those who *do not* come have yet a step to take before they can feel they are on the way thither. We must not obey our Lord in *one* thing, and *disobey* Him in another. ‘If ye love

me,' He says, 'keep my commandments;' and again, 'Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.' And yet here is one command week after week disregarded. Do not think that your state can be right, so long as you neglect this ordinance. You may say you are not 'fit,' but be not content that this unfitness should continue one moment longer. Ask God to make you more in earnest, and more decided—ask Him to give you a stronger and truer love to the Saviour, and then you will delight in coming to this blessed sacrament.

You, who never come to the Lord's Table, ask yourself, whether there is not some sin that keeps you away? And, oh! at once put it from you, or it will destroy your soul. You, again, who are not without thought, but feel a little uneasy at not being a Communicant, entreat God to show you whether or no it is His will that you should this year become one. And you, who are in the constant habit of coming to the Holy Table, pray that your attendance there may be more devout, and therefore bring to you a fuller blessing.

And now let us for a minute or two cast our eyes forward into the Future, and try to enter into the spirit of our text.

It is possible that many of you who read this may have at this time some trial, or some difficulty, that weighs down your spirit; or, when you look onward, you may see some coming trouble looming in the distance. Oh! how light will all these become, if you can only bring yourself to say, 'I will trust, and not be afraid.' I will cast all my care on Him who careth for me. There are some persons who are always looking forward despondingly. Instead of being thankful for present blessings, they are always foreboding ill, and to such persons everything appears dark. The fear of evil always haunts them. It poisons all their enjoyments, and kills many a little joy which is sent to cheer them on their way. They are like travellers, who, instead of rejoicing in the smooth road and cheerful sunshine as they journey on, are always in fear of some approaching storm, or of some *possible* danger, though all at present is calm around them. Surely, as Christians, we should take a brighter and more hopeful view of what is before us. Since God has hitherto helped us, we should look up to Him with unflinching confidence—we should cling to Him as a feeble child clings, full of love and trust, to his parents, and so wait with calm resignation for whatever our Heavenly Father may order for us.

And then, if our sky should suddenly become overcast, and storms should break forth from some unexpected quarter, we shall be ready to cope with them—we shall go forth to meet the future prepared in all things. Yes; whether the New Year brings us a crown of unlooked-for joys or a cross of sorrow, we should accept either the one or the other with cheerful trust. For if we are not content and happy with what our Father gives us, then we do not deserve to be called His children.

Do you wish for a bright example of such trust? You may see it in the story of Daniel in Holy Scripture (Daniel vi.). That holy man of God dared to be faithful, in spite of the king's decree. He knew the danger that was before him, and was not alarmed; and

even when he found himself in the den of hungry lions, he was still calm and fearless. He trusted, and was not afraid.

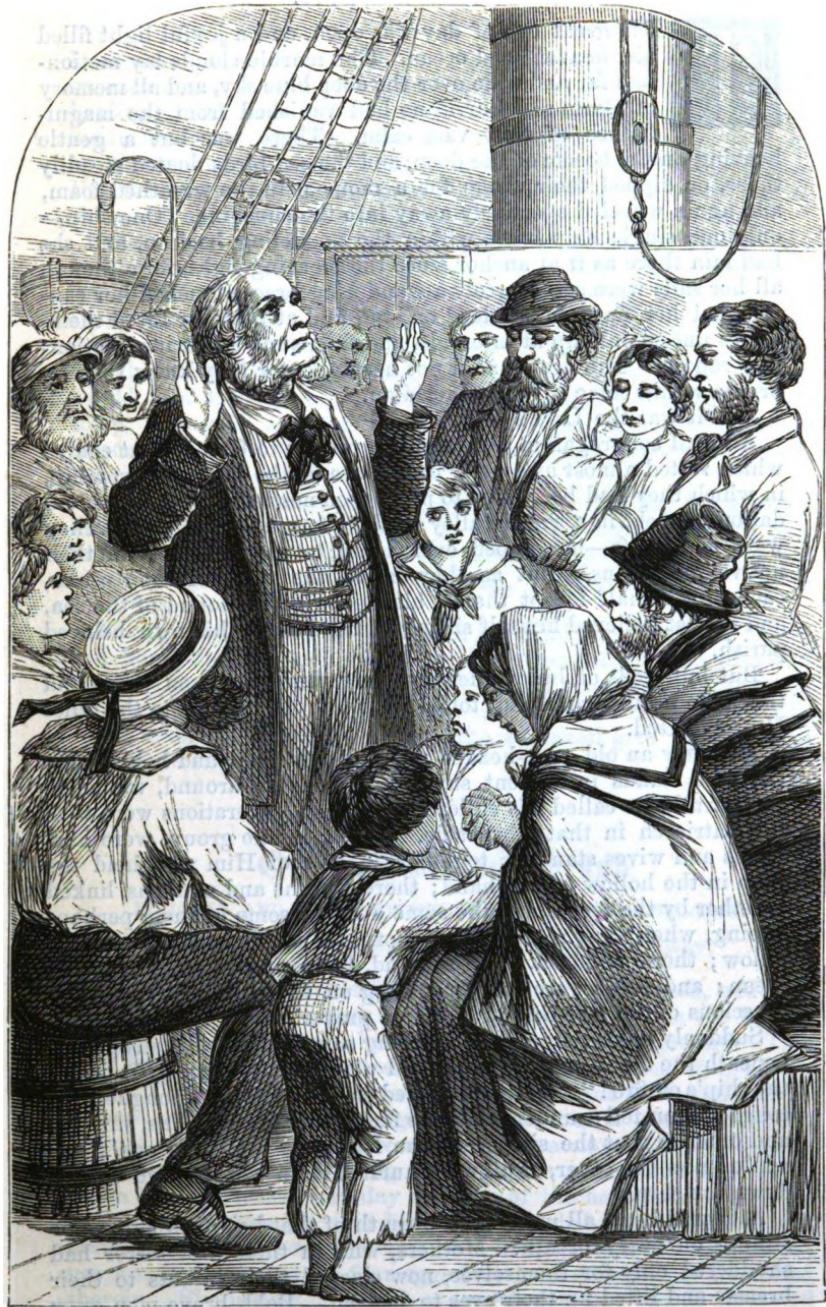
Shall I give you an instance of the same trustful spirit, which I am recommending in our own time? It happened that, when once staying at a seaport town in France, I wandered down to the harbour, and there I beheld a scene which I shall not easily forget. There was a busy stir among the fishing vessels, and presently one and another was towed out into the open sea, men and women eagerly helping with ropes till the boats cleared the mouth of the harbour. And then they all stood on the pier-head, making farewell signals to their friends, who were now fairly on their way, and gradually passing out of sight. These hardy fishers were engaged in the cod-fishery, and the expedition they were now going on was somewhat long and perilous. It was, indeed, a touching sight; but it was not yet over, for presently, when the vessels were far away, and many a husband or brother was thus separated for awhile from those whom they had left behind, we saw a little band of those women kneel down together at the end of the pier, and offer up in silence their prayers to Him Who alone could watch over and defend their absent ones. They knew their danger, but they 'trusted, and were not afraid.' Oh! who could have looked on those humble, trustful women without envying their faith? And who could have doubted that they rose from their knees strengthened and comforted?

Dear friends, let us also try and exercise this trustful spirit. To-day we are taking our first step, as it were, in a New Year. We are leaving one path, and entering on another. Behind us lies our past life, like a long dream; before us is the Future, like an unknown country clothed in mist, so that we cannot see our track.

Oh! trust your Saviour, and He will bring you safely on your way; He will make darkness light before you, and crooked ways straight. Are you poor? He knew what poverty was, and He will provide for you. Are you in trouble? He was 'a Man of sorrows,' and can feel for you and help you. Are you in doubt or difficulty? He will be your Counsellor. Do you now feel an earnest desire to become a real and decided Christian? Jesus will take you under His loving care. He stretches out His arms towards you—He invites you to His own Holy Feast, for the strengthening and refreshing of your soul. 'Trust, then, and be not afraid.'

Yes, my God, Thou wilt help us. Full of trust, we will lean upon Thee; and whatever may befall us during this year, nothing shall turn us away from Thee, or destroy our confidence in Thee. The future can have no terrors for us, for we know that Thou art by our side. No loss can dishearten us, so long as we do not lose Thee. All the days of the New Year will we walk, leaning upon Thine arm. We will place full confidence in Thee. Yea, we will 'trust, and not be afraid.'





"AN OLD GREY-HEADED MAN ROSE TO PRAY."

## The Transport.

XII.—2.

1

## The Transport.



HE great eye of day was open, and a joyful light filled air, heaven, and ocean. The marble clouds lay motionless far and wide over the deep blue sky, and all memory of storm and hurricane had vanished from the magnificence of that vast calm. There was but a gentle heaving on the bosom of the deep, and the sea-birds floated steadily there, or dipped their wings for a moment in the wreathed foam, and again wheeled sportively away into the sunshine. One ship—only one single ship—was within the encircling horizon, and she had lain there as if at anchor since the morning light, for although all her sails were set, scarcely a wandering breeze touched her canvas, and her flags hung dead on staff and at peak, or lifted themselves uncertainly up at intervals, and then sunk again into motionless repose. The crew paced not her deck, for they knew that no breeze would come till after meridian.

And it was the Lord's Day.

A small congregation were singing praises to God in that chapel which rested almost as quietly on the sea as the House of worship, in which they had been used to pray, then nestled far off on a foundation of rock, in a green valley of their forsaken Scotland. They were emigrants—nor hoped ever again to see the mists of their native mountains. But as they heard the voice of their psalm, each singer half forgot that it blended with the sound of the sea, and almost believed himself sitting in the kirk of his own beloved parish.

But hundreds of billowy leagues intervened between them and the little tinkling bell that tolled their happier friends to the quiet House of God.

And now an old grey-headed man rose to pray, and held up his withered hands in fervent supplication for all around, whom, in good truth, he called his children, for three generations were with the patriarch in that tabernacle. There, in one group, were husbands and wives standing together, in awe of Him who held the deep in the hollow of His hand; there, youths and maidens, linked together by the feelings of the same destiny, some of them perhaps hoping, when they reached the shore, to lay their heads on one pillow; there, children, hand in hand, happy in the wonders of the ocean; and there were infants smiling on the sunny deck and unconscious of the meaning of hymn or prayer.

Suddenly a low, crackling, seething sound was heard struggling beneath the deck, and a sailor called with a loud voice, "Fire, fire! the ship's on fire!" Holy words died on the preacher's tongue; the congregation fell asunder, and pale faces, wild eyes, groans, shrieks, and outcries rent the silence of the lonesome sea. No one for a while knew the other, as all were hurried as in a whirlwind up and down the ship.

A dismal heat, all unlike the warmth of that beautiful sun, came stifling on every breath. Mothers, who in their first terror had shuddered only for themselves, now clasped their infants to their breasts and lifted up their eyes to heaven. Bold, brave men grew white as ashes, and hands, strengthened by toil and storm, trembled like the aspen leaf.

"Gone, gone! we are all gone!" was now the cry; yet no one

### *On a Mistletoe Thrush.*

knew from whence that cry came; and men glared reproachfully on each others' countenances, and strove to keep down the audible beating of their own breasts. The desperate love of life drove them instinctively to their own stations, and the water was poured, as by the strength of giants, down among the smouldering flames. But the devouring element roared up into the air, and deck, masts, sails, and shrouds were one crackling and hissing sheet of fire.

"Let down the boat!" was now the yell of hoarse voices; and in an instant she was filled with life. Then there was frantic leaping into the sea; and all who were fast drowning, moved convulsively towards that little ark. Some sank down at once into oblivion—some grasped at nothing with their disappearing hands—some seized in vain on unquenched pieces of the fiery wreck—some would fain have saved a friend almost in the last agonies—and some, strong in a savage despair, tore from them the clenched fingers that would have dragged them down, and forgot in fear both love and pity.

Enveloped in flames and smoke, a frantic mother flung down her baby among the crew; and as it fell among the upward oars unharmed, she shrieked out, "Go, husband, go! for I am content to die. Oh! live, live, my husband, for our darling Willy's sake."

But, in the prime of life, and with his manly bosom full of health and hope, the husband looked for a moment till he saw his child was safe, and then, taking his young wife in his arms, he sank down beneath the burning fragments of a sail, never more to rise till, at the sound of the last trumpet, the sea shall give up the dead that are in it.

---

### **On a Mistletoe Thrush**

BUILDING AND THEN SITTING IN AN EXPOSED SITUATION.

BY JAMES HILDYARD, B.D., RECTOR OF INGOLDSBY.

N our garden this spring a mistletoe thrush, which is naturally a very shy bird, has built a nest in the fork of a pear-tree, about four feet from the ground. This portion of the tree has not a twig to conceal it, nor even a honeysuckle or other creeper to mask it, and will be as bare and exposed all through the summer as it was in the depth of winter. The tree, moreover, stands in a narrow flower-border, close to a gravel walk leading to the garden pump, and is passed a dozen times at least every day by some of the household.

Yet, curious enough, this bird has succeeded, by the help of her mate, in building her nest, early and late, unobserved by anyone; nor was it discovered till four eggs had been successively deposited therein. She is now, however, at length sitting, and has attracted the notice of all the family. Yet she is not alarmed, and keeps so constant to her seat, that, though I have passed the place at all hours, from six in the morning to seven in the evening, I have

*On a Mistletoe Thrush.*

---

never once observed her absent. Nor is she startled by the trundling of the garden roller or wheelbarrow, or the hoeing and raking of the bed where the tree stands. Yesterday we had occasion to lop off some dead branches from an adjoining apple-tree, and which had to be dragged past where she was sitting, but even this



noise and rustle did not cause her to leave her nest; and this evening, though men were firing at the rooks for two or three hours in the neighbouring plantation, the undaunted bird still held on to her appointed task.

What a lesson, methinks, does this faithful creature afford us! So long, indeed, as the objects of our pursuit are comparatively unimportant, so long does it beseem us to set about them quietly and unobtrusively; nor is it material if we intermit them, as occasion serves. But when once the call of duty becomes urgent and imperative, then to be absent or wanting to the claim upon our time and talents, becomes a sin. Whole years of labour may fail of their destined fruit by the untimely neglect of a single day.

Had this indefatigable bird forsaken her nest but for one hour at the critical moment, all her hopes of a progeny for the present year would have vanished. Four addled eggs would have rewarded the pains of a month's toil and anxiety.

The business we have once deliberately undertaken, if done only

## *James Golding's Boy.*

---

by halves, or deserted in the midst, had as well or even better have been never begun at all.

Lastly, what a perfect example of *faith* have we in this feathered creature! How she dwells on the conviction of a sure though unseen fruit of her labour! How she realises the substance of that which as yet is not!—So little have these eggs the appearance of the life that is in them, that a sparrow will sit for weeks upon half a dozen oval chalk stones when its natural eggs have been removed.

Cannot we, then, trust our inmost hopes to the unfailing promises of Scripture, and believe though we see not; and, strong in that belief, should we not persevere steadfastly to the end, through all the rather fanciful than real terrors and difficulties by which we are assaulted in our heavenward course?

---

## **James Golding's Boy.**

### **CHAPTER III.**

It is not generally difficult to forget. It is, I think, one of the saddest things in this sad world of ours how soon we forget our joys, our sorrows, our blessings, our sins. It seemed at first as if it would be so with James Golding. After the inquest was past and the nine days' wonder was over, after Smith had told the story till he was tired and had some fresh marvel to relate, everything seemed to settle down as if that wretched Sunday was merely a dream. He threw himself with fresh vigour into his business, and his hands were full of work, but he found that to forget was not so easy. Every day something seemed to recall to his mind what he would so willingly have forgotten. One day it was a ragged morsel of a shawl still clinging to the sugar-cask that brought a flood of memories. Another day, as Smith left the shop after making a purchase, he stopped, and, looking across the cricket field and meadows beyond, said, "How they have been cutting the trees here; I declare you can see right across to the Union."

And it was true; a corner of the ugly red brick building was visible, and every time he left his shop, Golding's eyes looked across to the place where his child was being brought up as a pauper. Hitherto he had scarcely heard of the Union, but now it seemed constantly in people's mouths. Sometimes it was in jest, as when a neighbour would jingle the money in his pockets, and say, "Ay, Golding, you and I may have to thank the parish for board and lodgings yet;" or, in earnest, as when another would say, "I hope neither me nor mine may ever come to the Workhouse." Then, too, if Golding went out, his business seemed constantly to take him by the Low Meadows or the Workhouse; or if he went in another direction he met the Workhouse school, and could not help glancing at the faces as they passed and wondering if his boy was one. The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and no one guessed how much bitterness lay hid in Golding's heart who outwardly seemed so prosperous, and who was so highly respected. Money seemed to grow under his touch, and his business had never been so thriving

Thus time passed, leaving Golding much as it found him, only turning his hair more grey, and his face more thin and sharp, and making him more keen in his business, and more fond of money for its own sake.

Two years had slipped away, and it was again July, and still Golding was busy. There was something doing in the cricket field opposite, but Golding was too busy to notice it. He did not know that there was anybody in the shop, when a tapping on the counter startled him, and, coming from behind his desk, and looking over, he saw two round grey caps with a button in the middle of each; and underneath these, two pairs of bright eyes looking up at him, and a hand grasping a penny.

"We wants a ha'porth of lollies," a voice said.

"Which'll you have, my man?"

"Them pink uns."

Golding shook out a liberal paperfull, and the children turned to go. As they came to the door he could see them better, and at once recognised the Union dress. Two little boys, about five or six, much of a height, only one was stronger and rounder looking than the other. Both had brown eyes, and one had curly hair and a merry, laughing face, and the other had straight hair and a more thoughtful, serious look. It was only the latter that Golding's eyes fixed on with a sudden pain at his heart. But the door shut with a jingle of the little bell, and the children were out of sight.

A few minutes later Smith came in. "Just come across the road, Golding; there's a sight there worth seeing, if you're not too busy." So they went across to the stile opposite. The field was full of children playing, boys hard at work at cricket, very serious in their play, after the manner of English boys; and girls, hot and happy, over drop-the-handkerchief, and oranges-and-lemons, while under the old elms, a table stood, heaped with mugs and baskets of cake, and forms were being set ready and cans of hot tea were being brought from a neighbouring house.

"It's a school-treat to all the children in the place," Smith said, "and they've not left out one, I should think, not even the Union, poor little souls! Look there now;" and he pointed to two boys who were standing near the gate, the very two that had just been in Golding's shop. "There's two fine little fellows. Come here, my men, and tell us your names."

The curly-haired boy was evidently the leading spirit, and he spoke for both. "He be Johnnie and I be Jack."

"Jack and Johnnie! Well, be good lads, there's a halfpenny a-piece for you and be off; tea's ready and you don't often get plum-cake, I reckon."

The Union schoolmaster came up just then to fetch the boys, who did not want much calling, to run off to the attractive place where there was as much as they could eat, and more.

"Who are they, Mr. Field?" Smith asked.

"Well, one of them is the child of that woman who was found down yonder dead, and the other was born in the house. Good little chaps, but there's not much chance for them, they're pretty sure to turn out bad." And then he went away; and Golding, with

a wretched feeling weighing on his heart, hurried back to his shop.

But I must not linger over this time. It is enough to see that Golding was constantly reminded of his boy's existence, and that, do what he would, he could not quite forget, nor go on comfortably, as if nothing was wrong; but people noticed that he grew colder and more reserved, and seemed to care for nothing but his business and money-getting. He was 'age-ing fast,' people said, and indeed he looked much older than many a neighbour who seemed to have twice his cares. There was Smith, for instance, with eight little ones and a poor sickly wife, and a hard struggle to keep them decently, but those baby fingers can smooth out the furrows they cause, and as he held his wife's aching head on his breast, it drove away the selfishness and coldness of time and age from his heart. But Golding grew furrowed, and cold, and selfish, for his wife was dead and his child in the Workhouse.

And so time passed; nine years rolled away since his wife died, when the chaplaincy of the Union became vacant, and Mr. Percy took it. He especially devoted himself to trying to help and improve the children who were growing up among such bad influences, and who seemed to have such small chance of becoming good, and useful, and happy men and women. The girls were the special objects of his pity, and many of the Workhouse girls had to thank Mr. Percy for placing them in situations where kindness and forbearance and great patience gradually weeded out the bad and nourished the good, and made the right path smooth and pleasant, and not hopelessly difficult and wearisome, so that at last they became steady, respectable servants, thanking God that they were not like so many who, alas, from gaols and reformatories, point to their workhouse home as the beginning of their downfall. The boys were not forgotten either, and soon after his taking the chaplaincy, Mr. Percy asked his parishioners to give him their help for two boys in whom he was deeply interested. He thought there was much good in them; they were both strong, active boys of twelve, and, as far as he could tell, well-meaning and honest, though, God knows, poor little lads, they have not been in the way of learning much good. "I thought," he added, "that perhaps some of you might be in want of a boy to help in your shop or run errands, and would take one of them, and keep an eye on him, and teach him a bit."

Mr. Percy's eye was fixed on Golding; he knew that he was doing a good business, and could well afford to keep another lad, and he knew that several boys had made a good beginning at his shop. But Golding was silent. A strange feeling at his heart told him that it was his own boy who was now offered him, and a curious conflict was going on within him; he thought that it might perhaps quiet that restless conscience of his to have him, and do something for him; but then if he was constantly with him the secret might creep out; and then again, why should he burden himself with a boy who might turn out badly and be a constant worry and vexation to him? But while he hesitated others spoke, and Mr. Percy turned from Golding with a look of disappointment to the

warmer-hearted people who were not so cautious. One of them was Smith.

"You see, Sir," he said, "I always have kept a boy to take the papers round, but I thought as my own boy was ten I might do without and save a bit; but I've managed so far, and if the boy doesn't want much, I can manage to give him his food and a trifle a week, and I'll teach him a bit of an evening, and I'll do my best to make a man of him, if I can."

Miles, the market gardener on the hill, offered to take the second with his other boy, anyhow through the summer, and maybe longer; it was satisfactorily settled, and Mr. Percy was much pleased, though he still felt a lingering regret that Golding should not have offered to take one.

Smith's shop was only a few houses from Golding's, and it was not long before Golding saw the new boy going in and out with the papers, and soon recognised him as one of the two whom he had seen in the cricket field, and sometimes since; he was the quieter one of the two, Johnnie, whom Golding had felt from the first was his boy. A tall, strong boy he was now, but still with the serious, thoughtful look that pleased Golding's fancy, as the look of one who would be sure to get on in life, though what matter it was to him he did not know. "Well, perhaps," he said to himself, "if he grows up steady, and I ever felt inclined, the time might come when I could do something for him, but that's not likely."

When Miles's cart came rattling down on market day heaped up with cabbages, he also recognised Jack mounted on the top and urging on the shaggy pony at a great rate—still curly-haired and rosy and merry-eyed, and as proud as a king to pass by his friend Johnnie at that wonderful pace.

"He's a pickle and no mistake," Golding said to himself, "and he'll get into no end of scrapes. I hope he mayn't lead Johnnie into any, but there—what does it matter to me?"

"Have you seen that boy of mine?" Smith asked, as he came in one evening in the first week of having Johnnie. "It's early days to talk, but he's a capital one, he is, and as sharp as a needle, although he looks so quiet. I warrant he'll do, he's so quick and handy, and as far as I can see, he's not got any bad tricks."

What right had Golding to feel pleased? What was praise or blame of the boy to him? And yet a feeling of pleasure crept into that frosty nature of his in spite of himself. "What's the lad's name?" he asked.

"Well, we call him Johnnie; it sounds more kindly with my boys, and my wife she's taken quite a fancy to him. John Blake they call him; but there—you know his story, don't you?"

"Yes, yes, to be sure I do," Golding said, hurriedly, and turned away to avoid the too familiar story that he had hoped to bury under time and business and prosperity, and which yet came springing up to meet him at every turn.

It was not only from Smith that Golding heard continually of Johnnie Blake. It strangely chanced that Mrs. Wilmot, the old woman who had for years looked after Golding's house, and cooked and washed for him, found a room in her house where

Johnnie could sleep, as Smith had no corner to put him in, and the kind old body took him in for a mere trifle a week, not only to her house but to her heart, and soon began to care for the workhouse boy as tenderly as she had for her own sons, now working their way in different parts of the world. She was getting old and talkative, and many a time would pour out to Golding the praises of "her boy," as she soon grew to call him; but as she did not allude to his former history, Golding did not mind. Mrs. Wilmot thought that the sooner his starting point was forgotten the better, and so she would not talk about it.

Johnnie Blake and Jack Stone (for so the other boy was called) still kept up their friendship, and were together as much as they could. Jack Stone had not been so fortunate as Johnnie Blake in falling among kind-hearted, easy-going people, like the Smiths and Mrs. Wilmot. Miles, the nursery-man, was kind and well-meaning on the whole, but he was stern and strict, and would not stand any carelessness, and many was the rough word and blow that Jack bore. But it did him no harm; he was light-hearted and merry, and needed a tight hand to keep him out of mischief, and in spite of their constant falling out, Jack liked Miles and Miles liked Jack, and often laughed in his sleeve at the mischievous monkey tricks he had to punish.

Out of work hours, Jack was left quite to himself, and as long as none of his doings reached Miles's ears, his master did not much care what became of him.

The other boy there was a good deal older than Jack, and was an idle, good-for-nothing lad. At first, he and Jack were great friends, and spent their Sundays together in all sorts of amusements, but, happily for Jack, this did not last long. One Sunday they met Johnnie, who was going to church with Mrs. Wilmot. Johnnie had been taken into St. Peter's choir, and as he had a good voice and was fond of using it, it was a great pleasure to him. Johnnie called out to Jack to come too, but Jack did not think himself smart enough, but said that perhaps he would come next Sunday. As soon as they had parted, Hallett, the other boy, began chaffing and calling Johnnie a saint and a humbug, and asked Jack if he meant to be the same. But Jack was no coward, and would not be laughed out of his intentions, or hear a friend of his abused, and he gave Hallet back his words with interest, and the next day, when the subject was revived, the words came to blows, and Jack being the smallest, got the worst of it, and also got a flogging from Miles for having a black eye, and breaking a fuchsia in the scuffle. However, next Sunday Jack was ready with a shining, well-washed face and crisp curly hair to go to church with Johnnie, and when he had once begun, it soon grew into a regular habit, and though it was begun to show Hallet that he was not to be bullied, it was continued from a better motive.

After a time, Johnnie did not appear such perfection as he had at first. He was inclined to be sulky, and sometimes would be silent and sullen for days together, but Smith hoped that he would grow out of it. He was a great favourite with Mr. Percy, who lent him books, and helped him with his learning, and as he was quick and

intelligent, he quite repaid the trouble. "He takes after his mother," Golding used to say to himself, "she was terrible fond of a book, but he has his father's care of his money, not like that Stone whose money burns holes in his pockets."

#### CHAPTER IV.

SMITH's business very much improved during the next few years; he never regretted taking Johnie, and when Johnie was fifteen, and worthy of a better place, he was able to increase his wages and keep him on, with a smaller boy to take round the papers. Jack, too, was kept on. They had both grown tall, strong lads, but Jack was the strongest and hardiest of the two, from his constant out-of-door work. All seemed going well with the boys, when suddenly a cloud came up which threatened a storm.

One day, Smith came into Golding's shop looking troubled and anxious. "I don't know what to do," he said, "and I want you to advise me, Golding. It's very vexing. I'd rather that anything had happened than this."

"Well! what's up?"

"Why, I've missed some money from the till, and that's the fact."

"Are you sure?"

"As sure as I stand here, and it's not once but two or three times now. Only a little, a few shillings, but still it's thieving all the same."

Golding felt a strange coldness at his heart. "Who is it?" he said.

"Ay, ay! I know what you'll say, that it's Johnnie, but I don't believe it. I'd trust him with anything. I'd sooner think it was myself. No! I'll tell you who I've my eye on—Jack Stone; he's so often about the place on one excuse or another, and he's not a steady chap like Johnnie."

Golding gave an involuntary sigh of relief. "The young rascal," he said, "I'd give him a good lesson if I was you. Speak to Miles, he'll teach him to keep his fingers to himself, I warrant."

"Well, I was thinking as I'd speak to Miles, but still it may not be the lad, and it's no use getting him into trouble for nothing. I can't think who else it can be, though. I'd like to prove it before I said anything."

"Well, mark some money. Set a trap for the young rogue."

"I'd a deal rather prevent him from taking it than find him out," kind-hearted Smith said.

"Ay, but it's not fair; he'll go on if he's not found out, and there's no knowing where it may stop."

"Very well," Smith said, "I'll mark some money—like this—do you see?"

A few days after this, Jack came into Golding's shop, whistling like a bird, and as happy and gay as one, and bought some tea. He was tossing a shilling up in his hand. When Golding held

out his hand for the money, he laughed and gave it a spin in the air: "We'll toss for the money, Master Golding—heads I win, tails you lose—here you are," and he tossed the money on the counter. It was a marked shilling.

"Come here," Golding said, and Jack followed him much surprised into the parlour. "Now, my young man, you're caught; that shilling you stole so cleverly was marked, and you're found out, sharp as you think yourself."

Jack got very red. "What do you mean?" he stammered, "if you weren't an old man, I'd knock you down."

"Mean? You young thief, you'll see soon enough," and Golding shut the door on him, and locked it, and was in Smith's shop in a minute. Johnnie was standing folding the papers that had just come in, but Golding did not care for his presence, and, in a few words, told Smith what had happened. Smith was dreadfully grieved. In his heart, I think, he would rather have been robbed of half his income than have found it out. Even now he was all for hushing it up, and letting off Jack with a good talking to. But Golding was not inclined for such mild measures, and spoke of its being Smith's duty to make an example of the boy. As they turned their steps back to Golding's shop, they did not notice that Johnnie followed them with a pale face and anxious eyes. Smith was quite ready to be gentle and forgiving to the penitent, conscience-stricken culprit whom he expected to find, but he was quite unprepared for the burst of anger that met him when the door was unlocked. Jack stormed till Smith was quite silenced, and Golding spoke of sending for the police. Smith stood wiping his hot forehead, and looking helplessly at Golding, while Johnnie stood in the shop outside, listening to his friend's loud, angry voice. Where did the shilling come from, if he had not stolen it? That was the question, and it was just this that Jack did not seem willing to say. If he would only have confessed his theft, and asked pardon, Smith's kind heart was ready to grant it; but, in spite of the accusing shilling, Jack stuck to it that he was innocent—"brazened it out, the scamp!" as Golding said.

"Will you go and tell Miles of it?" Smith said, nervously, to Golding. "I don't want to put you in jail for it, Jack, but it's not fair to your master not to let him know, for he may trust you."

Jack's face was red, and his eyes bright and angry, and he turned to Golding, with a laugh—"Come along," he said, "who's afraid? Hit him hard, he's got no friends. There's plenty of room for me in the house yonder, if old Miles gives me the sack."

Then he was silent, and passed through the shop and up the road by Golding's side, without another word. It was hot and dusty, and Golding was not so strong as he had been, and he could hardly keep pace with Jack as he marched doggedly along with hands in his pockets, whistling "Home, sweet home!" As they came up to the garden they saw Miles coming out of one of the hothouses, and Golding called to him. Jack stood at the gate, chewing a bit of grass, and saying not a word, while Golding told the story. Then Miles turned to Jack; he was not a bad sort of man, and there was a warm corner in his heart for Jack. "Well,

lad," he said, "and what have you got to say?" Then Jack tossed the grass away, and took off his cap, and stood facing his master in the broad sunshine. "I didn't take the money," he said, "and that's the truth."

"Then, I believe you, Jack," Miles said.

"You believe him?" Golding exclaimed, "a boy that steals can tell lies easy enough."

"He's never either stolen or told lies with me," Miles said, shortly, "and he's not the sort to do it."

"He might have learnt either where he came from—"

"Hold hard!" Miles called out, "I won't have that brought up against him. He's been three years and more here, and though we've had many rows together, still he's been a good lad."

"Ah, well," Golding said, with a shrug of his shoulders, "it's your own look out, and if you like to trust his word, it's no business of mine."

"If you see Mr. Smith," Miles said, "you can tell him as I think he's made some mistake, and that I'll wait a bit afore I'll put Jack into jail. You be off, you idle young monkey, and see to them flower-pots."

At this very moment Smith himself made his appearance, hot, panting, and excited. He was so out of breath that he could not speak a word, but he caught hold of Jack's hand and shook it, with tears standing in his eyes.

"Well!" Miles said, drily, looking at the two, "that's a new way of punishing a thief!"

And then Smith found words—

"Thief! not he, it was all a mistake. I'm terrible sorry, Jack."

"Don't speak of it, sir," Jack stammered, more ashamed and awkward now than when he was accused.

"He's as troublesome a young varmint as ever was," Miles said, with a slap on Jack's shoulder that contradicted his words, "but I knew he wasn't a thief. But how came the mistake?"

Smith's face fell. "I can't bear to think of it," he said; "I'd have trusted Johnnie Blake like my own son; but he's told me all about it, and I've promised to look over it this time, and he's in a great way about it, and I hope you won't speak about it to anyone."

Miles and Jack both at once declared that no one should know of it. Golding alone remained silent. He felt as if he owed Jack a grudge for being innocent and leaving the guilt for Johnnie; and when Smith turned to go home, and called him to come too, he went without a word to Jack, whose eyes followed him till he was out of sight. "He might have said a kind word to a chap," he thought, "but I do think he'd rather I'd have stole it. He's a queer sort."

Golding, that night, as he settled up his accounts right to a halfpenny, thought to himself that he had done the wisest thing he could after all, in keeping his secret, and that as Johnnie was turning out badly, it was well that he was only Johnnie Blake, the workhouse boy, taken by Smith out of charity, and not well-to-do James Golding's son.

(*To be continued.*)



## The Death of the Christian.

How beautiful on all the hills  
The crimson light is shed:  
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives  
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud  
The sunset beam is cast!  
'Tis like the memory left behind  
When loved ones breathe their last.

And now above the dews of night,  
The shining star appears;  
So faith springs in the hearts of those  
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light  
Its glories shall restore,  
And eyelids that are sealed in death  
Shall wake, to close no more.

PEABODY.

13

## Hearty Hints to Lay Officers of the Church.

BY GEORGE VENABLES, S.C.L., VICAR OF FRIEFLAND.

### THE SIDESMAN.

AVING discussed 'Heartiness amongst Churchwardens' in the discharge of their functions, it may be thought that little remains to be said to the Sidesmen, beyond a kind exhortation to work well with those Churchwardens with whom they are, as Lay Officers of the Church body, happily associated.

Such an exhortation is desirable, and it shall be given by-and-by; but it will be useful, first of all, to ascertain, if we can, what are the distinctive and peculiar functions of a Sidesman.

It is true that he is a Church Officer *besides*, or in addition to, the Warden, and it is true that he often stands near to or *by the side of* that functionary; but we must not therefore derive the word 'Sidesman' from 'side' and 'man,' as does Dr. Johnson, or infer its origin from *besides*, as some would do. There is much in a word often. There is much in the true word representing a Sidesman. It contains a little Church History. It tells a story of good old sensible plans and practices. It reveals an age of carelessness and indifference coming up afterwards, and hints, perhaps, at something of a desire to get all Church matters entirely into the hands of the Clergy.

It ever was, and ever will be, just as pernicious to let the Clergy alone control Church matters, as to give Church affairs entirely to the Laity, and to coerce and rule the Clergy. No true servant of Christ, no one who wishes to advance true religion will like either of these plans. Priestcraft is bad; and so is Erastianism, and the one is as bad as the other. 'Alexander the coppersmith' did as much harm as 'Diotrephes.' Well, what has this to do with Sidesmen? Very much indeed. The Sidesmen were, and ought now to be in deliberative councils of the Church, what Churchwardens are in the official working machinery of the Church, viz., the fair representatives—under the Church law administered by the Bishops—of the Laity. Dr. Johnson, as we said, is wrong in tracing their name to *side* and *man*, and so is Tyro Tooquick in tracing it to the position of the Sidesman in Church, *by the side of* the Warden! The word, accurately given, tells the story already alluded to, and describes the chief functions of the Sidesman which are quite distinct from those belonging to him as merely the Assistant to the Churchwarden.

In olden times Bishops used to do what, we trust, Bishops will soon do again,—they used often to summon Episcopal, or Diocesan Synods. To these synods they called together creditable persons from the various parishes within their jurisdiction. It was the duty of these Laymen to give information of, and to *attest* the disorders which might exist amongst the Clergy or the people. From this circumstance they are called '*Testes Synodales*' (Synodal Witnesses). In the course of time they became standing officers of the Church, especially in great cities, and then they came to be called 'Synodsmen,' which has gradually been corrupted into 'Sidesmen.'

And now, by Canon 90, they are to be appointed yearly, in  
14

Easter week, by the minister and parishioners, if they can agree, otherwise by the Ordinary of the diocese. It should be noted too that they are also called 'Quest-men,' from their being expected to 'inquire' or 'make inquest' after men guilty of offence. And so long as Churchwardens were required to take an oath for the due performance of their functions, a somewhat similar oath was taken by the Synodsmen.

And there is no doubt that Synodsmen are as liable as are Churchwardens for neglect of their duties.

Synodsmen, or Questmen, are spoken of as such in at least nine of the Canons of 1603, and we have taken some pains to describe their origin and ancient duties, because we think that a right comprehension of these may stimulate that heartiness which we especially desire to stir up amongst Synodsmen as well as Wardens.

We therefore venture to urge two distinct suggestions for their consideration. Taking the old constitution of the Sidesman, we ask whether his history does not attest that good sensible plans once existed in the Church by which Lay representatives thereof came into actual conferences with the Bishops, and whether the circumstance of this excellent plan falling into disuse does not also testify to influences which have greatly injured Lay-interest in parochial matters?

For these reasons, therefore, we urge Synodsmen to consider how far it may not be their duty, after much enquiry and deliberation, to endeavour to resuscitate this wholesome mode of parochial representation in Synods of their Diocesans?

It is probable that their numbers (averaging perhaps four in every parish) is too large for a representative assembly, but the number might be reduced by the Synodsmen of every parish selecting one of their number to represent the rest, or by all the Synodsmen of a Rural Deanery choosing a given number, selected by themselves from amongst themselves, to appear for the Laity at the Synod of the Diocese. It may be difficult to find so good a method of representing the Laity as that afforded through Synodsmen. In this, however, there needs to be much forbearance, prudence, and enquiry; and heartiness rather than eagerness. At the same time, we are convinced that herein lies the true method of representation of the Laity. We commend it therefore to the attention of our Synodsmen, or Sidesmen, or Questmen.

Then, too, as assistants of Churchwardens, and irrespective of their powers in a Synod, they have important and valuable services to render in things pertaining unto godliness. Canon 88 enjoins on them by name as well as on the Wardens, not to suffer any profane use to be made of the Church or Chapel (of ease), or Churchyard, or of the bells. Bells certainly ought never to be rung except in connection with religious things belonging unto the Church in which the bells are placed. By Canon 90, Sidesmen are diligently to endeavour to secure attendance of all the people at the Church, and that none walk or stand idle or talking in the Church, or Church-porch, or Churchyard. Canons 109, 110, 111, and 112 repeat these and similar injunctions, showing in fact that, in his parish, a Synodsmen

may do an immense work for Christ and His Church if he will; and that in reality he actually possesses some of the spiritual functions which, in a greater and not wholly desirable degree, are assigned by the Presbyterians to the Elders. We must refer, however, once more to the Canons, viz., to the 113th. It states that it often comes to pass that Churchwardens, Sidesmen, Questmen, and others neglect their duties. Ah, there it is! ‘They forbear to discharge their duties through fear of their superiors or through negligence.’ What says the hearty Sidesman to that? What says the God-fearing Sidesman to that? What says the true-hearted Churchman and Sidesman of to-day to that? Why he will say, ‘I will up and be doing. As regards my plain duties, of assisting the Churchwardens within the Church—in placing the people, in collecting the Offertory, in keeping all things decent, and in preventing misbehaviour,—I will heartily co-operate with the Churchwardens, and also in all things outside the Church which may help to bring men into Christian ways and practices. I will no longer regard my office as a mere remnant of antiquity, but rather look on it as an office full of usefulness, in proportion as the duties of that office are heartily fulfilled. And in all these things I will bear in mind that I am an Assistant to the Churchwarden, and in some degree, therefore, I am to regard him as superior officer. For this reason I will co-operate with him in his lawful wishes without jealousy, and with much good will. And then, as regards those Synodical functions which belong to me and not to him, while anxious to see the Laity well and wisely represented at our much-needed Diocesan Synods, I will not act with a hasty zeal, or with an indiscretion which may do more harm than good, but I will take counsel with my brother Sidesmen, and with my Rector; and whatever I do in the way of promoting Diocesan Synods, shall not have for its object the raising of my position as a Synodsmen, but the best benefit of the Church of Christ. And in this two-fold manner, first, in the manner of co-operation with the Churchwardens, and secondly, in my manner of trying to renew Diocesan Synods with representative Synodsmen, I will endeavour, prayerfully and calmly, to infuse “Heartiness amongst Sidesmen.”’

---

### *A Valuable Receipt for Lowness of Spirits.*

**T**AKE one ounce of the *seeds of resolution*, properly mixed with the *oil of good conscience*, infuse into it a large spoonful of the *sals of patience*, distil very carefully a composing plant called *others' woes*, which you will find in every part of the garden of life growing under the broad leaves of disguise, add a small quantity, it will much assist the *sals of patience* in their operation; gather a handful of the *blossom of hope*, then sweeten them with a syrup of the *balm of Providence*; and if you can get any of the *seeds of true friendship*, you will have the most valuable medicine that can be administered.

## *The Song of the Brook.*

You must be careful to get the seeds of *true* friendship, as there is a weed that very much resembles it, called *self-interest*, which will entirely spoil the whole composition. Make the ingredients into pills, which may be called *pills of comfort*, take one *every night and morning*, and in a short time the cure will be completed.



## *The Song of the Brook.*

I come from haunts of coot and hern,  
I make a sudden sally.  
And sparkle out among the fern  
To bicker down the valley.

I chatter over stony ways,  
In little sharps and trebles;  
I bubble into eddying bays,  
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret  
By many a field and fallow,  
And many a fairy foreland set  
With willow-weed and mallow.

With graceful sweeps I sing and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out  
With here a blossom sailing,  
And here and there a lusty trout,  
And here and there a grayling.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance  
Among my skimming swallows,  
I make the netted sunbeams dance  
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars  
In brambly wildernesses,  
I linger by my shingly bars,  
I loiter round my cresses.

TENNYSON.

17

# On the Origin and History of the English Bible.

BY DENHAM BOWE NORMAN, VICAR OF MIDDLETON BY WIRKSWORTH.

THY Word, a wondrous guiding star,  
On pilgrim hearts doth rise ;  
Leads to their Lord, who dwells afar,  
And makes the simple wise.  
Let not its light  
E'er sink in night,  
But still in every spirit shine,  
That none may miss Thy light Divine.

LYRA GERMANICA.



ERY precious and dear are the counsels of God unto the believer; will they be held in lighter esteem if a friendly hand endeavours to name and describe the channels through which they have passed in their course from the Divine Author to the pages of our present Bible?

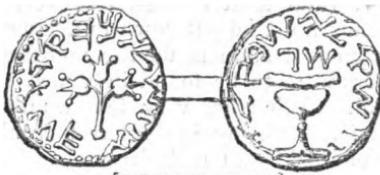
Is it not very fairly to be supposed that, in the preservation of the several books through the chequered scenes of so many centuries of history, there must be some most desirable and interesting scraps of information? For instance, that the instruction of the "book of the law" should have been remembered in such turbulent times as the period of the Hebrew judges, the later years of the Jewish monarchy, the captivity at Babylon, is marvellous. That the precepts of this same Book should be handed on, generation after generation, as the Divine rule of life, is a striking proof that God can guard His own Revelation, as well from the fraud and malice of evil men, as from the constant gnawings of the tooth of time.

The first subject which claims attention in this wide and important enquiry is this: the language, or rather languages, in which the various books of Holy Scripture were written. There is one step further back towards the spring-head of Scripture, namely, the origin of language itself; but as nothing satisfactory or conclusive can be furnished, even by those who have devoted years to the study of the subject, it seems better to keep on safe ground, where something more definite can be learnt. The design in these pages is to set before the reader hard historic facts, not mere theories or speculations.

"Holy men of God spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." (2 Peter i. 21.) In those earlier times, what form of speech was employed in setting down as received the Divine precepts and annals? So far as the Old Testament is concerned, there is scarcely room for a doubt. The fullest, the most convincing evidence can be produced that well nigh all the books, from Genesis to Malachi, were written at first in Hebrew. There are some few chapters and some few verses evidently in another tongue; still, these are not numerous enough, or of sufficient importance to require particular mention. In that primitive—that earliest of all known forms of speech—that tongue which many great scholars suppose was employed at the interviews between the Creator and our first parents in the Garden of Eden (Genesis ii. iii.)—in that language in which the Divine message reached St. Paul on his journey to Damascus (Acts xxvi. 14), there is written the revealed will of God, which in each succeeding age was received by the Jews as a sacred deposit of truth, and, as such, was treasured with the utmost reverence and care.

The English Churchman is specially concerned in the task of searching out every matter of importance touching the Old Testament, inasmuch as he is taught that there, in that ancient record, as well as in the later Revelation, "everlasting life is offered to mankind by Christ." (Article vi.) How pleasant then to know that what he has been taught to regard as a priceless heirloom is still extant in the language in which it was written. It seems almost a Providential arrangement that this cluster of sacred writings should, so to speak, be guarded with equal vigilance by two hostile armies. Jew and Christian watch with keenest eye the Divine legacy to mankind, in such a manner that it is utterly impossible for the Hebrew original or the English copy to be tampered with or mutilated. And again, should the mind be perplexed with any minor difficulty, it is soothing and re-assuring to know that in the present day, in the Jewish synagogues in England, children of tender age worship God in the very syllables of Holy Writ—syllables which, when rendered into our own tongue, furnish us with noble hymns of praise, and sober forms of prayer. If on no other account, yet surely on the score of age, Holy Scripture, in its Hebrew dress of two thousand years' antiquity, should command from every intelligent reader a deep and unfeigned respect.

In this earthern, but durable vessel, Moses and Ezra laid up their historic facts, David enshrined his noble psalms, Isaiah and Malachi stored their warnings, Job and Solomon hoarded their experiences and wisdom; and so well adapted for the purpose has the Hebrew language proved itself, that it yields up its treasures in generous supply to men of every creed and every country, without stint or grudging. From the confusion of tongues at Babel until the captivity at Babylon, Hebrew was the only known medium of intercourse used by the chosen people of God. In their speech, in



[THE JEWISH SHEKEL.]

their writings, on their coins, the same language was current. But, as with any other language, so also with Hebrew—there was a growth, an expansion, a constant addition of new words. As discoveries were made in agriculture or manufactures, or fresh emergencies arose in war or commerce, original terms were found by the Jews to express in a concise shape the new addition to their stock of knowledge. As might be expected, this natural growth in the language is very easily to be traced in its various stages of progress. The simple narratives of the earlier books, though of immense importance, yield presently to the poetry of David and Solomon, and, later on, to the sublime and rhythmical flow of the prophetic writings of Isaiah and Ezekiel. One by one, we may take the goodly fellowship of inspired writers, and observe how each brings into the store-house some special words and forms of expression unused by

others. The writer delivered his message in words which he understood, and with which he was familiar. Hence there are diversities of style and diction; and yet, after all, there is a visible bond of union subsisting between the most conspicuously differing books. Humble learners may take courage when they hear that the words of the Old Testament are now, as in the time when our Blessed Lord was on the earth, read Sabbath after Sabbath, by the Jewish Rabbis in their well-loved, sacred language. Hebrew, ancient and hoary with years—even without the aid of the vowel-pointing of our printed copies—is used in the public worship of the Jews still. Its almost uninterrupted use, to a certain extent, for such a length of time well nigh enables one to say of the language, as of its Divine Author, “Thou art the same; and Thy years shall have no end.” (Psalms cii. 27.)

Coming now, to consider the language in which the several books of the New Testament were written, we shall have to acknowledge that there is somewhat of an apparent surprise to be encountered. Most of the chief writers of the New Testament were Jews, and like their Master, in all probability, used in their ordinary discourse the speech current among the people at that time—Aramaic. And yet there is a unanimous consent of opinion that every book of the New Testament was originally written in Greek. There was at one time a suspicion that the Gospel according to St. Matthew had been composed in Hebrew, but it has faded away; even very lately one who once entertained it, having publicly abandoned it. It is not hard, however, to give a good reason for this adoption of a well-known and widely used form of speech instead of a mere provincial dialect, in writing books of such vital consequence as the Gospels and Epistles. The writers themselves were soon to pass away, their vivid oral teaching was presently to cease; their glad tidings, however, were to live on perpetually, and thus must be put down in a language intelligible to a race of men who were eminent for their powers of colonization, and whose members were to be found in almost every part of the then known world. Whereas, very few would have cared to understand Aramaic, a world-wide interest would be felt in a Gospel or Epistle clothed in a Greek dress.

It is very singular, however, that in writing these several books in Greek, every now and then, the writer makes use of a word from another language, without taking the trouble to translate it into Greek, sometimes an Aramaic word, sometimes a Hebrew word, sometimes a Latin word: as if he would thus say, his work was for every nation under heaven, and his truths and doctrines for men of every tongue.

Again, in the Greek used, there is a certain amount of Hebrew colouring, showing that the writers were not able to throw away completely their early training and associations, however anxious they may have been to render their productions as acceptable as possible. Indeed, the difference between the language of the New Testament, and what is called pure Greek, is so great, that the language of the New Testament has been christened by the name of The New Dialect.

How soon shall it come to pass that numbers now content to regard Hebrew and Greek as 'Dead Languages,' commence in earnest a course of patient study, and try to learn from sources old as well as new, the depth of the goodness and mercy of God?

---

## *Short Sermon.*

---

### *The Tree and its Fruits.*

BY WILLIAM R. CLARK, M.A., RECTOR OF TAUNTON.

St. Matt. vii. 20.—“*Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.*”

**M**EN do not gather, or attempt to gather grapes from thorns, neither do they gather figs from thistles. Every plant and tree bears fruit according to its own nature; so that the kind, the quality, and the abundance of the fruit will determine our judgment of the nature and excellence of the tree.

So it is in things natural; so also is it in things moral and spiritual; only that the test is more necessary in the invisible world than in the visible. You may know the nature of a tree—there are those who may even discern something of its excellence—without seeing its fruits; but you can know nothing certainly of human character unless you have the means of examining its effects in men's actual lives, in the words which they speak, and in the actions which they perform, in the principles of their life as they are illustrated in their conduct.

Our Lord's caution was, in the first place, applied to the appearance of false teachers. But the rule has a still wider application, which extends to the whole life of man, and not to this one part of it alone. The verses which immediately follow the words of the text prove that they have, by putting before us the diverse characters of those who are mere hearers of the Word on the one hand, and those who are both hearers and doers on the other. Our Lord tells us that they who hear His words and do them not, are like a man who builds his house upon the sand. And the warning as to the awful destiny of such comes immediately after the caution which we are now considering: ‘By their fruits ye shall know them.’

By *our* fruits *we* shall know *ourselves*. Surely this is not the least important application of the rule. What manner of men are we? What effect has been produced in us by the Christian privileges which we have enjoyed? We are trees of the Lord's planting, planted in the heavenly vineyard of Christ. Yea, doubtless He has often come to us, seeking fruit and finding none, and has borne with us, and has patiently waited and granted us supplies of His grace, that we might show forth the fruit of His work in us. And He knows us, and He desires us to know ourselves by our fruits.

Let us ask very briefly what are those fruits by which men may be known, whether they are the children of God, the children of this world, or the children of the devil.

Unquestionably, they are men's works—not their mere feelings, or thoughts, or words. Our Lord does not say that a tree is known, as regards its quality at least, by its leaves or its blossoms, but by its fruits ; and He warns us against calling Him Lord, while we neglect to obey His commands. There is a sentimental religion, which spends its energies in mere thoughts and feelings about the things of heaven and the duties of earth, but brings no fruit of good works to perfection ; and there is a religion of the tongue, which is most fruitful in good words, which is very indifferent as to good works ; and both of these are in the sight of God very worthless.

That life which alone is well-pleasing to Him is the life which abounds in deeds of truth, of righteousness, and of love. You will not suppose me to mean that our thoughts and words are indifferent ; that it matters nothing what we think or say. On the contrary, our thoughts and our words are often deeds in the truest sense, and reveal character to ourselves and to others no less truly than our actions. But what I do mean, and what the Bible tells us often enough, is this, that religious sentiments and religious language are unreal and deceptive, unless they are accompanied by a religious life. What, then, is the kind of action which we believe to be the fruit of the Spirit of God ? What are the actions which may serve to show that we are not without a measure of the mind which is in Christ Jesus ?

1. They are, first of all, acts of *truth and righteousness*. The man who does not consciously and resolutely endeavour to do that which his conscience tells him to be right, has not the slightest pretension to be a Christian. I do not place these acts first, as though they were the first developed in the Christian life. I put them first because they belong to every form of religion, the lowest as well as the highest. One man may have a much higher and purer light to guide him than another ; but with all men the least that can be required is that they follow the light which they possess, if not with absolute constancy and uniformity, yet with constantly-renewed resolutions and endeavours.

2. Then, again, there must be acts of *penitence and humility*, at the thought of past sin and present weakness and unworthiness. A mere heathen may strive as earnestly as the best Christian does to obey his conscience ; but a heathen will hardly experience that godly sorrow which worketh repentance, which is aroused in the hearts of men by the Cross of Christ. And we must not fail to examine ourselves and to judge ourselves by a reference to this principle. What do we know of penitential sorrow ? What do we know of that broken and contrite heart which God will not despise ? What are our thoughts of ourselves as we stand in spirit before the throne of our Father in heaven ? Is it in a spirit of self-satisfaction that we look back upon the Past, or carefully scrutinise our inner life ? Or is it in the spirit of that holy man who, although the most laborious of all the apostles of Christ, could yet say that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom he was the chief, and that he was less than the least of all saints ? I would not forget that the depth and intensity

of such feeling may often depend upon peculiarity of temperament; but we must also remember that it is only the humble and the penitent, the poor in spirit, the mourners, and the meek, that our Lord will acknowledge as His own.

3. Then, again, our Lord expects the fruits of *love and charity* in His disciples. We must not only do justly, but we must love mercy, and walk humbly with our God. There is a certain cold, hard, worldly kind of justice, which is very unlike the righteousness of the kingdom of heaven. There is a certain way of teaching and obeying the golden rule which our Lord would not recognise as His own. Compare the words of some men who think themselves very good Christians with the language of Christ, and you will see the wide difference between them. Hear the man who says, 'I keep the commandments; I do to other men as much as I expect other men to do to me; I ask no more than this, and I will do no less.' Compare this with the words of Jesus—'A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another;' or with the language of St. Paul—'Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up . . . . beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.' A spirit of justice, so called, which is ignorant of this spirit of charity, is not one of the fruits of Christ.

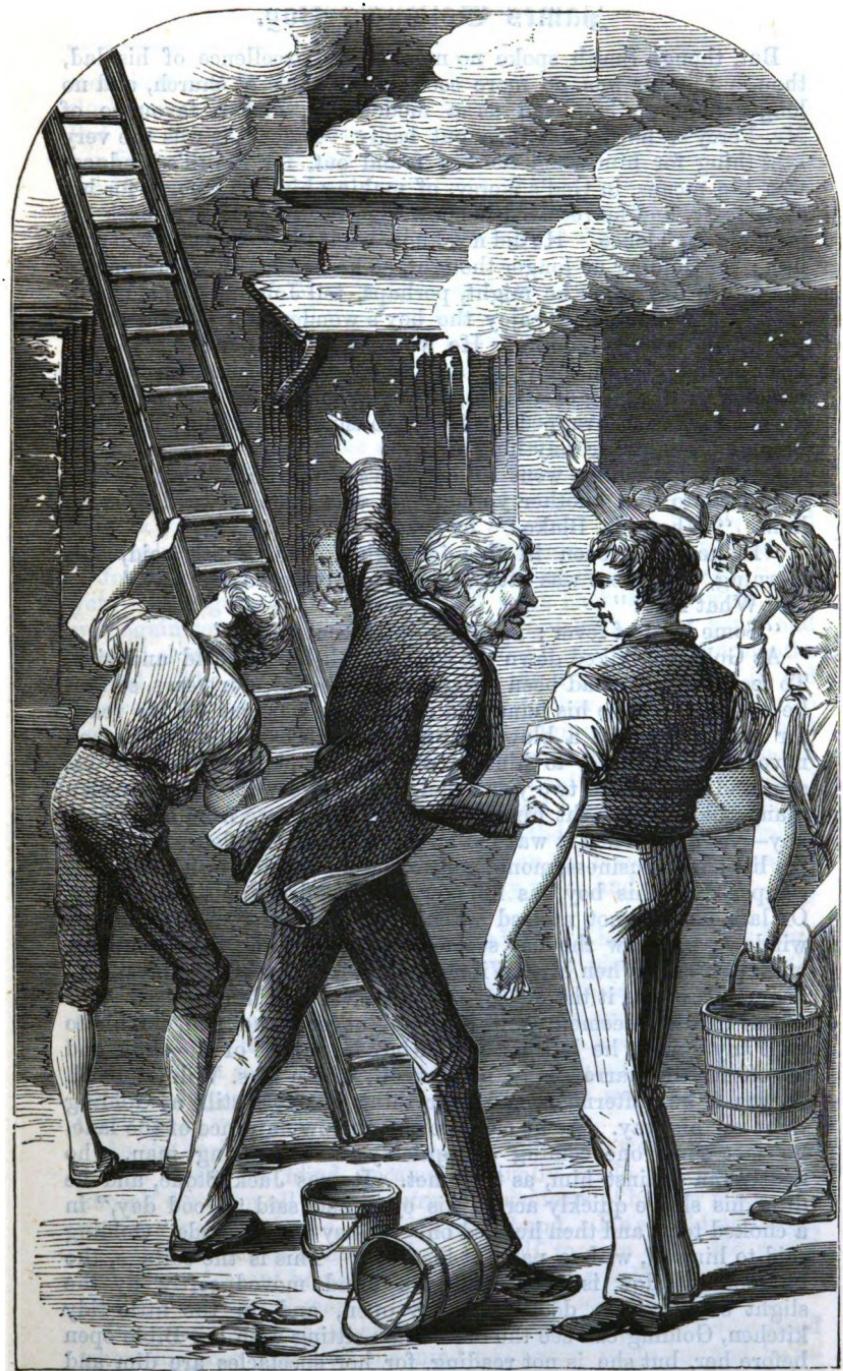
4. Then these fruits are fruits of *love to God*, as well as to man, and their reality is shown in the life of communion with God, and of devotion to His service. We are here touching again upon what may be called more peculiarly the *religious life*; and I would earnestly remind you that these two spheres of our life may usefully correct and verify each other. Our love to God may properly be tested by our love to man. The true fountain of our love to man may be ascertained by examining the nature of our love to God. For there may be a kind of human benevolence and charity, which is the result of natural amiability and a good education, and which has not for its companion and support a true love of our Father in heaven. Now, surely, wherever this love of God exists there will be a true love of the Word of God, of the worship of God, and of the ordinances of the Church. If we love a human being, we like to be where he is, we like to hear him speak, and to hold communion with him. And so it must be if we love God; if we are, in the true sense of the word, religious men and women. ;

Let us ask how it is with us in this respect. Do we care for God's Word and worship? Do we pray in private? Are we regular and devout in public prayer? There are some persons whose love for God must be of the coldest, if we are to judge by their love of His house. Do you think that a man can be thought to be a religious man, who is quite satisfied that he has performed his religious duties if he comes to church once in a week, and, perhaps, is not very much distressed if he occasionally misses that one poor tribute of homage to his God? I am not now speaking of persons who are sick or in feeble health, but of persons who are strong and healthy. I can hardly bring myself to believe that such persons can be regarded as religious men and women, even according to the most charitable

construction of their conduct. Then there are many who are fairly regular in their attendance at the house of prayer, who never come to the Lord's Table. Such persons, however estimable they may be in many respects, cannot be regarded as Christians. I am quite aware of the excuses which are urged for them and by them. Such excuses only prove more completely the truth of my assertion. They are kept back by some secret sin, or by worldliness, or by self-will. Is their case improved by such an apology? It seems to me to be made worse. Our Lord does not find in us the fruits of obedience to His will if He finds us disobeying His plainest command—neglecting this duty, refusing this privilege.

I should have liked to mention other evidences of a true consecration of the heart to God, such as frequent and earnest private prayer, meditation on sacred subjects, willingness and liberality in helping forward the work of Christ in the world, and I must ask you to remember these things in the work of self-examination; but I will here only add one caution to those who apply the principle of the text to themselves and others. I would say to them, 'Be as severe as you please in applying this test to yourselves, and as charitable as possible in applying it to others; and more especially let us remember that the presence of faults, and even of conspicuous faults in others, will not prove that they are unfruitful trees, nor will the absence of such faults in ourselves prove that we are fruitful; there is nothing which men are more prone to do, than to fasten upon special faults which they discern in others, and to congratulate themselves that they are free from them, and so dash to the very illogical conclusion that others are irreligious men, and they are religious. Nothing can be more fallacious. A tree which bears only, or chiefly, evil fruits, must be an evil tree; but one which is laden with rich and beautiful fruit, and here and there has bad fruit, is a good tree, the exceptions notwithstanding. But it is equally clear that the tree which, indeed, is free from bad fruit, but is also without any good fruit upon it, is a bad and worthless tree, a cumberer of the ground, fit only to be cut down and cast into the fire.'

It is well that men should strive after a life of perfect innocence; but we must beware of judging harshly the faults of others, while we overlook their virtues and graces, and we must not too readily conclude that the absence of glaring faults in ourselves will be accepted by our Lord as signs of true fellowship with Him. We may require of others, especially of those who either profess to teach us or who seek our fellowship or our friendship, that they be not destitute of the fruits of the Spirit of God; but we shall, if we are true to our Lord and to our own souls, exercise a far more jealous scrutiny over ourselves, and labour and pray that our 'love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and in all judgment; that we may approve things that are excellent; that we may be sincere and without offence till the day of Christ, being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, unto the glory and praise of God.'



"OH, SAVE HIM, SAVE HIM!"

## James Golding's Boy.

But, though Smith spoke no more of the excellence of his lad, though Johnnie was no more seen in the choir at church, and no longer held up his head as a model boy, and a favourite of Mr. Percy's, he did not turn out badly. Indeed, it was the very best thing for him when he was found out, for Smith's kindness was the means, in God's mercy, of making him truly sorry for his dishonesty, and he resolved to show his gratitude and win back his master's confidence. He did not know what his dishonesty had cost him; for Golding no longer thought, as he had lately often done, of the future day when he might, perhaps, tell Johnnie the story, or part of the story, and enjoy the boy's wonder and delight at the good luck in store for him. He would not claim a son who had been found out in thieving, and so as time passed he left off noticing or thinking of the lad, or young man as he was now, and indeed he was so wrapped up in his business that he had small time or thought for anything else.

One day, when he went into Smith's shop for a paper, he was surprised to find another young man, who came forward to serve him. "Where is Blake?" he asked.

"Blake? he's been ill this fortnight," Mr. Smith said, this morning, that there was little hope of his living out the day."

"What is it?"

"Some kind of fever; I don't rightly know what."

As Golding walked down the sunny road, he felt cold and sick. To feel that what had been lying within his grasp for years, so that he had but to close his hand and it was his, was out of his reach for ever, came like a blow to him. Though from the first he had never even breathed to himself any regular plan for claiming his son, and for the last two years had scouted every thought of such a plan, and had thought himself lucky in being free from a thieving boy—yet now, when it was too late, it seemed the dearest hope of his life; and business, money, respect, were nothing in his thoughts compared to 'his boy,' as he now, for the first time, called him. Of late he had not noticed when Johnnie's tall figure passed the window; but now the day seemed darker and the street emptier, without him. When Mrs. Wilmot came in, to get his tea, he should hear: How was it the old gossip had never told him?

But tea-time seemed as if it would never come, and, unable to wait any longer, he left his errand-boy in charge of the shop, and set off for the narrow lane, not far off, where Mrs. Wilmot lived. It was a hot afternoon, and everything was very still, as Golding went on his way. As he came to the narrow entrance of the lane, he met some one coming out quickly—a tall young man, who nearly ran against him, as they met. It was Jack Stone, and he drew his sleeve quickly across his eyes, and said "Good day," in a choked tone, and then hurried on. "They were friends," Golding said to himself, with a pang at his heart. This is the cottage, the bedroom window is open, and the blind moved softly by the slight breeze; the door is partly open, and in the little tidy kitchen, Golding can see the old woman sitting with her Bible open before her, but she is not reading, for her spectacles are dim and her eyes too. Golding stood looking in, taking in all the scene and listening to the clock ticking on so steadily, as if Time were not so

soon over and Eternity so near. Such a hush in the house, the clock seemed saying "To~~o~~ late, too late!" to his troubled mind. But the next moment Mrs. Wilmot saw him, and got up, and put her finger to her lips, and glanced towards the stairs leading up to the bedroom. The blood rushed back to Golding's heart, and sang and throbbed in his head; the hush, as of death, was gone, and the tone of the old clock sounded differently, it was saying "Not yet, not yet!"

"He is asleep," Mrs. Wilmot said, in a whisper, "and doctor says, please God, he'll wake up better. I'm sure I never thought as he'd see another day, but God knows best. Would you like to see him?" she asked, doubtfully.

"No, no," Golding said, quickly; "I'm glad he's better, and I hope he'll come round all right," and he went off. He was afraid of betraying himself in the sudden relief, of saying something rash and imprudent that he might regret afterwards. People grow so prudent and far-seeing in old age. He would certainly claim his son, oh yes, he would, and tell him all, some day; but he would do it calmly, not in a hurry, not in excitement; not yet, not yet.

Johnnie got well, slowly; but still, Golding said to himself, "Not yet;" he regained his strength and went back to his work, and was again constantly in Golding's sight, but still, "Not yet," and the old clock went steadily on, and the days, and weeks, and months passed. The old clock marked at last the dying moment of its old mistress, and old Mrs. Wilmot went to her rest, and Johnnie lost a kind friend and had to seek new lodgings; and Golding had to find some one else to do for him, and got a new woman who did not understand his ways, and put him about sadly. "But there! he's getting old and fidgety," he overheard her say to a neighbour. *Was he getting old?* Sixty-two next birthday; not so old as many a one round; not what one would call an *old* man, but he was not as strong as he used to be, he got easily tired and done up. Ah, dear! an old man!

Then he got a cold in the winter and had a bad cough; it hung about him and he could not get rid of it or pick up his strength, and when he lay by for a week or two, the man in charge of the shop mismanaged everything, and it was all in such a muddle when he looked into things, that it made him ill again setting them right. "Ah," Smith said, "if you'd such a lad as Johnnie now, you might lie by and spare yourself a bit, like I do, for we're not so young, Golding, as we were, neither of us."

As the spring came on and he only felt more weak and unequal to his work, his mind became gradually made up, and he let himself dwell on all the pleasure and comforts of having a son, and such an one as Johnnie, to be his right hand. He should no longer be a lonely man with no one but himself to care for. He would make it a pleasant home for Johnnie, and he would not mind then sitting by as an old man, if his place was so well filled.

One evening he was down in the Low Meadows, and as he stood where his poor wife died, his mind was finally made up, and he resolved to seek out Johnnie and tell him the whole truth, and ask his forgiveness and pity, and with this resolution he set off homewards.

CHAPTER V.

Occupied with his thoughts, Golding turned his steps towards his own home which was so soon to be brightened by the light of affection and comfort, and which in his mind grew even brighter and pleasanter than the old home long ago. Surely the blessings to come would repay him for all the sadness of those twenty long years of loneliness and labour. So absorbed was he by these dreams of his that he did not notice the signs of excitement in the people who hurried past him, nor heed what they called out to one another, till he found himself in a crowd of people, all moving in one direction, and was being urged along in the direction of one of the narrow lanes of Hilton, from whence a thick column of smoke going up towards the peaceful evening sky, witnessed the truth of the people's cry—"Fire! Fire!" which now broke upon his ears. As soon as an opportunity offered, he drew himself away from the crowd and stood in a doorway watching the scene.

Even in quiet Hilton a crowd soon gathers, and the little lane was already thronged with gazers. It was one of the older houses of the town, which might once have seen better days, built of stone, with large mullioned windows and heavy stone copings. It had taken fire in the lower story during the absence of its inmates, and till the engines arrived, it seemed hopeless saving any of the furniture and goods within, and the crowd were only trying to prevent the flames spreading by throwing water on the thatch and tiles that stood dangerously near. Foremost among the helpers Golding saw Jack Stone with a ready hand wherever it was most wanted, and a kind word to the terrified neighbours who came out of their houses carrying children and goods, for they could not tell which way the flames might spread that were gaining ground so fast in the old house. The engines were long in coming, the keys of the engine-house could not be found; the man who knew about it was away and without anyone to guide their efforts, the confusion and alarm were great. Golding, as he stood watching the scene, told himself that, if he had been a younger man, he would not have stood there idle, but have been in the front of it all, where Jack Stone stood; but he could not help feeling glad that his boy Johnnie was not there to be in danger. Luckily there was no wind to spread the flames, but the smoke poured up straight to the sky, where, one by one, the stars were coming out. The flames were showing plainly in the lower rooms, and from more than one of the upper ones the smoke was bursting, and the hot glass was cracking and falling down, when suddenly a thrill seemed to run through the crowd—a thrill of horror and fear—and Golding heard a man telling of a lad coming in from work tired and worn-out, and throwing himself on his bed, and being left there asleep by the other inmates of the house, when they locked the door and went out, and this was the house, and up there was the window which the flames had not yet reached, where the lad lay, stifled already, may be, in his sleep, or still to wake up to the horror of such a death.

The excitement of the crowd was intense. "What would they do?" Golding wondered, as he saw a cluster of men talking eagerly, and a long ladder being brought out. One of the men was Jack Stone, and he seemed wild with eagerness and anxiety, and again Golding thanked God that Johnnie was not there; when suddenly the name, that was in his thoughts and that had been dwelling in his mind so much of late, was taken up and repeated from mouth to mouth in the crowd, "Johnnie Blake, Johnnie Blake," and then it flashed across his terror-stricken brain that it was his boy, the son he had neglected so long but had hoped so soon to claim, who lay there in the very arms of death.

How much agony can be condensed into a moment! Surely, in the moment when he stretched out his hands towards the flames with a helpless, hopeless cry and then staggered back, sick and faint with horror, against the wall behind, a lifetime of remorse and pain was endured. But it was but for a moment—the next, how he made his way through the pushing, driving crowd, he could not tell and did not notice, but he was there in the front by the side of the group of men who still stood in eager discussion, and he had got his hand on Jack Stone's arm and was crying out, above the roar of the flames and people, in a shrill voice that sounded strangely in his own ears, "Oh! save him, save him. You won't let him die there, like a rat in a hole."

At first they hardly heeded the feeble old man's words, but he still kept his grasp on Jack's strong young arm and urged him to help, till one of the men turned to him, and, not knowing or recognising him in his excitement, said, "What be you after, old man, urging the lad to his death, for death 'twould be to go in yonder now."

"And you'll let him die?" shrieked Golding, wringing his hands together; "die in his sleep? Oh, Jack Stone, you and he were always such friends. He wouldn't have done so by you."

Jack's hand grasped the ladder and he made a step forward but stopped. He was no coward, and he loved Johnnie as David loved Jonathan, but life is sweet, and fire is an awful death.

"I'd go myself," another man said, "but there's my wife and little ones."

"Ay! but he's got no one as cares. Cowards! I'm an old man but I'll go myself." He made a push forward, but was roughly pulled back, and Jack Stone, shaking off the kindly hands that held him back, had already his foot on the ladder.

"Right enough," he cried; "there's none as cares for Jack Stone. Here goes!"

It has taken long to tell this, but it was but a few minutes between the time that Golding stood watching the fire without a thought of danger to him or his, and that Jack went up the ladder into the burning house. The ladder could not be placed straight under the window, which still stood dark and free from fire, the only one now in all the house from which neither flame nor smoke streamed. The flames were bursting out below it, and would have caught the ladder in a moment, if it had been put there, so it was set against a corner of the old house, where a solid buttress gave it

support, and Jack had to walk a few yards along the coping at the top of the house before he reached the window in the roof, to which all eyes were turned. As he made his way along quickly and firmly, with his form showing out black and clear against the lurid smoke, a breathless silence settled down upon the crowd, and when the window was reached, and he dashed in the glass and disappeared into the room, in spite of the roaring and crackling of the flames, the silence was so intense, that Golding thought the beating of his heart must be heard by all.

There were prayers going up from many a heart in the crowd in this moment, hearts feeling their own utter helplessness, and crying to the great God who holds the elements in His hand to save those two lives which were in such deadly jeopardy. How long was it? How the flames gained ground, leaping and stretching like living, hungry creatures greedy for the strong young prey in their clutches. Golding had sunk on his knees, and hid his face in his hands. A noise in the crowd roused him, a gasping sound, half sob, half shout. There was a movement within the dark window. He is coming back! *They are coming!*

Yes! it is true; two forms are seen coming, and none too soon, for the smoke bursts out with them through the window. That is Johanie Blake first, he seems half stupified, and Jack, as he comes behind, has to hold him up and guide him along the dangerous path. Jack's shirt is torn, and his arm blackened with smoke, and his hair singed, but the crowd can see the bright, bold look on his face, and can hear him encouraging Johnnie with his cheery voice. Eager hands are ready with the ladder, eager eyes are following every step, eager voices, breaking the dreadful silence, are cheering them on, eager hearts are beating and throbbing with hope for the rescued and rescuer. The ladder is reached. The sudden and terrible awakening from his sleep, the flames and smoke, the noise and the crowd, seem quite to have stupified Johnnie Blake, and he scarcely notices the kindly hands that help him down, or the old man who clasps his hands, and, with tears running down his cheeks, sobs out his thankfulness for his wonderful escape. For a second he stands stupified, and then, tearing his hands from Golding's grasp, he turns round to his rescuer—turns, but where is he? The ladder still stands there, but where Jack Stone stood a minute ago, there is an awful chasm where part of the roof has fallen in, and the flames and smoke are rushing up in wild triumph over their terrible victory. One saved, one lost. Lost, did I say? No, surely, Jack Stone is safe from all dangers of this troublesome world, though he reached the shelter by a fiery and terrible path.

The engines are coming at last, but for what good? there are women screaming and wringing their hands, and strong men pale and trembling. They can do nothing to save the bold-faced lad who, five minutes ago, was so full of life and strength, and now—they shudder as they think of the poor, charred thing that was once Jack Stone, with his bonny face and sturdy frame. Johnnie Blake, rushing forward, would have thrown himself into the fire after his friend, had there not been many to hold him back, and

then the terror was too much, and he fell senseless and was carried out of the crowd.

"No one as cares for Jack Stone!"

There was scarcely a mother in Hilton who did not sigh for many a day, for motherless Jack Stone; and many a strong man passed a rough hand across dimmed eyes, and spoke with a husky voice, as he told of the heroic death of the Workhouse lad who died to save his friend.

\* \* \* \* \*

An hour afterwards the flames had sunk down, leaving the walls of the house, where the fire had been, standing up black and gaunt, like mourners over the destruction, the red glow was dying out of the sky, the crowd was dispersing to their beds, and only a small group remained watching the engines which were still at work. There was no further fear of the fire spreading, and nothing more to be done till the ruins cooled, and they could dig for all that remained on earth of poor Jack Stone. The other poor inmates of the house had found shelter with the neighbours, who were all ready and anxious to take them in, only Johnnie Blake sat watching the ruins, with Golding standing beside him, afraid to break by speaking the despairing gloom in which he seemed sunk. At last Golding touched his shoulder and said, "Come, lad, 'tis no use staying; we'd best go home."

"Home?" was the answer. "What home?"

"Well, anyhow come home with me and have a bit of food and rest; I'm sure you must need it."

"I don't know what cause you've got to be so kind," Johnnie said, rising weakly; and, unwillingly turning from the smoking ruins, he followed Golding through the streets, where the usual midnight quiet was fast settling down. His heart was very sore, poor lad, very sore and aching. His life that had been so hardly saved, seemed scarcely worth the keeping, since it had cost another life so much more worthy than his. Jack was such a good fellow, so kind-hearted and ready to help, everyone liked him, he made friends everywhere. He was always jolly and merry, and yet he never talked bad like other chaps. He was a good lad too, though he didn't set up and preach and think himself a sight better than other folk. Well, maybe he were the fittest of the two to go. Such were Johnnie's thoughts, and then he resolved to try to be a better fellow himself, and then, maybe, as the Parson said, he'd meet Jack Stone again some day, and then in his heart he thanked God for his safety, and asked for help to be a better man in his life to come. He could not put it all into fine words; but one honest feeling is worth a hundred fine words, and he really meant what he prayed.

Golding was tired and worn out; he was very much shocked and sorry for Stone's death; but, through all, there was the pleasant feeling of having his son by his side and bringing him home. When they reached home, he lighted the fire and set on the kettle, and made Johnnie sit down in his own arm-chair, and, getting food and hot tea, he waited on Johnnie, pressing him to eat and taking care of him, almost as a mother might have done, in spite of his

own weariness. It was such a pleasure to him, sitting there with his boy, and thinking how they would never be parted again, no more lonely days and nights, a young step, a young voice in the silent house; and Johnnie should be always happy, no wish nor whim unsatisfied, his own life should be altogether devoted to making amends to him, and when death parted them, a son's love would smooth his dying pillow, and a son's hand close his eyes. Johnnie, meantime, sat wrapped in his own thoughts, not noticing the old man's kindness or thinking of anything except poor dead Jack. But at last he was roused by Golding saying, "Come up and go to bed, Johnnie, some sleep will do you good, and I've a deal to say to-morrow."

"Sleep?" he answered, getting up; "not I. I don't think I shall ever sleep again after waking like that. I'll go down and see if the fire is out yet."

"Stop a bit," Golding said, seized with a sudden impulse to tell out his secret; "I've something to tell you first."

Blake sank into his chair again, wondering what the old man could have to say, and why he had chosen this time of all others, when his thoughts were fixed on one object.

"It's more than twenty years ago," the old man began, and Johnnie wondered again what this could have to do with him; "I had a wife then, and a baby—a boy, christened John up at St. Peter's yonder"—he spoke slowly, stopping every now and then, and looking into Johnnie's face. "My wife was false to me—broke my heart—left me—and took the child. In two years she came back, poor and ragged and ill; but I had sworn to have done with her, and everyone thought her dead—and I—well, she went away, and the next morning they found her dead in the Low Meadows."

Johnnie's face had altered now; he got up and standing, leaning on the table opposite Golding, looked at him with a pale face and closely set teeth, "Don't be hard on me, Johnnie—don't—I've repented bitterly since—I have suffered so; it's made an old man of me."

"Well?" Johnnie spoke between his clenched teeth.

"They buried my wife and took my child to the Workhouse."

"You let your wife die at your door? and let your boy grow up a pauper? Maybe you don't know what a Workhouse is?"

His voice was hard and cold, and Golding stretched out his hands as if he had been struck. "Oh, lad, don't speak so! I'm an old man, don't be hard on me! I'll make it all up to you; don't be hard on your poor old father."

There was a moment's pause, and then Johnnie Blake spoke, slowly and steadily, "You've made a mistake. My mother was a Hilton girl, who died, when I was born, in the workhouse. Jack Stone, poor chap, he as died to-day, is your son, and may God forgive you"; and he turned and left him in his desolate house. Surely God's ways are not our ways, and He knows best.

In the morning Golding was found senseless, and for a long time he lay unconscious, for the hand of God was heavy upon him. In his wandering he kept repeating those most bitter words, "Too

## *The Land o' the Leal.*

late. Too late," till they stopped the great eight days clock on the landing, whose ticking seemed speaking to the sick man. Little by little his faculties came back, and he was spared time to bless the Hand that had smitten him. In those days he told Mr. Percy his sad story with deep sorrow and repentance, and found much comfort.

In little St. Peter's on the Hill there is a small tablet on the wall, put up by Miles and by those (and they were not few) who were proud of the brave deed of the poor workhouse boy:—

To the Memory  
of  
JOHN STONE,  
Who lost his life in rescuing a man from  
a burning house.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down  
his life for his friend."

Too late for Golding to find his son on earth, not too late by penitence and God's grace to meet him in heaven. He is an old man now; but the old clock still speaks to him, "Not yet, not yet."



## *The Land o' the Leal.*

I'm wearing awa', Jean,  
Like snew when it is thaw, Jean;  
The day is aye fair, Jean,  
In the land o' the leal.

There's nae sorrow there, Jean,  
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean;  
The day is aye fair, Jean,  
In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean;  
Your task's ended now, Jean,  
And I'll welcome you, Jean,  
To the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean;  
She was baith sweet and fair, Jean;  
She was ow're guude to spare, Jean;  
Frae the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean;  
My soul langa to be free, Jean;  
And angels wait on me, Jean,  
To the land o' the leal.

Now fare ye well, my ain Jean;  
This world's care is vain, Jean;  
We'll meet, and aye be fair, Jean,  
In the land o' the leal.

## Hearty Hints to Lay Officers of the Church.

BY GEORGE VENABLES, S.C.L., VICAR OF ST. MATTHEW'S, LEICESTER.  
PARISH CLERK, VERGER, BEADLE.

**P**HE principal difficulty in offering a few hearty hints to the important officers named above, arises from the varied duties which are assigned to those functionaries in various parishes. The parish clerk of an old-established parish with its musty, ancient, yet, withal, interesting registers, records, and other muniments, holds a very different office from the clerk of a newly-formed parish. In some parishes, indeed, the clerk and the sexton retain their office as a freehold, and are removable only by a process similar to that which is necessary in the deposition of the incumbent of a benefice. The office of a parish clerk has fallen into disrepute by reason of the irreligion, avarice and ignorance, which, in past times, too often were seen in those who held it, even as the name of 'Beadledom' has attained a notorious signification, just because in former days the office appertaining thereto was usually made over to the least fitting man of the parish, who exercised it with vulgar pomposity and petty tyranny over poor folk and naughty boys.

Our hints, however, shall be hearty: hearty in their nature, and heartily offered. It is of no use to find fault with everything because it is ancient, and many great benefits to the Church may be secured through clerks, vergers, and beadles doing their duty with heart, and so with loving energy. As to the clerk, then, of the ancient parish church, I cannot refrain from repeating a suggestion which I made many years ago, that where, as is the case in many parishes, a considerable income is derived by the clerk from fees, it would be well that the office should be filled by a clerk in holy orders, perhaps a permanent deacon or a seven years' deacon, whose income from fees might amount to a goodly sum, and whose spare time, which would not be small, would be devoted to ministerial work. I have seen many instances where this hint could be adopted, or where, at the least, the services of an active lay agent might be secured from this source without further emolument. Although the "*Amen-Clerk*" is often spoken of with contempt, it has been my privilege to be acquainted with some thoroughly good men amongst parish clerks, whose memory I must always hold high in my estimation. What a contrast, however, do such men afford to the irreverent, careless, ungodly clerk, and such there have been! I have known clerks whose evil behaviour has driven people from church, clerks whose irreverence has tended to destroy every feeling of religion, clerks whose callous conduct at the burial of the dead has added to the griefs which Christian tenderness would have mitigated, and clerks whose simple object appeared to be to clutch the legal fee, or, if possible, a little more!

And this has been true also sometimes with vergers, or apparitors, or beadles. I once knew a man who united all three of these offices in himself, and whose behaviour was such as to cause many people to vow they would never enter the Church again! They had been thrust out of sittings which others (alas! for the appropriation system) claimed to possess even after the commencement of divine

service; others, when asking for sittings, had been repulsed with rudeness and told to get a sitting where they could; until this religious officer (for a religious officer every clerk, apparitor, beadle, and verger is, by profession), had actually caused many of the parishioners to forsake the assembling of themselves together in their proper Church! Even this very year have I heard of one important parish in which the unfeeling and irreverent conduct of the verger (for in this case there is no clerk), has actually caused women who came to offer thanks to God, to return home '*unchurched*,' and has also driven away many who brought children for baptism; and all these gross hindrances have arisen out of a petulant, evil disposition and hasty temper. These things are saddening. They show the great value and importance of clerks and vergers and beadles being full of true heartiness in the discharge of their duties. If a lack in their work has done so much harm, it is certain that pious devotedness in their duties would effect much good.

We all know that an unfaithful rector, or vicar, or curate, does great injury to religion; and in the same way, even if less in degree, the carelessness of any man engaged in religious duties must do sad mischief. Men whose official duties are of a religious character need to be very careful of their behaviour. Impropriety, or any inconsistency, is bad enough in anyone, but when seen in any of the servants of the Sanctuary, they do incredible mischief. In order, then, to secure heartiness amongst clerks, vergers, and beadles (and the remarks would almost equally apply to any other religious official), I say, attend to the following hints:—I. Be sure that you are a religious man, a real Christian Churchman, yourself, in your heart and in your daily life. "*Be ye clean, that bear the vessels of the Lord,*" has its meaning for you as well as for the ministers of the Gospel now. Nothing hardens a man more than the having to do with sacred things, if he live not himself as a man who knows that he is consecrated in body, soul, and spirit, to the service of his God.

II. Enter into the spirit and meaning of all you have to do. Do nothing as an act which you are bound to do because you are paid to do it. Of course "the labourer is worthy of his hire," but that is not a reason for a slavish, unmeaning way of doing your work. Your behaviour may set a good example to the congregation. If clerks are not reverent at baptisms, or churchings, or marriages, or other services, who can wonder that the people, seeing the officers of the Church are irreverent, are tempted to regard the whole affair as a sham? If beadles and vergers show no desire to promote devotion, who can be astonished when the young and thoughtless misbehave in church? Whatever, then, you have to do in or about the church, consider the meaning of it, the intention of it, and then devoutly carry it out accordingly.

III. Cultivate a habit of reverence about sacred places and sacred things. If a clerk has to somewhat lead the devotions of the people (as, probably, in some country places, is still needful), let him do so with earnestness of heart and with the deepest reverence. Does a baptism demand his services at the Font? he will see that every-

thing is quietly and decently made ready according to the rubrics, that kneelers are provided for the sponsors to kneel, and that they are supplied with Prayer-books, if (alas!) they have not brought their own with them. And so with everything else in connection with his duty; piety and reverence, and a little common sense, will make every clerk a real means of doing good in a church. And surely no one can think lightly of his office of verger or beadle who recollects the glorious expression of the Psalmist, when he said "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of ungodliness;" because, whatever be the exact meaning of those words, they certainly intimate that even to sit on but the threshold of the temple of God is better than the greatest honours and comforts afforded by unholy abundance. Now, vergers and beadles often have their tempers tried by unruly boys; but let vergers and beadles recollect that everyone who does his duty is often much tried in his temper. Let not the only object be to get rid of the unruly boy, but rather to win him, and to cure his unruliness; and this may clerk, or verger, or sexton do, if only he love his fellow creature as Jesus Christ loved us all, and clerks, vergers, and sextons are every one of them officers belonging to that Church which Jesus Christ purchased with His blood, and is enlarging by His grace.

IV. Therefore do I say, with all possible good feeling and affection, to every clerk, verger, and sexton of the Anglican Church, in whatever part of the world he may be, do not allow yourself to think lightly of your office; it is a sacred office, for it is closely connected with the Church of Christ; it is a blessed office, for it is one in which you can promote reverence, and this is something in these days of infidelity and irreverence; it is an office closely connected with the worship of God, and with the salvation of souls. Every duty which a clerk, a verger, or a beadle has to do in his official capacity arises, in one way or another, out of the work of Christ Jesus in His love for sinners. But for Christ, there would not have been a Church or worship. Your offices arise entirely out of His work, and therefore let them be discharged in the full feeling of their being religious in their origin and religious in their object. When you do this, we shall have, what indeed exists in many places, but is greatly needed in not a few churches still, viz., "heartiness in the performance of their duties amongst clerks, vergers, and beadles."

---

*George Peabody.*

 **G**EORGE PEABODY was born in the City of Danvers, Massachusetts, on the 18th of February, 1795. He began business at the age of eleven, when he became clerk in a grocery store at Danvers. Four years later, the lad, proving to be a smart young fellow, with an ambition beyond 'groceries,' went to live with his uncle at George Town. The war with Great Britain was at that time going on, for it was the year 1812, and his uncle was a volunteer soldier, and



GEORGE PEABODY.

speedily became a general. George served under him, and was engaged at Fort Warburton. At the close of the war he returned to business, and became a merchant in the city of Baltimore. He succeeded so well, that with the generosity which distinguished him through life, he charged himself with the maintenance and education of his father's family.

He first visited this country in 1837, and settled in London in 1843 as a merchant and money broker. His prosperity was great,

but business was not his only thought, for like the patriarch Jacob, at the outset of his career he vowed a vow unto the Lord.—“If God spares my life, and prospers me in my business, then the property of which I may become possessed I will devote to His glory—in seeking the good of my fellow men wherever their claims may seem most to rest upon me.”

This vow he faithfully and nobly kept, and, unlike those who wait for their death to distribute the riches they can no longer enjoy, Mr. Peabody benefited others during his life-time with a marvellous munificence. Not to mention all the great and noble things that he did, it may be stated that in 1851 he revisited his native city of Danvers, in America, and founded there, at a cost of £30,000, an educational institution and library. In 1857 he built and endowed at Baltimore a similar institution, which cost him £100,000.. Magnificent, however, as were these acts, they were quite eclipsed by what he afterwards did for the London Poor. On retiring from business in 1862, he presented the City of London with £150,000, to be expended in the erection of comfortable lodging houses for the working classes. In 1866 he gave again £150,000 for the same purpose. In the letter bestowing the former sum, Mr. Peabody wrote, “It is now twenty-five years since I commenced my residence and business in London as a stranger; but I did not long feel myself a stranger or in a strange land, for in all my commercial and social intercourse with my British friends during that long period, I have constantly received courtesy, kindness, and confidence. Under a sense of gratitude for these blessings of a kind Providence, I have been prompted to make a donation for the benefit of the poor of London.”

What rendered this act the more beautiful and touching in spirit was that it occurred at a time when there was a great deal of irritation and ill-feeling existing between England and America. Mr. Reed, M.P., in a speech at the Guildhall, in 1862, on the occasion of conferring the freedom of the city of London on Mr. Peabody, said, with great truth, “Here is a man, bound to us by no ties but those of our common humanity, at a time when some men delight to revive the memory of ancient jealousies and national animosities, who stands forward to rebuke our unworthy suspicions by an act of kindness to our poor, which brings the blush of shame to our cheeks when we think of merchant princes of our own who, living, have been strangely insensible to the claims of Christian charity, and, dying, have left no trace behind.” He afterwards added, “Mr. Peabody has made himself familiar with distress, that he might learn how best to mitigate woe; he has become acquainted, by personal investigation, with the overwhelming vicissitudes of the labouring poor, that he might ameliorate their condition; and he has given a practical illustration of the way to do good, which leaves all our busy theorists far behind.”

There is little more to add. In 1866, on leaving this country for America, the queen wrote him a letter of grateful acknowledgement, assuring him how deeply she appreciated the noble act of more than princely munificence by which he had sought to relieve the wants of her poorer subjects residing in London.

## *The Blind Man and his Dog.*

---

Mr. Peabody died in London on the 4th of November, 1869. His body was conveyed to his native land with all the honour that two great countries, England and America, could unite in paying to it; and his name and memory will for all time be cherished on both sides of the Atlantic, as a noble benefactor of his race.

### **The Blind Man and his Dog.**



R. MAYHEW, in his "London Labour and the London Poor," gives some curious experiences which he learned from the lips of the blind street-folk. Here is what one old blind man said to him about his dogs.

"Nobody likes a dog so much as a blind man; I am told they can't, the blind man is so much beholden to his dog, he does him such favours and services. With my dog I can go to any part of London, as independent as any one who has got his sight. Yesterday afternoon, when I left your house, sir, I was ashamed of going through the street, people was a-saying, 'Look'ee there, that's the man as says he's blind.' I was going so quick, it was so late, you know, they couldn't make it out; but without my dog I must have crawled along, and always be in great fear. The name of my present dog is 'Keeper,' I have had him nine years, and he is with me night and day, goes to church with me and all. If I go out without him, he misses me, and then he scambers all through the street where I am in the habit of going, crying and howling after me, just as if he was fairly out of his mind. My dog knows every word I say to him. Tell him to turn right or left, or cross over, and, whip! round he goes in a moment. If I say a cross word to him, such as Ah! You rascal, you! he'll stand on one side, and give a cry just like a Christian.

"I've had Keeper nine years. The dog I had before him was Blucher. He was as clever as Keeper, but not so much loved as he is. At last he went blind; he was about two year losing his sight. When I found his eyes were getting bad, I got Keeper. I got him of another blind man, but he had no learning in him when he came to me. I was a long time teaching him, for I didn't do it all at once. I could have taught him in a week, but I used to let the old dog have a run, while I put Keeper into the collar for a bit, and so he learned all he knows by little and little.

"At last my old Blucher went stone blind, as bad as his master, and he used to fret so when I went out without him that I could not bear it, and so got to take him always with me, and then he used to follow the knock of my stick. He had done so for about six months; and then I was one night going along Piccadilly, and I stopped to speak to a policeman, and Blucher missed me; he couldn't hear where I was for the noise of the carriages. He didn't catch the sound of my stick, and couldn't hear my voice for the carriages, so he went seeking me into the middle of the road, and a bus run over him, poor thing. I heard him scream out, and I whistled to him, and he came howling dreadful on to the pavement again. I didn't think he was much hurt then, for I put the collar on him, to take him safe back, and he led me home blind as he was. The next morning he couldn't rise up at all. I



THE BLIND MAN AND HIS DOG.

took him in my arms, and found he couldn't move. Well, he never eat nor drink nothing to speak of for a week, and got to be in such dreadful pain that I was forced to have him killed. I got a man to drown him in a bag. I couldn't have done it myself for all the world. It would have been as bad to me as killing a Christian. I used to grieve terribly after I'd lost him. I couldn't get him off my mind. I had had him so many years, and he had been with me night and day, my constant companion, and the most faithful friend I ever had, except Keeper. There's nothing in the world can beat Keeper for faithfulness, nothing."

## On the Origin and History of the English Bible.

BY DENHAM BOWE NORMAN, VICAR OF MIDDLETON BY WIRKSWORTH.

**C**E are accustomed to think of the English Bible as one book, and to regard the two Testaments in a general way as One Volume. Bound together as we have ever seen them from earliest years, we speak of this large and varied collection of books as The Bible. In a certain sense, this is all quite correct, for there is but "One" Author and Giver of this good gift of Revelation—God. Yet how many human hands have been employed in setting down for our instruction the "manifold wisdom of God." Since the torch of Divine truth was first lit in the Arabian desert, how many brave, noble, holy saints have held it for a while, and at a word from on high, trimmed it afresh and increased its brilliancy!

With great caution, an attempt must now be made to bring forward some few points of striking and lasting interest which may be gleamed in tracing the growth of Scripture unto its present perfect form as we see it in our English Bible.

For a vast number of years, when men's lives were much longer than they are now, when there were many facilities for handing down from father to son the commands of the Almighty, in the very words in which those commands were received, there was not, so far as we know, any written Word of God at all, any portion of our present Bible in existence. For upwards of 2,500 years from Adam to Moses, there was no documentary testimony to appeal to as a Rule of Faith and Law of Life. God at sundry times and in divers manners spoke to the several patriarchs and gave them His directions, as in the case of Noah (Genesis ix. 1—17), or Abraham (Genesis xxii. 1, 2); but these messages, so far as we are aware, were not written in a book, and used as guides and counsels by succeeding generations.

In the course of time, however, circumstances were different: The life of man was shortened, the means of passing on by word of mouth, by oral testimony, essential facts and truths became much less trustworthy. It is now, that the first bright germs of revealed truth are communicated by God unto His servant Moses. A concise history from the creation of the world to the advance of the Israelites to the brink of Jordan, a minute account of the building of the tabernacle, the consecration of the priesthood, the bondage, deliverance and wanderings of the Israelites, under the general name of the Pentateuch, or five Books of Moses, is the first contribution to the Sacred Roll.

There is ample authority afforded in this first instalment, for this new but more permanent mode of preserving by a written record the memory of important matters. Such clear and distinct charges as (Exod. xvii. 14), "Write this for a memorial in a book," or (Exod. xxiv. 4) "and Moses wrote all the words of the Lord," or (Exod. xxxiv. 27) "Write thou these words," or (Deut. xxxi. 9) "and Moses wrote this law and delivered it unto the priests," or (Deut. xxxi. 24—26) "and it came to pass, when Moses had made an end of writing the words of this law in a book until they were finished, that Moses commanded the Levites, which bare the Ark of the covenant, saying, Take this book of the law, and put it in the side of the Ark of the covenant of the Lord your

God, that it may be there for a witness against thee." Many as have been the trials to shake and undermine the authority of this venerable and instructive portion of our Bibles, it stands at the present day on a firmer basis of evidence than ever; and constrains us by its very antiquity alone to a belief in its genuineness as a part of God's word to Man.

Moses dies, and is buried by God—yet in a little while the stream of truth which had begun to flow, is swollen by another contribution; for we read (Jos. xxiv. 26) "Joshua wrote these words in the book of the law of God," that book namely which had been laid up in the side of the Ark of the Covenant at the command of Moses. Then again, after a considerable span of years, we learn that there was another addition by a fresh hand to this increasing roll (1 Sam. x. 25), "Samuel wrote in a book and laid it up before the Lord." And so on in the course of years, the Psalms of David and other holy men, the prophecies of Isaiah and Jeremiah; the visions of Ezekiel, Daniel and Habakkuk; the annals of Kings, and the books of Ezra and Nehemiah were added; until the designed number of books was reached; until the exact measure of His will which God saw fit to communicate to the Jews had been attained.

Careful and painstaking, diligent and laborious though Ezra and his fellow helpers were, in gathering up into one the separate works of the various Old Testament writers, yet still there were to be dug by other workers fresh wells of salvation, from which men to the end of time might draw the living water in copious and unfailing draughts. Four hundred and fifty years elapse from the prophet Malachi to the Apostle St. Matthew, and there is once again another inflowing unto the already mighty current of revealed, written Truth. In quick but ordered succession, penmen are inspired to give to the Church and world statements and facts of vital consequence. In language simple but sublime, Evangelists describe events which had but lately occurred; tell not of an expected Saviour, but of Jesus as teaching, toiling, dying, rising again, ascending into heaven. Evangelists and Apostles in vivid and graphic words set forth the workings of God the Holy Ghost in the hearts of divers men of various lands; and record, in language at once sober, temperate, and free from exaggeration, the triumphs of the Gospel, in countries where vice and ignorance had abounded; in cities where worldly wisdom and scornful unbelief had been wont to dwell for ages!

From all these various contributions of so many writers, known and unknown, separate and distinct in point of time and of composition, clearly differing in the matters written of, these rich treasures of Holy Scripture, extending from 1451 B.C. unto 96 A.D., a space of 1547 years, form now in these last days but one book. In that specific circle of years there was a commencement—a continuance—a completion of the Bible—so far as its utterance is concerned; and in a little over three hundred years more there was a final settlement of what is called, in technical language, the canon of Holy Scripture—gathered piecemeal from age to age, with scrutinizing care laid silently side by side until there is this

goodly pile of inspired wisdom, and then, as one Volume, it is intrusted to the care of the Church. Patriarchal, Levitical, Apostolical lore, cautiously selected, and welded into one harmonious whole, was thus consigned to the custody of the Church; and as, from century to century, this glorious roll of truth remains in her hands, does she not stand out in each succeeding period more prominently in the character of an honest "witness and keeper of Holy Writ." (Art. XX.)

It is generally understood and agreed that as Moses was the earliest writer under Divine guidance, so St. John was the last to receive from God the Holy Ghost messages from Heaven to man. It should be borne in mind, however, that though it happens to be the case that the writings of Moses commence, and the Revelation of St. John stands last in our English Bibles, there are many books, both in the Old and New Testament, which are not placed according to the strict order of time in which they were written. Very numerous and sometimes very serious mistakes have often arisen from a want of knowledge on the matter; mistakes which need not now be so constant, if the reader would look at the date now very generally placed at the top of the page in the ordinary bibles of the day.

A most important point has next to receive our attention. Have we in our English Bible, so far as the safest evidence proves, the exact measure of God's will unto man? No less—no more? A complete canon—a perfect rule of faith? A precise and accurate Divine law of morals? There are such writings as the Book of Jasher mentioned (Josh. x. 13 and 2 Sam. i. 18.), or again "the book of the wars of the Lord" (alluded to at Numb. xxi. 14.), or the books of the Apocrypha, read sometimes as lessons in Church; or the Epistle mentioned by St. Paul as having been written, by him to the Church of Corinth (1 Cor. v. 9.) and various others which need not be enumerated. What is to be said about them! Our answer is this: That however profitable to read, as St. Jerome says, for example of life and instruction of manners, these several writings never have been included in the canon of holy and inspired Scripture, or regarded and treated as the very and true word of God. The Jews, those jealous guardians of the Divine oracles committed unto them, never received as God's word any single writing except those which are contained in our Old Testament. So minute, so sifting, so reverently exact and strict were they, that they knew not only the names of the books, the numbers of the verses and words, but even the very count of the letters of these Scriptures which they held as Divine, and that not even a very smallest portion may be lost or altered, there was placed in the middle word of the Book of the Law, and also in that of the psalter, a capital instead of a small letter. Is it likely, is it possible, that in the hands of such curiously scrupulous people, errors could occur to the extent of whole books being shut out which rightly belonged to Holy Scripture! The books placed in our English Bibles, as the veritable word of God, written for our learning and comfort, correspond with those which have been held sacred since the days when

Ezra, as it is generally supposed, reviewed, revised, and completed the Old Testament; reckoned by the Jews as twenty-two, a number corresponding with the letters of the Hebrew alphabet—it being supposed that as by the number of these letters all that was requisite to be said or written could be expressed, so in like manner the number of sacred books comprehended all that was needful to be known or believed. Besides, as a further and stronger argument, on the same side, when our blessed Lord conversed with the Jews, as He often did, we do not find that He charged them with unfaithfulness to their trust as guardians of Holy Scripture. That they misunderstood, misinterpreted, perverted Scripture is laid to their charge, but they are not accused of taking from or adding to the number or measure of books which had been entrusted to their care.

It would undoubtedly appear from this, that such as the canon was when it left the hands of Ezra, about the year B.C. 450, the same was it found by our Lord in its threefold division of The Law, 5 books; The Prophets 8 books; The Psalms and other Writings 9 books; or as enumerated by ourselves, The Law 5 books; History 12 books; Poetry 5 books; Prophecy 17 books. These are the Scriptures referred to by Him, quoted by Him, read publicly by Him; and concerning which He said (Math. v. 17) "Think not I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil." If our Lord who is the "Truth" was convinced of the perfection and sufficiency of the number He found, to the utter exclusion of all other books whatever, may not devout and candid minds rest content with a Canon or set of books which has received the stamp of His direct sanction and approval? And with regard to the number of books which compose the Canon of the New Testament, though some were for a long number of years looked upon with suspicion and distrust—notably the second Epistle General of St. Peter—yet in the end, every single writing has in every branch of the Catholic Church been received as the veritable written word of God, and with that general and universal verdict in favour of its correctness, he would be a presumptuous man who would venture to think, we had too little or too much—defect or excess—in our present English Bible.

One word in closing this paper. Days of sifting enquiry and earnest search are not to be considered as entirely evil. It should be an answer to all who deprecate anxious, painful moments, that we have, speaking humanly, to thank two of the greatest troublers of the saints for the high value which has since attached to Holy Scripture, and for the jealous care with which it has been preserved. Antiochus (B.C. 168) sought out the books of the Old Testament to burn them. Diocletian, the Emperor of Rome (A.D. 303), caused the deaths of many Christians for refusing to deliver up the Christian Scriptures to the heathen magistrates. May the day be far distant when Holy Scripture shall be lightly esteemed. Meanwhile may the number be largely and daily increased of those who can from their own experience say with David, "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul." (Ps. xix. 7.)

## Anecdote of Bishop Heber.



**N**the month of February, 1826, during the Bishop Heber's voyage from Calcutta to Madras, on his first and last visit to the southern part of his extensive diocese, among the passengers on board the "Bussorah Merchant," there was a lady in weak health, who was going to England with a sickly infant of two months old, and leaving her husband in Calcutta. The child was suddenly seized with convulsions, and after lingering through the day, in the evening breathed its last. The Bishop spent much time in the cabin of the poor bereaved mother, comforting and praying with her; and while she was bitterly lamenting her loss, instead of checking her expressions of impatience, and prescribing to her the duty of submission, he told her the following beautiful parable, as one with which he had himself been deeply moved:

"A shepherd was mourning over the death of his favourite child, and in the passionate and rebellious feeling of his heart was bitterly complaining that what he loved most tenderly, and was in itself most lovely, had been taken from him. Suddenly a stranger of grave and venerable appearance stood before him and beckoned him forth into the field. It was night, and not a word was spoken till they arrived at the fold, when the stranger said to him:—'When you select one of these lambs from the flock, you choose the best and most beautiful among them: why should you murmur, because I, the Good Shepherd of the sheep, have chosen from those which you have nourished for me the one which was most fitted for my eternal fold?' The mysterious stranger was seen no more, and the father's heart was comforted."

---

## Short Sermon.

### Patient Obedience.

BY GEORGE C. HARRIS, M.A., PREBENDARY OF EXETER, VICAR OF ST. LUKE'S, TORQUAY.

St. Luke xvii. 14.—*'And it came to pass that as they went, they were cleansed.'*



HERE is a saying left on record by the prophet Isaiah in these words—'He that believeth shall not make haste.' It is, to a certain extent, one of the 'hard sayings' that meet us from time to time in Holy Writ. But I venture to think that this meaning may be derived from it; that one mark of the true believer is an absence of impatience; that perfect faith implies, almost as a necessity, perfect trust; that the attitude of such an one will be determined by that other utterance of Habakkuk, in reference to the visitation of God's mercy: 'Though it tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come; it will not tarry.' It implies a readiness to leave things as we find them at God's hands; to be content to wait for explanations; to stand still in the darkness, sure that God will

give, at least, so much light as is necessary to enable us to see the next step ; not questioning His promises, though they may seem long in fulfilment ; not staggered by judgments and disappointments, though they may seem hard to reconcile with our idea of God's providence ; in fact, trusting Christ entirely, when He says, 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.'

It is the temper of mind which Christ our Lord recommended to His disciples when He was foretelling the destruction of their nation. When they should be surrounded with all the appalling events which accompanied the siege of Jerusalem ; and should see their city tottering to its fall—a dispensation closing in ruin and blood ; all the traditions and associations of the most holy and the most absorbing of national histories apparently swept away by the invading and idolatrous Gentiles ; and 'the abomination of desolation spoken of by Daniel the prophet standing in the holy place,' in the midst of all this, Jesus said, 'In your patience possess ye your souls.'

In the present day, when a destruction dark and thorough as that which swept the ancient Jerusalem, seems threatening from a different quarter to desolate our spiritual Sion, what can we in our wisdom do but listen to the same exhortation. When clouds and darkness seem to wrap round the holy hills, and shut out the guiding light ; when too often through the perversion of the noblest gift of reason, 'the very light that is in us becomes our darkness' ; when leaders of popular thought bewilder us with the bright, the taking, the fanciful, the ever-varying result of restless speculations ; and the leaders of religious thought paralyse us by contradictory statements, even of those things that concern our peace ;—what can we do but look with longing eyes for the light that shall be granted us if we remain steadfastly where Christ has placed us ? How shall we occupy this time of our waiting and our watching, but in simply acting on those plain, broad truths about which none but the violent or the wilfully ignorant can raise a doubt ; in simply doing what Christ has bidden us, though we know nothing of the why or the wherefore : doing from faith, and love and trust, what the Church in the Bible has enshrined of the plain commands of Christ, and finding it a sufficient reason for our unquestioning patience and obedience, that 'the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.'

And yet this patience—the attitude in which the Christian is ever to await the storm, be it of persecution or misfortune, or onslaught upon the doctrines of his Church—this patience, I say, is not a patience of inactivity ; it is not the patience of the 'wicked and slothful servant,' who kept his one talent hid in a napkin ; it is that which St. Paul describes as 'patient continuance in well-doing,' and which our Lord stamps as the mark of real growth, of true progress ; the steady, irresistible, unhurried, but unwavering advance of the disciplined soul ; the characteristic of the good seed in the good ground, which 'brings forth fruit with patience.'

How it operates may be illustrated, I think, by the conduct and the treatment of the lepers mentioned in the text, 'As they went, they were cleansed.' They met Jesus as lepers, living types of sinners, and of their state before God. They knew bitterly their need, and

from a distance they lifted up their piteous cry, ‘Jesus, Master, have mercy on us.’ What is the reply of our blessed Lord? He simply bade them go, show themselves to the priest—just as they were, with the foul disease upon them unabated, with nothing apparently even pointing to their cleansing, except that one strong, yearning, heart-sick longing for health, so earnest, and yet apparently so hopeless. Just as they were, Christ bade them go to the priests, as if they were clean. He saw they were not clean; they knew they were not clean; but they were, at Christ’s command, to act as if they were—to present themselves before the priests for examination, and to make those offerings and perform those services which none but the clean might make and perform.

Foul and loathsome lepers, they heard the words of Jesus. Foul and loathsome lepers, with their disease still upon them, they did as Christ told them, they went His way; ‘and as they went, they were cleansed.’

And so it always was in Christ’s dealings on earth. Simple, unquestioning trust, naturally followed by unhesitating obedience, had its reward. Cavilling, doubting impatience was the prelude to rejection and ruin. ‘Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it,’ was the direction of the Blessed Virgin to the servants at Cana; they acted on her advice: they obeyed Jesus when He spoke to them, the result was the first miracle Jesus wrought. On the other hand, Jesus speaks to Nicodemus of the one Sacrament; he is staggered, and says, ‘How can these things be?’ And for the lifetime of Jesus, he never had the courage to own himself His disciple. Jesus speaks of the other Sacrament at Capernaum, and the people question, ‘How can this man give us His flesh to eat?’ and they stumble at the doctrine; they cannot bear to wait, they desert the Lord, and, sad epitaph to write upon their memory, ‘they walked no more with Him.’

I have no wish to travel into the regions of controversy; and, indeed, with all my heart I wish there were no such regions for any of us. But I cannot help following up this last reference to the Jews at Capernaum by a consideration that meets us at the present time. Are we not too fond of questioning and defining the doctrine of the Lord’s Supper, instead of obtaining the blessing connected with it by obediently receiving it?

Let me take one single case as an illustration. We all, I suppose, with scarcely a single exception, believe that *in some way* Christ is present in that Holy Sacrament. No one, at any rate, can use the words of the Church Service without so believing. But when we come to enquire into the *When* and the *How* of that presence, we find ourselves rather imitating the Jews with their questions—‘Rabbi, when camest thou hither?’ or, ‘How can this man give us His flesh to eat?’ than obeying the command of Christ, ‘Do this,’ or the Apostolic injunction, ‘Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread and drink of that cup.’

Can we not at that sacred Board, where all agree is perpetuated the remembrance of a dying Saviour’s love, agree also in this,—that as Christ has said it, as St. Paul has confirmed it, Christ Himself is really present, and imparts Himself to the soul of the

faithful communicant. Can we not have patience enough for this—patience as our dear English Church intends we should have it, neither explaining away the comfort and the reality of the Sacrament, as too many Protestants do, nor defining it in that exact and scientific way that the Roman Church has arrogated the right to do. Rome and Dissent, in this as in a great many other things, act in exactly the same way. They both know that human nature is impatient; they offer to satisfy that impatience at once—the one by saying boldly exactly what the Sacrament is; the other, with equal boldness, by saying what it is not. Our Church, on the other hand, leaves the matter where it finds it in God's word: taking Christ's own language when she must describe at all, and without telling us when any change takes place, or how any change takes place, reminding us of what Christ Himself has said, ‘He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him.’

Surely, in this spirit, many, who may be supposed to differ, may well and wisely meet. All who come in penitence, and faith, and love, God accepts, and speaks to them at that feast, and feeds them with the true Bread from Heaven, though it be to them indeed Manna, ‘for they wot not what it is.’

And one other thought on this subject, which the patient obedience of the text especially brings home to us here. It was, ‘as they went, they were cleansed.’ They started to go, lepers just as they were. As they were on the road, the road of obedience, the blessing came to them. Dear brethren, doubting, hesitating, excusing, or else accusing yourselves, pleading your ignorance, or your unworthiness, or your sin, why do you linger. Is it with you as with those lepers? Do you really know that you are offenders against God's law; do you really know that you are in a state of spiritual sickness, desolation and danger? Do you, like the lepers, wish for better things with all your heart? And do you come to Jesus for them? Then do as He bids you; imitate the lepers, who went in the face of the greatest improbabilities, but of whom we are told ‘that as they went, they were cleansed.’ You, as you obey Christ's command, as you comply with the request of the messengers whom He sends to compel you to come in, you will find that in trusting Him, and in doing as He bids, you will have your reward. Christ will bless obedience; Christ loves the simple, humble heart; Christ goes to meet those who draw near to Him. He is Himself the Master who commands, and the Priest who judges and absolves: He not only cleanses the leper, but He gives His own nature: He not only invites to the feast, but He provides the marriage garment. He saw the lepers—types of sin in its most revolting features before God; He judged them clean beforehand, and cleansed them in their simple, patient acceptance of His one condition, and in that figure He appeals to the sinner, yes, to the greatest sinner, who feels his need, to consider himself already cleansed by the work of Christ; He appeals to him by that nobility of which the worst is capable, by that welcome He has in store for all who come in faith, He appeals to us—and shall Christ appeal in vain?



## The Power of the Cross.

xii.—4

1

## The Power of the Cross.



MISSIONARY who had penetrated as far as Thibet, in order to preach the gospel in that distant land, relates that in one of the principal towns of that vast heathen kingdom, he made the acquaintance of a young physician, celebrated throughout the country for the purity of his morals, for his kindness towards the poor, and for his attention to all the ordinances of his religion.

This man was ignorant of the name and even of the existence of Christianity. The missionary instructed him gradually, destroying his prejudices, and, by degrees, preparing his soul to receive Divine light. One day the doctor came to visit the missionary in the humble lodging which he occupied at Lassa, and on the walls of which he had hung a large picture which he had brought from France, representing Jesus crucified. It was the only ornament of his humble dwelling.

During the conversation, the missionary perceived that this picture excited the curiosity of the Thibetian doctor, and he took the opportunity of explaining to him more fully than he had done before the adorable mysteries of the Divine Incarnation and Redemption. He told him how God, in the abundance of His infinite love, had been willing to come Himself into this world, veiled in human form; how He had become incarnate and humbled Himself even to us, without, at the same time, losing anything of His perfect holiness; how Jesus not only thus became our King, our Example, and our Brother, but also, in His great love, even took upon Him the punishment of our sins and became our Redeemer. Thus he explained to him the picture of the blood-stained cross, upon which the expiatory sacrifice of the Divine Saviour was offered on Calvary.

When he had finished he perceived how large tears rolled down from the eyes of his hearer, who looked fixedly at the sacred picture, without, as it seemed, being able to take his eyes off it. Respecting this religious emotion, the missionary retired, and kneeling down in prayer, asked of God, Whose mysteries he had just been endeavouring to explain, to draw to Himself, by the secret charms of His grace, this good and simple soul, who seemed naturally so well adapted to know, serve, and love Him.

The silent contemplation of the young doctor lasted for more than half an hour, and the sentiments which agitated his soul were so profound, that he could scarcely utter a few words before taking leave of the good missionary. The Cross, the mystery of Jesus crucified, had penetrated his soul, and he carried away with him the light of life, which soon led to his receiving the sacrament of holy baptism.

Reader! you have before you in the holy Gospels—not the silent picture only, but—the minute details of this same mystery of love and suffering. May they make upon your heart as vivid an impression as the representation of the Crucifixion did on the physician of Thibet. Above all, may the reading of those sacred books bring you (if you are not already there), full of repentance, faith, and thankful love, to the foot of the Cross of your divine Redeemer!

J. F. C.

## Reflection.

### ON A BLACKBIRD, LINNET, AND LARK SINGING AT ONCE.

BY JAMES HILDYARD, B.D., RECTOR OF INGOLDSBY.

T was a beautiful morning, and the sun shone brightly after the rain of yesterday, but it was not oppressively hot, though there was scarcely a breath of air stirring. I strolled into the fields after an early breakfast, and my ears were immediately greeted with the music of three or four larks, who, at different altitudes, were pouring forth their exhilarating notes.

Presently, on the topmost bough of a half-clad ash-tree, I observed a blackbird that was warbling its morning hymn 'in sweetest wood-notes wild,' not loud, but various, soft and swelling.

Anon, as if to overpower me, my attention was called away to a linnet, perched on a thorn-bush not much higher than my head, who had joined to complete the trio of songsters, and, indeed, appeared emulous, by his simple strain, of claiming the prize against the louder and more pretentious efforts of his rivals.

And true enough, for some minutes I stood still, considering, as it were, to which I should award the palm, were I constrained to decide between them. By turns the clear notes of the blackbird, and then the joyous thrill of the lark, seemed momentarily to prevail; and then, again, I yielded the victory to the little unpretending creature that, by its nearness to me, seemed to invite a closer appreciation of its merits. And even thus, methought, is it with the prayer of the faithful, or the hymn of praise which proceedeth not from feigned lips. Each is alike heard with pleasure, each alike valued, as it ascends to the Maker of all things from anyone of his creatures,

This one may address Him in the more select language of the scholar, that one may syllable forth His praises in the untaught accent of babes and sucklings. Here a devotee may approach the throne of grace in all the glowing fervour of Eastern imagery; there a humble worshipper may scarce find words wherein to clothe the bursting fulness of a heart overflowing with gratitude and love. Yet both shall, without any distinction, be borne heavenward, if addressed in His name through Whom alone we have access to the Father, and so be both alike sweetest music to the Divine ear.

Nor does it matter from what region, or from what elevation, the prayer of faith or song of praise proceed. The lark was some fathoms higher than the blackbird, the blackbird some yards more exalted than the linnet, which last sang almost on a level with my head, yet all three claimed and received my thanks alike; and had they exchanged places, so as the notes remained the same, I had not been more or less enchanted than I was.

Thus, in some Eastern countries, they worship their God from the summit of a mountain, in some from the housetop, in some they fall prostrate on to the ground, and kiss the very earth in token of their abasement; in some, as with us, they think it sufficient to adore their Maker in the erect attitude and position in which the creature was originally formed.

The voice, however, still rises upwards from whatever level it commences; the words still enter heaven's gate simultaneously,

though started far as the poles asunder. Their only difference, if any, is in the earnestness, the fervour, the *purpose* of the utterer that they should reach the intended point. Had any one note of these three birds failed to enter my ear, it had missed of its object,



and been so far spent upon empty air; in other respects, whether high or low, loud or soft, was to me immaterial, except so far as the difference caused a pleasing variety.

And so the suppliant at the throne of grace has only need to be careful of the sincerity and heartiness of his prayer, and he may be sure of its acceptance. A sincere whisper from a closet, or the guileless lisp of a child at the knee, will penetrate heaven more certainly than the stentorian voice of the hypocrite, or the oft repeated prayer of the rigid formalist.

---

### ***Put to Test.***

#### CHAPTER I.

"**H**AVE you heard the news?" said Mrs. Hammond to her friend, Mrs. Mitchell (they were two of the most inveterate gossips in Wetherham). "Poor Taylor is dead! Died quite suddenly, I suppose, for I didn't even know he was ill. Congestion of the brain, Mr.

Vernon says. Such a healthy-looking man you know—in the prime of life, too! Isn't it sad?"

"I heard of it just now," responded Mrs. Mitchell. "My husband had to go to the office in Great Queen Street, and Mr. Lane told him. Mr. Lane seems very much cut up about it."

"No wonder. Fifteen years Taylor has worked for him, I understand. He will find it hard to meet with another clerk so devoted to the business."

"I'm afraid the family will be very poor;" continued Mrs. Mitchell, in that brisk sort of tone which, when speaking of neighbours' troubles, betrays a gossip and scandal-monger. "He had nothing but his salary, and Mrs. Taylor, I know, had not a penny of her own when he married her. To be sure his salary was three hundred a-year; but then he could not have saved much out of it. Two servants, you know,—and the girls' education must have been very expensive. They had Barbara Lane's masters—Barbara told me so herself. Then poor Mrs. Taylor's bad health! Mr. Vernon's bills must have been very heavy,—for years he has attended her constantly."

"I'm afraid they've lived beyond their means," Mrs. Hammond now put in. "I'm afraid they've held their heads up too high. However, they'll have to eat humble pie now, poor things. I suppose the girls will go out as governesses, and Mrs. Taylor find a home with some of her relations. They never can keep their house on—that's impossible." And so the two ladies gossiped away an hour or so over the affairs of the bereaved family.

At the house in Great Queen Street, where Mr. Lane the lawyer lived, whose conveyancing clerk Taylor had been for nearly twelve years, two other people were chatting over the same subject, but somewhat more tenderly,—Mrs. Lane and her daughter Barbara. Mrs. Lane was a large-hearted, motherly woman, who seldom spoke ill of anybody, and never of those who were "down in the world;" and Barbara, though once flippant and thoughtless enough, had gone through a great sorrow of her own, which had taught her to enter into and sympathise with the sorrows of others.

"Has anyone been sent to enquire about them this morning, mother?" asked Barbara, as her mother came into the room and sat down. There was no need to mention names; the death of their old friend filled the thoughts of the whole family, and they all felt for the sad situation of his wife and two young daughters.

"Yes, dear," replied Mrs. Lane. "Sarah has just been. She saw Katie, who seems to bear up wonderfully, and to be seeing after everything. Mrs. Taylor is stunned, Katie says, at present. Mr. Vernon has given her a draught to make her sleep a little while. Emily is quite hysterical. They don't know what to do with her. I should think it would comfort them if you went in for an hour or two, dear, some time in the day."

"Don't you think they will like best to be alone, just for the first?" asked Barbara.

"Well, dear, under other circumstances they might. But you are an old friend—the girls are used to you. And, to tell the truth, Barbara, I'm afraid there will be a falling off of old friends

—or, rather, old acquaintances that they've taken for friends—now that this has happened. They are left very poor, you know; and such people as the Hammonds and the Mitchells have little to do with poverty. They don't own some of their nearest relations on that account. They will be very reduced indeed, I am afraid. Poor Taylor only insured his life for a thousand pounds, your father says,—meant to do more if he had lived, but that's no use now. They will be made to feel the difference keenly, poor things, depend on it—and before long too. That's why I think you ought not to put off going to see them."

Barbara's face flushed red with indignation as her mother spoke. "You don't think anybody would be so wicked, so heartless, as that, mother! Why, if they are poor, and have to earn their living, they're ladies just the same. Mrs. Taylor is a born lady; and I've heard Mrs. Mitchell say herself that there were no better-mannered or better educated girls in the town than Katie and Emily."

"Well, dear, I hope I may be wrong; but I'm afraid you will find I am a true prophet. I know the world, Barbara. I was poor myself before I married your father, and many people who make much of my acquaintance now, did not care to notice me then."

"I wish I knew who they were," exclaimed Barbara, in sudden anger; "I'd show them what I valued *their* acquaintance at. I wonder you condescended to have anything to do with them, mother!"

"Oh, my dear, one must sacrifice one's pride in those little things, if one wishes to do right. It would have done them no good, if I had snubbed them and vexed them; and I should have made myself unfit, if I had indulged myself in that way during the week, to go to the Holy Communion on the Sunday. I always like to feel I have done my best to follow Him, Who was meek and lowly of heart," added Mrs. Lane, reverently, with a grave look on her sunny face, "when I draw near to Him then."

"Thank you, mother dear," answered Barbara, simply; "I was forgetting about that."

And then the girl put aside her work, and went upstairs to dress herself for her visit to the Taylors.

It was a bright, spring day—just the day for a country walk. The scent of the lilac in the garden below came up, strong and sweet, to her bed-room window, as she stood there before the looking-glass to fasten her hat and jacket; and far away over the neighbouring chimney-pots, in the blue and golden air, lay the long, green waves of meadow and woodland, where she had intended to ramble and botanise the greater part of the morning.

"Never mind," she said to herself contentedly, "that can wait."

As she ran downstairs, through the hall, and into the street, she thought how much she would have disliked the idea of this visit a few years before. Trouble and death were disagreeable skeletons then, to be shut up close and tight in the cupboard, and ignored as far as was possible. If she met them walking about, she shuddered and shut her eyes; if she knew where they were likely to be found, she went her way in an opposite direction. But now she under-

stood them better. Sorrow had come to her, whether she would have it or not. When she was young, and gay, and careless, forgetful of God, He had sent a disease into her eyes, and stricken her with blindness; and she had lost, with her sight, a faithless lover, whose affection was not strong enough for the trial to which it was put. Her sorrow had stayed with her some years, teaching, and leading, and lighting her soul in the narrow way of peace and truth; and when it left her, she found that she had entertained an angel unawares. So she was not afraid to face trouble and death now, but glad to tell others of the comfort and blessing which she knew they kept in store.

The house where the Taylors lived was a pretty little cottage, built substantially of warm, red brick, and ornamented with a green veranda running all round, whose light trellis-work and luxuriant creepers shaded the French windows of the lower rooms. There was a small garden, carefully and tastefully kept, set in a circle of well-grown shrubbery; and the whole air of the place spoke, if not of wealth, of refinement, and comfort.

As Barbara caught sight of it, basking, bright and green, in the morning sunshine, she thought it had never looked so pretty, but when she came to the gate, and saw the blinds drawn, and the shutters half-closed, and reflected how soon the little luxuries and prettinesses would have to be given up by those who valued them so highly, her eyes filled with tears.

The door was opened by a maid-servant, whose red and swollen eyes showed that she sympathised with the family trouble.

"Can I see Miss Katie?" Barbara asked. Katie was the youngest of the two girls, but the most of a woman in many ways. She was Barbara's favourite now, as Emily had been in former years.

The servant led her into the familiar sitting-room, now empty and darkened; and there Katie came to her.

"How kind of you!" exclaimed the poor girl, putting her arms round her friend's neck, and kissing her. And then the restraint which she had kept upon herself, for the sake of her mother and sister, gave way, and she wept and sobbed in an outburst of grief.

Barbara let her weep in peace for some time, without attempting to stop her, contenting herself with silent and soothing caresses; and then Katie dried her eyes, and they began to talk—as good, right-thinking girls do at such times—of her sudden and sore bereavement.

"You've made me feel a great deal stronger," said she to Barbara, when she opened the front door to let her out again. "I know I've a great deal to go through, but now I'm better able to face it, I think."

And then Barbara took a brisk little walk before she returned to Great Queen Street, happy in the consciousness of having done the part of a true friend.

## CHAPTER II.

MRS. TAYLOR and her daughters had their tea together quietly on the day of the funeral, when the few friends and relations who

had assembled to show respect to the dead man, by following his remains to the grave, had taken their departure, and the blinds had been drawn up again, and let the rosy evening sunshine into the house. Katie, with her black dress tucked round her waist, went into the garden and cut some young cresses, which she washed herself, and arranged in a green circle round the salt-cellaret on a china plate; and then she dived into the pantry, and sliced some shavings of cold meat, and gave out some new eggs to be boiled, and seemed anxious to make the evening repast as nice and as tempting as possible.

"I wonder how you can trouble so much about eating and drinking, when poor father is hardly out of the house," said Emily, who wandered about after her sister in an aimless way, with her handkerchief to her eyes.

Katie's small brown face turned quite crimson at this unjust rebuke, but she replied gently, "I was thinking, dear, that mother had had nothing all day; and I was hoping that, now she is quieter, and the trial of the funeral is over, she might be persuaded to eat a little. She is quite faint and exhausted; but she would not let anything be fetched for her, if it was not on the table."

"I daresay she won't be able to eat any tea at all," said Emily, fretfully; "*I shan't, I know.*"

"Well, I think we shall all be the better for trying," Katie answered. "At any rate, mother needs some food, or she will be ill; and you and I ought to do our best to encourage her to take it, by taking it ourselves, Emily. And, dear," she added, putting her hand on her sister's shoulder, "try and do your best to bear up, and not fret before her, to make her feel worse."

"I can't help fretting," sobbed Emily, "when I think what we have lost."

"I know what we have lost, too," said Katie, the tears rushing suddenly into her eyes; "but it is worse for mother than for us; and she is so delicate, and has only us to take care of her! We must both try to comfort her all we can."

Mrs. Taylor came down to the sitting-room, in her deep weeds, trembling and tottering—helplessly weak from excessive crying and want of food. When her eyes fell on the empty chair by the hearth-rug, and the black dresses of the girls, she broke down afresh, and Emily began to sob aloud, to keep her company.

"Come, now," said Katie, "this won't do. Dear father would be sorry if he could see us—and very likely he can; we don't know. Let us think how happy he is, and how he won't have to work, and worry, and be anxious and tired any more; and let us be as patient, and bear our own loss as bravely as we can. God knows what's for the best. He won't be angry with us for grieving, I daresay, but He would rather see us submit and trust Him. There, dry your eyes, mother, dear, and come and sit down and have a cup of tea."

And Katie placed her mother in an arm-chair, put a pillow against her back, and began, with a little subdued bustle and pretence of cheerfulness, to pour out the tea.

"Come, Emily, draw up your chair."

Emily slowly rose from the sofa, sauntered to the table, and took a seat. And gradually they recovered their composure, and began to eat and talk. Katie broke an egg, and put it on her mother's plate, with some salt and bread and butter; and Mrs. Taylor, though at first protesting she could not touch it, was presently induced to swallow a mouthful, after which she ate the whole by degrees, with an additional slice of bread and butter and cress. In the same way, Emily, who disliked eggs, was coaxed into trying a ham-sandwich, and ended by making a far more hearty meal than Katie herself.

When the tea-things were cleared away, and the conversation turned on their worldly affairs, poor Katie had her hands full again.

"I'm sure I don't know what we shall do!" sighed Mrs. Taylor and Emily. "We can't live upon the interest of a thousand pounds; it would scarcely clothe us decently!"

"Don't trouble about that yet," said Katie; "it will come right somehow." But they would trouble about it, she found.

"Rosa Hammond says her mother advises Katie and me to go out as governesses," said Emily, dolefully; "and you to go and live with Aunt Sarah, in London."

"I go to Aunt Sarah!" exclaimed Mrs. Taylor, in a tone of distress. "Such an invalid as I am, and so dependent! How could I ask her to be burdened with me? Ah!" she sighed, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, "if it had pleased God to take me too—a poor, useless, troublesome creature—"

"Mother," interrupted Katie, "please hush! I can't bear to hear you. Whoever dreams that you're useless or troublesome? I'm sure, I thank God that He hasn't taken you from us; just think where Emily and I would be then! And as to your going to Aunt Sarah, of course you'll do no such thing! While we are together, we'll keep together, and help and comfort one another. At any rate, you won't get rid of *me* easily, I know. We shall get on, you'll see—never fear."

"I can't see how," Mrs. Taylor persisted, but with a somewhat brighter face.

"But I can. I've got it all planned out in my head. Emily and I—if Emily is agreeable—must open a school. We have had a very good education, and everybody in Wareham knows it. I think, and so does Barbara, that there's a good opening for a ladies' school; and that here, where we are so well known, and where dear father was so respected, we should be tolerably safe for pupils. The work would be good for us, too—wouldn't hurt us a bit."

"And I'm to be a burden on my own children—" began Mrs. Taylor. But Katie interrupted her briskly—

"No such thing, mother. We couldn't get along without you. You would keep house while we were in the schoolroom. I hope we shall be able to have a little servant, but she'll want looking after, and we shouldn't be able properly to see to both that and the teaching."

"But don't you think, with pupils, Katie, we might keep on our present way of living?" asked Emily, eagerly.

"I'm afraid not," Katie replied. "No; we must take a much smaller house, and perhaps do without a regular servant at first. We must have a fair beginning, Emily, and run no risk of debt. But," she added, seeing both her mother and sister looking very downcast at the thought of a change, "if, please God, we are prosperous with our school, we may come back again in a few years."

Emily sat silent for a few minutes; then she said, fretfully, but with a feeble attempt at a laugh, "How Rosa Hammond will turn up her nose at us, won't she?"

"Let her," was Katie's blunt response. "Barbara Lane won't, nor any real lady. We needn't be ashamed of being poor. But I should be ashamed," she added, "if we tried to keep up a style we couldn't afford, and imposed upon people. We should deserve to be despised, then."

"You're right, my Katie," said Mrs. Taylor, rousing herself at last. "That's what your dear father would have said. We'll be honest, whatever we are, and then we shall be respected by all whose respect is worth having."

"Yes," said Katie, kissing her, "and we shall have the answer of a good conscience towards God."

So Katie carried out her plans. When her father's affairs were all arranged, the servants were discharged, and the pretty house disposed of, with the greater part of its furniture. And then a modest little dwelling, in a quiet bye-street, not far from the Lane's, was taken and fitted up, into which the widow and her daughters removed.

Katie made everything very pretty and comfortable; and Mrs. Taylor, when they were fairly settled, began to busy herself with housekeeping matters, and seemed quite inclined to be happy. But Emily fretted a great deal over their 'come-down' in the world. The Hammonds and Mitchells, and other of their friends, did not call at the new house as they had done at the old, and sometimes scarcely noticed the girls when they met them in the street. This treatment, which little Katie bore in silence and would not mind, Emily took very much to heart, and made a great lament over. Then, again, Emily could not bear going about to enquire for pupils; she had a vague idea that it was 'letting herself down.' Katie, who saw her unwillingness, would say, with a smile, that had a touch of irony in it, "Your pride and mine are of different sorts, dear. So, as it doesn't hurt mine to ask for pupils, I'll go alone, and you shall stay with mother." An arrangement which Emily willingly agreed to.

Good little brave-hearted Katie! She used to trudge about to all her acquaintances and friends who had children to educate, getting refusals from some, snubs from others, and kindness and assistance from a few; and generally came home brisk and cheerful, though worried and vexed at times. It was no easy task, though she made so light of it at home.

At last eight pupils were gathered together—not all of the sort Emily would have liked, which, she would remark, fretfully, was

## *Origin and History of the English Bible.*

owing to Katie's hurry to get out of their pretty house—and the school was opened. They succeeded very well—quite as well, and better, than Katie had prophesied. All through the autumn and winter they plodded along, Katie working like a little galley-slave at the dry foundations and groundwork of knowledge, and Emily taking the music and drawing, and occasional French and German classes; while Mrs. Taylor interested herself in the small household concerns.

At Christmas they had three new pupils, and the promise of more; the parents of the first eight expressed themselves entirely satisfied with their children's progress, and when spring came round again, Katie and Emily began to talk of moving into a larger house, engaging a governess to assist them, and taking boarders as well as day pupils.

But they had scarcely begun to think of this, when their little plans were set aside.

One morning, Mrs. Taylor received a letter from a sister-in-law, who lived in a neighbouring village, but who had not kept up any intercourse with the Taylors for some years. She was very wealthy, and fond of gay living, and had made a place for herself in a circle to which the Taylors were not (and did not wish to be) admitted, though she was far less educated and refined than they.

Her letter explained, in a few words, that she had lost her 'companion,' that person having been required to keep a brother's house, and she offered a comfortable home to either of her nieces-in-law who would be willing to supply her place.

"Aunt Kendrick is very kind," said Katie, a little drily. "You must write to her by return of post, please, mother, and tell her we decline with thanks."

"Both of you?" enquired Mrs. Taylor, looking at Emily, whose eyes were fixed on the carpet. "You don't wish to go to your Aunt, I suppose, Emily?"

"I—don't—know," stammered Emily. "I think—perhaps—anyhow, it would be as well—just to think it over before we send an answer."

"Oh!" said Katie, significantly, under her breath. She knew what that meant.

(*To be continued.*)

---

## **On the Origin and History of the English Bible.**

BY DENHAM ROWE NORMAN, VICAR OF MIDDLETON BY WIRKSWORTH.

HE languages in which the two Testaments were written, and the number of the sacred books of inspired wisdom which the English Church accepts as of Divine authority, have been dwelt upon in previous papers. The next matter to be treated of in the course of the subject is a most interesting and instructive one. How have the Divine messages been preserved for such a length of time? We have seen that they were received by men in very different circumstances, by Moses in the wilderness, by David in his royal palace, by Amos tending his herds, by St. John in his prison at

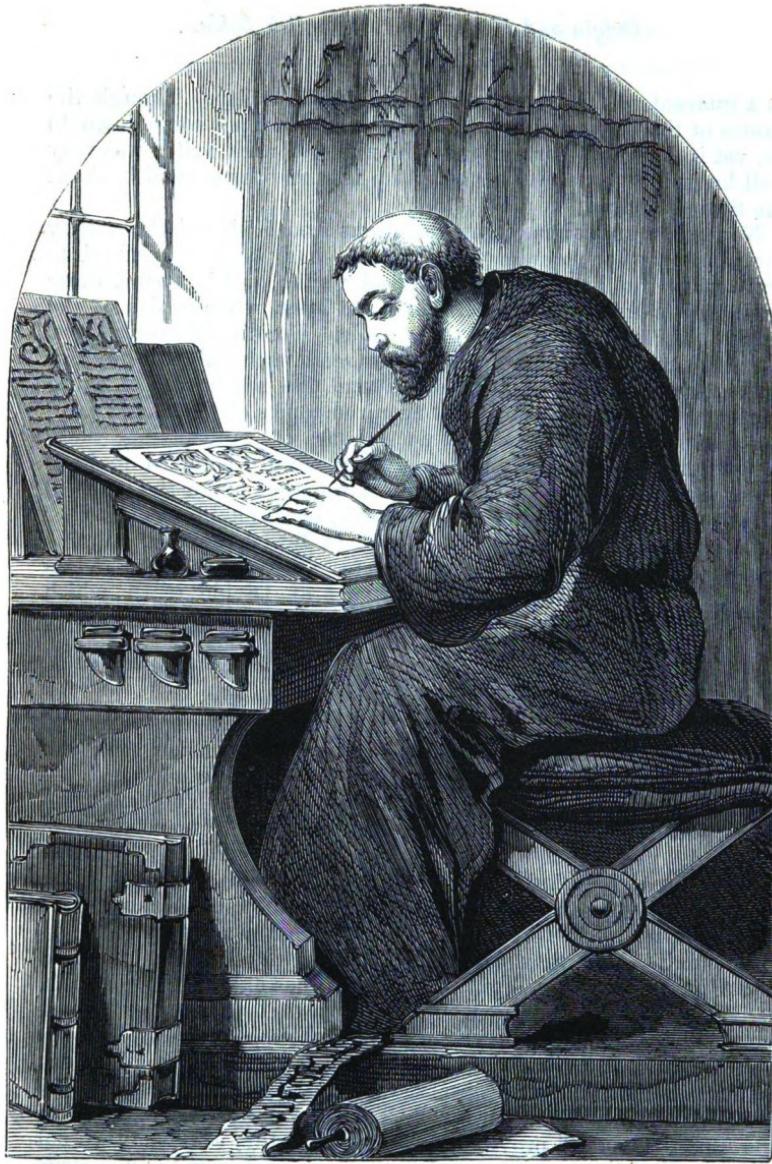
Patmos; and yet these communications unto these several saints have reached down to us in the most surprising accuracy. Looking upon all these separate books with a lively remembrance of the changes and chances they have survived—seeing them in one printed volume as we do, we may regard the result as scarcely less than miraculous. The pains and labours, the wisdom and learning which have been lavished on the work of maintaining in its integrity ‘the form of sound words’ treasured up in our English Bible are so vast and great that we need be highly thankful for the goodly heritage.

The word spoken at length becomes a written record. How then was that written word preserved during the period of three thousand years, or thereabouts, which elapsed between the first writing of Moses, B.C. 1490, and the printing of the first Hebrew Bible at Soncino, A.D. 1488? Now, it is rather remarkable that very little indeed is known about the origin of writing. Like the origin of language, it is hidden in a great deal of mystery, and hitherto has defied the powers of the most acute and industrious scholars. This much, however, seems clear, that the art of writing was little practised for several hundred years after the creation of man. True, there is one mention of a book at Gen. v. 1, but that is the only allusion to a permanent record of events in Genesis which contains the history of 2,300 years. Even in this solitary mention of a book, there is no hint as to the way in which the annals of the generations had been kept. So widely have opinions differed upon this point, that some have been content to accept as the shrewdest guess—for guess after all it must be—that this antediluvian register was made by forming letters on clay bricks when in a damp state, which bricks were afterwards hardened by fire.

The first clear proofs that such an art as writing had been found out and was in use are in the book of Exodus. Thus, the officers appointed by Pharaoh to see that the Hebrew slaves did their share of work were ‘Writers,’ that is, men who were able to keep in writing a due account of the tasks imposed and performed. In all probability it was in some Egyptian school that Moses acquired the art of setting down those various commands which he received from God. On many occasions he is told expressly to make a written memorial of important events which took place in the course of the wanderings of the Israelites in the wilderness.

Passing on a few years, we find that in the time of Joshua, there were men so advanced in the art that they could describe the nature of the country of Canaan and the appearance of its inhabitants in a book (Josh. xviii. 9). Again, some years after, when Deborah and Barak judged Israel, Zebulun could furnish men who were accustomed ‘to handle the pen of the writer.’ In later times Elijah writes to Ahab, Isaiah sets down in a history the acts of Uzziah, Baruch the scribe writes another roll in the place of that which Jehoiakim, the king of Judah, had cut with his penknife and burned.

In this case, as with all other arts, there was a steady advance, a gradual progress, a constant improvement. Yet so slow was it in its development and spread, that even up to the close of the



A SCRIBE.

Old Testament history, the power of writing seems to have been confined to a very few, and those in the highest station of life. So far as we know, the lower orders of the men of Judah and Israel were not acquainted with this very useful and elementary art, those who are named as writers being either kings, priests, prophets, or professional scribes.

It must be understood, then, that each of the books of the Old Testament was set down in writing by some inspired hand—who, for all we know to the contrary, had put his name to the writing

as a guarantee of its genuineness and authenticity. Though the names of the writers of some of the books have not come down to us, yet it is all but certain that the name of each writer was very well known to those who gathered up into one the several books of the Sacred Canon.

Now when once these communications from God—whatever they were, history, or prophecy, or psalm—had been committed to writing by the hand of the inspired writer or his scribe, there would naturally come a time, sooner or later, when copies of the original writings would have to be made. For distant synagogues, where Moses and the prophets were read each Sabbath day; or for the use of religious families beyond the reach even of synagogue worship, there would be required copies of the sacred word in considerable numbers. This labour of multiplying these transcripts from the original copy is generally believed to have been performed by the men who lived together under the name of ‘The school of the prophets,’ at Ramah, or Bethel, or Jericho, or Gilgal, or at other towns not named in Jewish history. It was made a part of their professional duty to endeavour thus to hand on to succeeding generations that treasure of Divine truth which they received. Not only were they to teach by word of mouth in the ‘synagogues of God’ (Psalm lxxiv. 8), but, whenever required, they were to be ready like Baruch (Jer. xxxvi. 28) to write fresh rolls for the edification and instruction of the people.

It may be thought, perhaps, that this work, this mere mechanical work of making copies of an original document, was an easy and trifling task. But there is the best authority to convince the student that this labour was anything but light. The rules laid down were so numerous and so rigid, that the utmost attention had to be paid or the labour was in vain. Some scholars who have given their minds to the particular branch of this subject, who have tried to acquaint themselves with the minute regulations handed down by tradition for the due and proper making of these ‘Manuscripts,’ as they are called, have really become impatient under their self-imposed toil. The wearisome nature of the details, as they have passed them in review, have led these writers to exclaim against them as vain and almost superstitious. Is there not, we may ask, cause for rejoicing, when we learn that such scrupulous care has been observed from the first in making new copies of the Holy Scriptures? ‘The thicker the hedge, the safer the flock,’ is an old proverb; adopting it in this case, may we not suppose that these writers and copyists, fenced in with such strict rules in the performance of their work, are much more likely to supply the veritable words of the original copy, than if they had been left without any such rules for their guidance.

These manuscripts, or written copies of the Old Testament are, as known to us—and, it may be, were so from the first—of two kinds. The public, or synagogue rolls, and the copies made for the use of private families or individuals. The public or synagogue rolls, such as that destroyed by Jehoiakim, or that which our blessed Lord read from in the synagogue at Nazareth (Luke iv. 16-20) were written in clear, bold letters, with a pen of a certain kind,

and ink made of ingredients carefully specified. So exact must the maker of these rolls be, that if more than three mistakes had been made on one side of the material, or if certain marks of division in some books had been omitted, that portion of the work was cast aside as unclean and useless. There was to be so much margin, and no more on the top, and on either side; and on one side only of the substance employed was the sacred text to be written. The writing was to be done in columns of narrow width. The whole of the books of the Old Testament in these public rolls were generally contained in three manuscripts—one for the law, another for the prophets, and another for the Psalms and the other poetical books.

The manuscripts made for private use were sometimes in the form and shape and completeness of the public rolls, but very generally they were less elaborate in their finish. Indeed sometimes they were written in a freer style, in letters of various sizes; and occasionally, side by side with the sacred Hebrew text, there would be written a translation of it into another language which would be better understood by the owner than the Hebrew original. But in those copies thus made for private use there were numerous safeguards against inaccuracy. For instance, whilst one writer would first put down on his writing material the consonants of a word, another would have to fill in the vowel points, and then often a third hand came at last to place the various accents. In a moment the last fellow-labourer could detect any error of his predecessor, and would remove it in his final review. These private copies were seldom made of the whole of the books of the Old Testament; very often they would be single books; they contained sometimes more, sometimes less, the amount being generally according to the wealth of the family or individual.

Now, it may appear not a little singular, that with the keenest appreciation of the value of the original documents, with the very flower of the nation set apart for transcribing these originals, with the most reverent care displayed in protecting copies from errors, yet that no manuscript, no written record of the Divine words of God to man, under the old dispensation, can be produced by the Jews which is able to boast of an existence in the time of our blessed Lord! It might well be wished by pious, holy-minded believers that there should somewhere or other be preserved a manuscript of the age of Ezra or Nehemiah, or at least of the apostles; but hitherto such a desirable addition to our stock of biblical knowledge has not been discovered. The oldest known manuscript at present is a roll containing the five books of Moses written on leather about the date A.D. 580, being thus about 1,300 years old, which is now at St. Petersburgh. The next in point of antiquity is most probably that which is now in the University Library at Cambridge, whose date is about A.D. 856. A manuscript written on red skins, discovered in the year 1826 by Dr. Buchanan, in a synagogue of black Jews at Malabar, at first thought to be very ancient, proves on further examination, like some manuscripts found in China, to be of a comparatively recent date.

## The Lady's Dream.

THE lady in her bed,  
Her couch so warm and soft,  
But her sleep was restless and broken  
still;  
For turning often and oft  
From side to side, she mutter'd and  
moan'd,  
And toss'd her arms aloft.

At last she started up,  
And gazed on the vacant air  
With a look of awe, as if she saw  
Some dreadful phantom there—  
And then in the pillow she buried her  
face  
From visions ill to bear.

The very curtains shook,  
Her terror was so extreme;  
And the light that fell on the broider'd  
quilt  
Kept a tremulous gleam!  
And her voice was hollow, and shook as  
she cried—  
“ Ah me! that awful dream !

“ That weary, weary walk,  
In the churchyard's dismal ground ;  
And those horrible things, with shady  
wings,  
That came and flitted round—  
Death, death, and nothing but death,  
In every sight and sound !

“ And oh ! those maidens young,  
Who wrought in that dreary room ;  
With figures drooping and spectre thin,  
And cheeks without a bloom ;  
And the voice that cried, ‘ For the pomp  
of pride  
We haste to an early tomb !

“ ‘ For the pomp and pleasure of pride,  
We toil like Afric slaves,  
And only to earn a home at last  
Where yonder cypress waves.’  
And then they pointed—I never saw  
A ground so full of graves !

“ And still the coffins came,  
With their sorrowful trains, and  
slow ;  
Coffin after coffin still,  
A sad and sickening show ;  
From grief exempt, I never had dreamt  
Of such a world of woe ;

“ Of the hearts that daily break,  
Of the tears that hourly fall,  
Of the many, many troubles of life,  
That grieve this earthly ball,—  
Disease, and hunger, and pain, and  
want,  
But now I dreamt of them all ;

\* \* \*

“ Alas ! I have walk'd through life  
Too heedless where I trod ;  
Nay, helping to trample my fellow-  
worm,  
And fill the burial sod,—  
Forgettings that even the sparrow falls  
Not unmark'd of God.

“ I dress'd as the noble dress,  
In cloth of silver and gold,  
With silk, and satin, and costly furs,  
In many an ample fold ;  
But I never remembered the naked  
limbs  
That froze with winter's cold.

“ The wounds I might have healed ;  
The human sorrow and smart ;  
And yet it never was in my soul  
To play so ill a part ;  
But evil is wrought by want of thought,  
As well as want of heart.”

She clasped her fervent hands,  
And the tears began to stream ;  
Large, and bitter, and fast they fell,  
Remorse was so extreme ;  
And yet—oh, yet—that many a damo  
Would dream the Lady's Dream !

## Hearty Hints to Lay Officers of the Church.

BY GEORGE VENABLES, S.C.L., VICAR OF ST. MATTHEW'S, LEICESTER.

### THE SEXTON.

 **L**THOUGH our ‘Hearty Hints’ are designedly kept pretty free from any legal questions, still it seems well to remark here, in reference to the sextons of the Church of England in England, that in some few ancient parishes their ‘tenure’ amounts to a ‘freehold’; that in most ancient parishes the office is usually treated as freehold, and although, indeed, this fixity of tenure could not be fully

sustained in law, it is nevertheless considered that a sexton is removable in cases only of flagrant neglect of duty or of immoral conduct. But in all new parishes or districts, it is enacted [19 and 20 Vict., Cap. civ., Sect. 9.] that "the parish clerk and sexton of the Church" of any church "constituted under the said recited Acts" [Sir R. Peel's and Lord Blandford's Acts] "shall and may be appointed by the incumbent for the time being of such church, and be by him removable, with the consent of the Bishop of the Diocese, for any misconduct."

But while we think it well to mention these facts, we would not forget that our object is to promote 'Heartiness among Sextons' in the discharge of their duties, and wherever this is promoted, there will be little need for a discussion of the law. Let the law of hearty love direct sextons, and no other law will be needed. Here, as in all other things, "love is the fulfilling of the law," for it leads men to act heartily, feelingly, and thoughtfully, and this is just what we wish sextons always to do in the discharge of their duties.

The duties of a sexton [*Sacristan, Segerstane, Segsten*] are principally (i.) To cleanse and to keep the church thoroughly clean, and free from dust, to see that it is well aired, and when needful, well warmed : (ii.) To take proper charge of the vestments, and see that they are clean and comely : (iii.) To dig the graves, open vaults for burials, and assist at the burying of the dead : and (iv.) under the direction of the churchwardens, and as their assistant, to aid in preserving order in the church and the churchyard, in keeping out dogs, and preventing anything that might disturb the due and reverent worship of Almighty God. Many writers include the preparation of certain vessels, and of the bread and wine for the Holy Communion, amongst the duties of the sexton. Probably they may have belonged to the *Sacristan*, properly so called, but they seem rather to belong to the deacon now. The sexton, however, usually supplies the font with clean water at the time of baptisms.

We say, then, to sextons, whether you are required to perform all four of these enumerated duties, or only one or more of them, there are two ways of discharging those duties. One way (which we have seen too often) is that in which everything was done in a careless, idle, slovenly manner; in a manner which showed that the sexton only wanted his pay, and took no sort of pleasure in his duties; in a manner which manifested that he had no sort of idea that his was a religious office connected with high and holy acts of sacred worship, or that he himself was a Christian, and engaged in religious duties.

(i.) Now, with regard to keeping the church clean, well aired, and well warmed, a sexton, whose heart is in his work, will take care to do all these things thoroughly, because it is known that many persons keep away from the church where these things are neglected. A dirty church is a disgrace to the whole parish, and especially so to the sexton, and though we by no means justify those who neglect church because it is not well cleaned, it is the case that the dirty and dusty condition of the sittings and the

walls is, in fact, a frequent excuse for parishioners neglecting church.

But one main reason of the bad attendance at church in winter, and especially on the morning services in winter, is the excessive coldness of the churches. Architects, clergymen, and churchwardens, as well as sextons, are all to blame here. There is great need for more attention to the possibilities of warming a church, and of kneeling in church, and of being fairly at ease in church, than (I fear) most of our officials consider necessary. A poor man shivering with cold on Sunday, will find the settle of '*The Green Dragon*' a snug, warm place in which to spend the Lord's Day. Why should he find the House of God, if he went there, cold and cheerless, with chilling draughts, rheumatic damp, and piercing cold? Yet it often is so.

Few places, if any, are so badly warmed as our churches. It seems as if discomfort were accounted a necessary part of our worship. Now the sexton can do much to remedy all this. If he has not 'heating power,' he must constantly appeal to those in authority until this be obtained. He must do his utmost to secure the thorough warming of the church, and if he would succeed, he must begin to warm the church for Sunday morning the day before! Saturday morning is the latest time for beginning in earnest with this matter, and it is an important matter connected with the hearty work of the sexton.\*

Then how different is the conduct of sextons, in regard to cleansing the church, and the accommodation of the parishioners and occasional strangers. One sexton, in spite of perpetual complaints, will ever leave cause of complaint in the dusty bench, the forgotten heap of rubbish, or the mouldy wall. Another can never point a person to a sitting, but the feeling is suggested that he had rather the said person had never come to church at all; while others (I rejoice to think, many others), are always cheerful in their duties, and courteous in the discharge of them. They take delight in their church, and in its beauty, both within and without;—as the well-trained ivy and jasmine on the wall, the roses and the geraniums among the graves, and the snowdrops along the green edging of the church path often testify—while the occasional stranger is not only cheerfully accommodated, but, if need be, the loan of a prayer book and hymnal is freely at his service. Then (ii.) as to the vestments, the hearty sexton will see to it that they are clean, and in proper condition, knowing that nothing connected with the ministrations of God's house ought to be carelessly or unworthily performed, and though the vestments of the Christian Church, albeit not without meaning, have not all the significance and symbolism which the divinely appointed vestments of the Jewish Church possessed, still few things are more repulsive to the worshippers than to see the vestments of their clergy in an unseemly condition. But (iii.) perhaps there is no

\* It is stated by some persons to be both an economical and successful method of warming a church, to keep a small fire constantly burning throughout the week. And obviously this is the best plan where there is prayer daily, as is now happily common in so many churches.

part of a sexton's duty which is more trying to his character than that of grave-digging. It is a solemn, necessary, and very common duty. It has to be performed in all states of the weather, and exposes a man often to severe cold and illness. But, with all this, it is connected with a most solemn act. It is not the burial of a dog with which the sexton is concerned. It is the burial of a fellow creature and a fellow Christian. It is the burial of a body of whom the words of Jesus concerning Lazarus may be quoted with equal truthfulness, when He said—“*Thy brother shall rise again.*” Of too many grave-diggers one is ready to say with Hamlet—“Hath this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-digging?” Now we are far from saying that a sexton is to be always melancholy. We wish him never to be this, but kind, hearty, and obliging, and so, happy. But we say that sextons, in the act of digging graves, and in the solemn half hour of the time of burying the dead, ought to be so impressed with their work, and so hearty in its due performance, as to manifest true tenderness and feeling on the solemn occasion.

We have witnessed sad and slovenly work at funerals, owing to the neglect of sextons. We have had to wait until a grave has been enlarged, the distressing trial to the mourners arising through the carelessness of a drunken sexton. We have had our feelings of sympathy for mourners harrowed up to the highest degree by the loud talking and noise needlessly occurring at a burial, especially during the act of lowering the body into the grave. We have heard and seen signs, at such times, of an utter absence of sympathy, feeling or thought. “Take care”—“Mind”—“Be quick there”—“Not so fast”—these and all such expressions are perfectly needless to men who know their duty, and have heart in the discharge of it. To the credit of grand old Yorkshire let it be said that in no place hitherto have we seen a proper feeling exhibited so thoroughly as there. There we have been accustomed to see the body lowered into the grave without a word, and without noise or bustle. All has been done in perfect calmness and with unbroken quiet, until the ground, cast in by half a dozen of the friends as well as by the sexton, has told of the “earth to earth,” even as the sprigs of rosemary, often cast in at the same moment, have attested by this ancient symbol that the bystanders still “looked for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come.”

Sextons are like other men, and, though they frequently become characters, they are often very fine characters. All we want is that sextons feel and believe thoroughly in the value, the importance, and the sacredness of their office. It is not altogether their own fault, however, that this feeling has not been very general; and we shall not have worked in vain in this address to them, if we shall have persuaded sextons to regard themselves as engaged in works closely connected with Christianity and the worship of God. It is the religion of Christ which calls His people to assemble themselves together in church, and hence arise all the duties of the sexton within the house of God. It is the religion of Christ which causes Christians to bury Christians with a Christian

burial, and hence many of the rites and duties of the sexton in the burial of Christians. If the dead are simply to be buried as though there were no resurrection, no life to come, no awakening in the image of Christ, then let us tear out our most beautiful Office for the Burial of the Dead from our Prayer books, and let sextons



regard themselves as mere scavengers, whose duty consists in putting what is becoming loathsome out of the way. The dead are buried in some public cemeteries almost as if this were true. But we still hope, even in this age of growing infidelity and scorn of all things sacred, that, at the least, the rights of Christians will be permitted, and that thus, Christian rites will be continued at the burial of Church people. And in this hope, and with an earnest wish for its thoroughly reverent and devout performance, as well as for the due and decent order of worship in the Church, we desire to impress most deeply upon all our sextons, segstens, or sacristans, the importance and the preciousness of 'Heartiness' in the discharge of all their duties.

## Treasures.

Let me count my treasures,  
All my soul holds dear,  
Given me by dark spirits  
Whom I used to fear.

Through long days of anguish,  
And sad nights, did Pain  
Forge my shield, Endurance,  
Bright and free from stain !

Doubt, in misty caverns,  
'Mid dark horrors sought,  
Till my peerless jewel,  
Faith, to me she brought.

Sorrow (that I wearied  
Should remain so long),  
Wreathed my starry glory,  
The bright Crown of Song!

Strife, that racked my spirit  
Without hope or rest,  
Left the blooming flower,  
Patience, on my breast.

Suffering, that I dreaded,  
Ignorant of her charms,  
Laid the fair child, Pity,  
Smiling, in my arms.

So I count my treasures,  
Stored in days long past;  
And I thank the givers,  
Whom I know at last !

(From *Household Words*.)

---

## Short Sermon.

### Death with Christ and Life in Him.

BY W. D. MACLAGAN, M.A., RECTOR OF NEWINGTON.

Gal. ii. 20.—“*I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.*”

OW fully and how plainly are the truths of the Gospel set before us in these few words! They tell us of the work of Christ for us—Christ crucified for our sins. They tell us of His work in us.—‘Christ liveth in me.’ And they tell us what our own lives should be, the lives of those whom Christ so loved, and for whom He died. ‘I live by the faith of the Son of God, Who loved me and gave Himself for me.’

May the Holy Spirit help us to think on these things, and may our thoughts be full of comfort and of blessing to our own souls.

What is here said by St. Paul may be said by every true disciple of Jesus—‘I am crucified with Christ.’ Let us think what this really means. Christ was crucified that He might suffer the penalty of death which was due to our sins. It was we who deserved to die, because ‘the wages of sin is death.’ ‘The soul that sinneth shall die,’ and we all had sinned, and all deserved to die. But Christ, in His love to our souls, came down to save us from death. ‘He died for us; the just for the unjust.’ He had taken our guilty nature into His Divine nature, that He might

make Himself responsible for all our deeds, and bear the burden of all our sins. He had 'taken the Manhood into God.' And so He had become truly Man. He had become the new Head of our race—the second Adam. 'The first man was of the earth earthly,' and he had become fallen, corrupted, guilty in the sight of God. But the second Man was the Lord from heaven; the spotless, sinless, Son of God and Son of Man.

And thus though sinless in Himself, He took upon Him the burden of our sins, as our new Head—our representative before God; and offered Himself up to suffer in our place. He died not for Himself, but for all; and as St. Paul says in another place, "if one died for all then all died." All mankind died in Him the Man Christ Jesus; for He was man—He was made Man for us; and each believer as he looks to the Cross of Calvary can thus say with St. Paul, "'I am crucified with Christ.' In His death I died. In Him I paid the penalty of sin, and now its guilt no longer rests upon me. Through that death I am ransomed, I am redeemed." And what a blessed thing it is for us when we can say this from our hearts; when we can thus put our trust in Jesus as the Ransom for our sins; when we can grasp for ourselves the simple truth of these words of faith—'I am crucified with Christ'; when we can take it home each to our own hearts as St. Paul did, 'The Son of God loved me and gave Himself for me.' How often we lose the comfort of this blessed truth because we do not remember or believe that it is true for our own souls. We believe that Christ died for the whole world; but we do not claim our own interest in that atoning death; we do not accept him as our Representative and trust our souls to Him. We do not see that we are in Him; that He had taken us into Himself, when He took the Manhood into God; and that in His death we died—'crucified with Christ.' And so we miss the peace and joy which fills the heart of a true believer—one who can rejoice in God His Saviour; one who looking up to the Cross can see himself crucified there, paying the penalty of sin in the great sin-bearer—the Lamb of God—and can say with St. Paul, 'I am crucified with Christ.'

But this is only half the Gospel. Indeed so far it is scarcely a Gospel at all. Had Christ been only crucified we could only know that we were dead in Him; and had He remained in death, we should as surely have continued dead with Him. But now the apostle adds, 'Nevertheless I live.' Christ is risen from the dead—and I am risen with Him. Now I know the meaning of His prophetic words, 'Because I live ye shall live also.' The Lord who laid on Him the sentence of our guilt, has now removed that sentence and set Him free. The bonds of death are loosed in which He was bound—and we with Him. The Father, for love of His dear Son has forgiven the race of sinners justly doomed to die; and now they come forth with Him from the prison house of death to live again, and to live for ever; to live in Him as they died in Him; to share His life, as before they shared His death. He died for them, and now they live in Him. They died in Him and now He lives in them. 'I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless, I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.' All is of Him—His love through

which we died in Him—His life by which we live in Him. Christ is ours and we are His, and all things are ours in Him; whether life or death—it is ours because it is His. We are complete in Him.

But there is a further sense in which these words are true—I am crucified with Christ.’ St. Paul in another place speaks of Christ in this way; ‘By whom the world is crucified unto me and I unto the world.’ What he means is this, ‘The world is become as a dead thing before me; it has no power to hurt me, no power to charm me; it is crucified unto me.’ And again ‘I am become as one dead to the world around me. I heed it as little as the dead man heeds what is passing around him. I no longer serve it or love it, or care for it. I am crucified unto the world.’ And so it will be with every true child of God. In this sense, too, he is crucified with Christ. All that is sinful in him—all that is of self—he has nailed, as it were, to that cross of Christ; with his own hand, but in the power of the Spirit, he has dealt a death-blow at his carnal self. He has doomed it to destruction; he has condemned it to be crucified; he has nailed it to the cross. It may linger long, for crucifixion is a slow and lingering death; it may often revive again for a moment, and assert its power, but its doom is sealed. Self is given up to be crucified. It will no longer rule as a tyrant—it is condemned as a guilty thing. ‘I am crucified with Christ.’

And this brings us on to the later words of the apostle in this place. He had been speaking of the work of Christ on behalf of the believer; the blessings which come to us from Christ’s death and Christ’s life. But now what is the fruit of these blessings in the believer’s heart? What is the character of his new life—his risen life—the life which Christ lives in him? See how St. Paul describes it: ‘The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.’ It is still then a life ‘in the flesh.’ From that burden we are not yet delivered—we still bear about with us ‘this body of death.’ We shall still have our weaknesses, our temptations, our struggles, our failures, even our sins. But these are not now what make up the life itself; they are only its defects and imperfections. It is a life of faith in ‘the Son of God, Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.’ In the life of the true disciple of Christ, the great principle, the great motive, is the love of Christ Himself—His love to our souls. The heart which has really been touched by the sense of that love will give itself up to Christ and to His service. ‘The love of Christ constraineth us.’ It shuts us in to one only course—to serve and follow Him. A life of faith in the Son of God is a life which is guided and ruled by love to Him; a life in which the heart continually tastes the blessedness of pardon and of peace; a life in which the thought of Christ and of His love is ever present to deter us from sin, to incite us to holiness; a life in which every new sin and every new sorrow is brought to the feet of Jesus, and left with Him; the sins to be washed away, and the sorrows to be turned into joy. This, and far more than this, is meant by these words of the apostle—‘I live by the faith of the Son of God, Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.’ And it is a very blessed life; no life so blessed as a life like this. The

quiet sense of forgiveness through that love of Christ; the sweet experience of fellowship with the Son of God; the blessed hope of everlasting life through Him; the confident expectation of those unspeakable joys which God has prepared for them that love Him—all this belongs to those who ‘live by the faith of the Son of God.’ They no longer look at the things which are seen, but at the things which are unseen; ‘their hearts are surely fixed where true joys are to be found.’ They walk by faith, not by sight. He who loved them unto death has drawn their love to Him; He who died for them has moved them by His love to live for Him. They live by the faith of the Son of God. He is ever in their minds and in their hearts. How they can please Him is their continued thought; that they may love Him more is their continual desire. What can they render to the Lord, the Lord Who loved them and gave Himself for them!

We may well ask ourselves, ‘Is ours a faith like this; a faith not merely to speak about, but a faith by which we live;’ a ‘faith which worketh by love’? What fruit do we see of our faith in our daily lives? Does it make us better men and women; does it make us care less about this passing world, and more about the everlasting joys of the world to come? Does our faith in Christ help us to love Christ; does it move us to give up our lives to Him Who gave up His life for us?

What a blessed thing it would be for us if our lives were lives like this; if each of us could say in truth as St. Paul said, ‘I live by the faith of the Son of God, Who loved me and gave Himself for me.’

Surely these thoughts may well come home to us with double power at such a time as this, in the solemn season through which we are now passing; above all in the Holy Week, to which we are approaching. Soon we shall be called to meditate upon the closing scenes of that suffering life of the Son of God, Who loved us and gave Himself for us. Soon we shall stand, as it were, beside the uplifted Cross; we shall see the suffering face of the dying Man of sorrows; we shall hear His latest words, “It is finished.” We shall follow Him to His rocky tomb; we shall keep our watch by the silent sepulchre. We shall hear the message of the angels speaking to us the words of comfort, ‘He is not here; He is risen; come, see the place where the Lord lay.’

And what shall we learn from all these solemn teachings of the Holy Week; what blessing will they bring to our own souls; what fruit will they bear in our daily lives. As we stand before the uplifted Cross, and see Him hanging there, the dying Saviour, let this be the confession of our faith, ‘I am crucified with Christ.’ As Easter dawns upon us with its tidings of life from the dead, let us pray that we may be able to say with St. Paul, ‘I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.’ And so when the Holy season shall have passed away, and we go forth to the work of our daily life, and to tread the unknown paths of the years or the days that may lie before us, this shall be the continual law of our life as it was with the Apostle, ‘I live by the faith of the Son of God, Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.’



'THE IDOLS ARE BROKE IN THE TEMPLE OF BAAL.'

## The Destruction of Sennacherib.

XII.—5.

1

Digitized by Google

## The Destruction of Sennacherib.

(B.C. 711).

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;  
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,  
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest, when Summer is green,  
That host with their banners at sunset were seen ;  
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,  
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,  
And breathed on the face of the foe as he passed ;  
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,  
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,  
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride ;  
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail ;  
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Asshur are loud in their wail,  
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;  
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

BYRON.

---

## On the Origin and History of the English Bible.

BY DENHAM ROWE NORMAN, VICAR OF MIDDLETON BY  
WIRKSWORTH.

If thou art merry, here are airs ;  
If melancholy, here are prayers ;  
If studious, here are those things writ  
Which may deserve thy ablest wit ;  
If hungry, here is food divine ;  
If thirsty, neotar, heavenly wine.

PETER HEYLIN.

E have seen that a way was found to pass on from age to age the messages from God to man under the Mosaic dispensation ; and that we have now in our possession, in the Old Testament Scriptures, those several communications. Though the writers have passed away to their rest and reward, yet they, 'being dead, speak to us' as distinctly and pointedly as to their first hearers. Though their manuscripts have mouldered and perished centuries ago, the words set down therein at the dictation of God the Holy Ghost are as sharp and piercing as ever, and as able to cheer the saint and convince the sinner.

Is there not, however, another Testament about which we should feel the deepest concern ? Is there not another part of the legacy of Divine Truth about which we are anxious ? In a spirit almost bordering on pride the English Churchman exclaims, "In our gates are all manner of pleasant things, new and old " (Cant. vii. 13), seeing that he is permitted to have in its fulness the treasure

## *Origin and History of the English Bible.*

---

of God's Word ; and is allowed to gather therefrom, for his guidance, the special words which his soul needs.

Let us turn, then, to a consideration of this New Testament, and try to trace out its course in its earliest days. Now, it will be supposed that the importance of the messages delivered by our Lord and His apostles is so great, that we must have a perfect and accurate transcript thereof. Yet, as a matter of fact, we find that the Holy Gospels, the Acts, the Epistles, have come down to us like any other Old World news of the same date. There was, of course, at first, what is called the autograph of the apostle or evangelist—that is, the gospel or epistle written by the hand of the person whose name it bears. Of these autographs, there is now not one in existence ; indeed, it would appear that these priceless documents were soon worn out, or by some means lost, as there is not the smallest trace of them in church records of the earliest centuries. Those writers who flourished just after the time of the apostles make no mention of them. This early disappearance of the original writings of the apostles—the title deeds of the Church—is not at all hard to account for. The papyrus, or outer coating of a reed, which was the material upon which the apostles and evangelists wrote the sacred text, was so brittle, so liable to suffer harm from constant wear, that in a few years the writing, of however important a nature the information might be, would perish through natural decay.

Though these autographs—these veritable writings of apostles—have not, for some wise purpose, been preserved to us, yet there is every reason to believe that copies must have been frequently made at a very early period for the use of Christians in their public worship and private study. We can easily imagine that there would be a real anxiety to have a copy of the Holy Scriptures to refer to in case of need, in order to be able to determine at once, from that infallible standard of doctrine, whether teachers were delivering truth or error in their addresses. The copies thus made at a very early date for circulation throughout the several branches of the Christian Church, would doubtless frequently be copied again for the use of fresh bodies of converts to the faith, who were still further distant from the central seat of Christianity. Owing, however, to the perishable nature of the material used, and partly, too, as it would appear, from the wholesale destruction of these first copies during the persecution of Diocletian, A.D. 303, not one of these earliest manuscripts has been saved for our use. Notwithstanding the most eager search, there has not been discovered a manuscript of any part of the New Testament of which the age is greater than A.D. 331, or thereabouts.

As lately as the year A.D. 1844, Englishmen were not aware that there was such an ancient document in existence as that which was then first shown to Dr. Tischendorf. It had been supposed up to that time that no more venerable manuscript than the one in the British Museum, at London, would ever be found ; but the untiring industry of this great German scholar, in seeking for those ancient copies of Holy Scripture in every library, far and near, which he heard of, was at last rewarded by the discovery at the

## *Origin and History of the English Bible.*

---

Convent of St. Catherine, on Mount Sinai—in an out of the way corner of the world—of a manuscript whose age is pronounced by those well able to judge to be greater than that of any which had been known previously.

In the year 1859, Dr. Tischendorf had the delight of bringing this valuable treasure from its hiding place in the desert, to his patron, Alexander the Second, Emperor of Russia, at whose command the journey had been undertaken. This copy is quite perfect, not having lost a single leaf. It is supposed to be one of fifty copies ordered to be made by Constantine the Great, the first Christian Emperor, in the year A.D. 331, and is now at St. Petersburg.

The next manuscript of the New Testament in point of antiquity is one which is in the Vatican Library, at Rome, which is not quite perfect, as it ends with Hebrews ix. 14, the rest of that epistle, and the other catholic and general epistles, and the Revelation of St. John being deficient. The age of this ancient transcript is generally thought to be about A.D. 350, or thereabouts.

The third earliest written copy of the New Testament known to exist is that which is now in the British Museum, at London, having been sent as a present to King Charles I., in the year 1628, by Cyril Lucar, Patriarch of Constantinople. This manuscript is far from perfect, its most important loss being the earlier part of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, chap. i. 1, to xxv. 6. It is thought to have been written about A.D. 450.

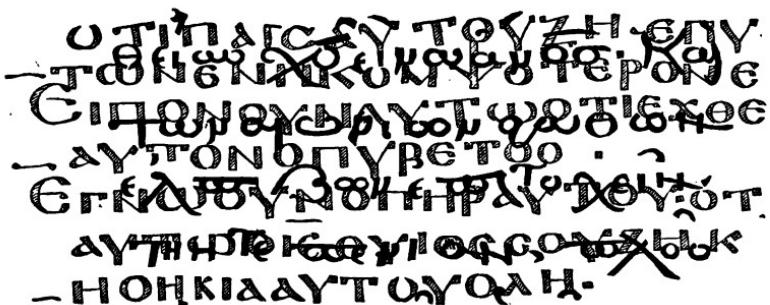
These three most ancient and important manuscripts of the New Testament are written on vellum, or fine parchment, in capital letters nearly an inch in size, and on that account called Uncial Manuscripts. There are numerous other uncial manuscripts besides those enumerated and described, but few have any considerable number of the sacred books, and some are mere single gospels or epistles, or selections from various books, called Lectionaries.

There is one very curious family of manuscripts whose history may be briefly touched on here. In early times, parchment was extremely scarce and dear; and it often came to pass that when a writing had served the purpose for which it was executed, the skin would be sponged over to make it ready to be written upon again. Several instances of this occur in Manuscripts of the New Testament. In one remarkable case, Dr. Tischendorf has, by using a certain kind of tincture, been able to bring out the original writing with such distinctness that it can be plainly read. This Manuscript—an Uncial—is now in the Imperial Library at Paris; and, though the last writer upon it has contrived to hand down some very valuable information in the shape of notes and essays of Ephrem the Syrian, yet it has a far higher value, inasmuch as on it are found considerable portions of the Old and New Testament, written most probably as early as the year A.D. 500.

There is one of these ‘palimpsests’—that is, re-written manuscripts—in the British Museum, at London, having been brought in the year 1847 from the Convent of St. Mary Deipara, in the Nitrian desert. The text of Holy Scripture written upon it between A.D. 500 and 600 has been covered by a Syrian writing

of the ninth or tenth centuries. These are the two chief examples of this singular kind of manuscripts; but there are, in various countries, many others of less value and importance.

Thus it would appear that God's word cannot be concealed. Are ancient copies hidden in Sinai's top? They are searched for and taken out thence. Are certain portions hidden beneath worldly wisdom written over them? They are by-and-bye seen to rise out of their obscurity, to gladden the heart and confirm the mind, and establish the faith of the seekers after truth.



[FRAGMENT OF THE PALIMPSEST OF EPHREM THE SYRIAN.]

There is another kind of manuscript, of a later date, and written on different materials, such as cotton-paper, then, a little later, linen-paper, and, finally, in the 13th century, paper nearly such as that now in common use. This class of manuscript is notable also for another feature—the character and style of letters used. The stiff, cumbersome capital letters which had been used, gradually yielded to a simpler form, and what is called a cursive, or running, hand, was adopted—a capital letter to commence with, and the rest small, something like the style which is in vogue now. The specimens of penmanship afforded in some of these old copies of God's word, which may be seen in the British Museum and other public or cathedral libraries, tell us distinctly that, in what are called the Dark Ages, religious men who spent their time in writing out the Holy Scriptures, were not afraid of their labour, or chary of the trouble they gave themselves.

Besides Manuscripts of the entire New Testament, and those which contain single Gospels and Epistles, there are numerous 'fragments' which have been gathered up from various sources, and some of these are of great value and importance, though only containing a few leaves. Thus, for instance, there is a Fragment of this kind containing portions of St. Paul's Epistles, of only fifteen leaves; twelve of these leaves are at Paris, two are at St. Petersburgh, and one was very recently found at Mount Athos, containing only Colossians iii. 4—11.

There is another very remarkable document, which is suggestive of the saying frequently made of certain verses of Holy Scripture, that they 'deserve to be written in letters of gold.' This manuscript, four leaves of which are in the British Museum, six in the Vatican Library at Rome, two at Vienna, and thirty-three others

## *Put to Test.*

---

elsewhere, is written on fine purple vellum, and the letters are of silver, of a larger size than even those used in the ancient manuscripts at St. Petersburg and Rome. Not one, even the smallest, of these portions must be despised or neglected; a reverent and loving care must guard all alike, and, in due season, each minutest leaf will serve to throw light on the whole body of Divine Truth.

In bringing to a close these observations on the manner in which God has seen fit to preserve His messages through such a long course of years (3,000), a word seems to be due to the memory of those devoted and learned men to whose pious labours we are indebted for the constant multiplication of fresh copies of Holy Writ. Whether they be the 'Schools of the Prophets,' as in the time before the coming of our Blessed Lord, or bands of holy men living in seclusion from the world in later ages, it is to them, humanly speaking, that we owe the preservation of the Word of God in very troublous and disastrous times. At the risk of loss of property, or even life itself, they toiled on in their retreats, and toiled so diligently and successfully, that, when the art of printing was discovered (A.D. 1438), there were so many written copies in existence that it was a comparatively easy matter to obtain a sufficient number to ensure tolerable accuracy for a first printed edition.

Thus, then, on different materials, in various kinds of letters, by the hands of numberless copyists, have these messages of God come down to us. How should we all strive that these Divine monitions—written, now on stone, now on papyrus, now on parchment, now on paper—may be written on the fleshy tablets of our hearts, not with ink, 'but with the spirit of the living God.' (2 Cor. iii. 3.)

---

## *Put to Test.*

### CHAPTER III.

As Katie had foreseen, Mrs. Kendrick's offer, after a little deliberation, was accepted on Emily's behalf. Emily was captivated with the idea of living in a big house, where there was an abundance of money and servants, of seeing fashionable company, of having no teaching to do, of possessing and enjoying her rich aunt's favour—being regarded, as she flattered herself she should be, in the light of an adopted daughter and first favourite, and all the rest of it; in fact, she built most wonderful air-castles for herself. Now and then her conscience smote her for leaving Katie to work alone at that 'nuisance of a school,' as she called it—conscience told her that she was selfish, and was following her inclinations instead of her duty, but she talked the 'small voice' down.

"I shall be earning my living," she said to her sister. "And my being away will make a great difference to the housekeeping expenses."

"You are earning your living now," replied Katie, shortly. Katie was a good little woman, and would have sacrificed herself

to any extent for Emily's benefit; but this scheme, she thought, and thought truly, was *not* for Emily's benefit, and she felt rather hurt and ill-used by her willingness to leave her to work and struggle alone.

"But I don't think I *do* earn my living at home," said Emily. "The fact is, school teaching isn't so much in my line as in yours. You have quite a gift for teaching; it comes to you as naturally as eating and drinking. But it is the most difficult and trying work in the world to me, and I'm sure I never do it properly."

"One can make oneself do properly anything that one ought to do," remarked Katie. "And I don't think it's natural to me to like school-keeping, for it's own sake, better than the life we used to lead when dear father was alive to work for us."

"But you have so much natural energy, Katie—you always had—which makes it easy to you; and I haven't, unfortunately," persisted Emily.

Whereat Katie sighed, and gave up the argument.

So Emily's wardrobe was replenished and put in order, and a day fixed for her leaving home. Katie, whenever she was released from the school-room, worked like a seamstress at the new linen, and dresses, and collars, and odds and ends that were required for her sister's outfit; and when all was done, and they had nearly come to the end of the last day they would spend together, she insisted on doing all the packing herself.

"You must have my waterproof, Emily," she said, as she rummaged about in the drawers and cupboards. "Mine is the newest; yours will do very well for me at home. And I'll lend you my gold bracelet, if you like. I never want it now, and you may."

She kept giving and lending her little treasures in this manner; and Emily kept saying, "Oh, now, really, Katie, I can't rob you so, dear!" but taking them all the same.

At length the boxes were packed and put into the hall, ready for the cab. Emily took her last meal with her mother and sister in the homely little sitting-room, had her last chat about the pupils, whose summer holidays were, fortunately for poor Katie, just beginning, dressed herself in her new hat and jacket, and said 'Good-bye.'

"Good-bye, my child," sobbed Mrs. Taylor. "I hope you will be happy and comfortable. If you are not, be sure and come back to us at once."

"And, Emily," added Katie, "if you find it doesn't do you *good* to be there—you know how I mean—come home; don't stay. Aunt Kendrick is not very religious, I'm afraid. Don't let her make you careless, too. Keep to our home ways, if you possibly can, and come home if you can't."

"I will—I will," said Emily, hurriedly, as she made her way to the door. "Where's my umbrella, dear? Oh, here it is. Good-bye, darling. I shall often come and see you. And I'll write whenever I can."

And so she jumped into the cab, and was driven off; and Mrs. Taylor and Katie went back to their little room alone. Poor Katie was very glad to get rid of her pupils that afternoon. She felt sad

and solitary, and out of heart. The interest of the school seemed to be gone, now that there was no one to share it.

Emily was set down at her aunt's house about half an hour afterwards. A footman opened the door, told the driver to 'put the boxes down somewhere,' and showed Emily into a gorgeous drawing-room, where her aunt was sitting with two or three morning visitors. He did not trouble himself to announce her name, and her entrance was unobserved.

"How do you do, aunt?" Emily said, with some embarrassment, advancing a step or two.

"Oh, how do you, my dear?" responded Mrs. Kendrick, hastily, hardly turning her head. "Go and take your things off; I'll speak to you presently. I'm engaged just now."

Emily withdrew, crimson to the roots of her hair. She asked the footman where she should find her room; was referred to a smart house-maid, and taken up to a small chamber in the uppermost storey, where she felt very much inclined to cry, and wished heartily that she had contented herself at home with Katie. It was not at all the sort of reception which she had pictured to herself.

However, when the visitors were gone, Mrs. Kendrick sent for her, and then showed herself disposed to be friendly and pleasant.

"Dear me," she said, looking the girl up and down; "you've grown quite pretty since I saw you last. You were very gawky as a child, I remember, but you've filled out wonderfully. You're really very presentable. Your dress is a *little* unbecoming—not quite the thing, you know, just now; but still, when we've trimmed you up, you'll be all right. Can you play well, my dear? What sort of voice have you? I suppose you have had enough society in Werelham not to feel shy and awkward in a room?"

And these questions satisfactorily answered, Mrs. Kendrick waxed quite affectionate, and began to talk of sending for her own dressmaker at once, to introduce a little 'style' and 'fashion' into the wardrobe of her niece, which, she complacently observed, was all that was needed.

Now this was a kind of thing that little independent Katie never could have borne, but which Emily's 'different sort of pride' made no trouble of at all. Emily saw that Mrs. Kendrick had been very much afraid of her husband's poor relation turning out a plain and dowdy nobody—as she would certainly have considered Katie, with her under-sized figure, and honest, sunburnt face; and that, had she been such, her lot would have been to drudge in the background, and be snubbed by the entire household. But she saw that Mrs. Kendrick appreciated the worldly value of her tall, graceful shape, and delicate complexion, and beautiful auburn hair, and that, if she would parade them, and her other gifts and accomplishments, for that lady's credit and glorification, she would have a gay and luxurious life of it. And her pride in no way interfered with her satisfaction at the discovery.

She became, as she had expected, a prime favourite. She had to work very hard, to be sure. Mrs. Kendrick did not spare her in that respect. But Emily showed no lack of 'natural energy'

now. She was housekeeper, ladies'-maid, secretary, errand-girl—everything almost behind the scenes; and she had to play and sing, and generally ‘show off’ in company, and never to give signs of weariness. But the praise, and the flattery, and the importance, the rich clothes, and presents, and fine acquaintances, were more than sufficient compensation, in her opinion. Poor Emily! nothing could well have been worse for her.

At first, she made some feeble efforts to do what was right—to follow Katie’s advice, and keep to the home ways; but it was not easy to do so in the face of her aunt’s habits, and she had never the courage to run the risk of offending her! It was a time of temptation, and she did not rouse herself to stand fast and fight; she did not make herself strong to resist with watchfulness and prayer. No; she was unprepared, and so she ‘fell away.’

An early sign of her falling away was her neglect of her daily Bible reading. She was up so late at night, and was so sleepy in the morning, that (at first occasionally, and then habitually) she delayed to leave her bed until there was only time enough left to dress herself hurriedly before she was summoned to her aunt; and no other opportunity seemed to offer itself. Then Mrs. Kendrick often required her to stay away from church, for the sake of some trivial household business, and she was afraid to risk her displeasure by any remonstrances—afraid lest she should thereby lose her dearly-prized worldly privileges! What was worse, she gave up her attendance at the Lord’s Table. Mrs. Kendrick was not a communicant; and Emily seemed to look upon herself by degrees as Mrs. Kendrick’s shadow.

And then—another sign of her falling away—she neglected her mother and Katie. Letters came from her less and less often; she was so busy, she said, she really couldn’t find time to write! And the visits ceased altogether. Katie several times met her in the Werham streets, and those meetings gave far more pain than pleasure to her sensitive heart. When Emily was alone on these occasions, she was very chatty and affectionate; but when she was with Mrs. Kendrick, as generally happened, then she was hurried and embarrassed, and even appeared to wish to avoid her.

“Emily is so grand,” the poor little schoolmistress used to say, bitterly. “Emily is so altered,” she used to add, with the tears in her eyes.

Indeed, the contrast between the sisters grew more strongly marked year by year. Emily’s consequence showed itself in every tone and gesture; she affected all the airs and graces of a fashionable, fine lady. Her London milliners and dressmakers transformed her so entirely from the quiet-looking Miss Taylor of former days, that even Barbara Lane scarcely knew her. Her elegance and ‘style,’ together with the popular belief that she was Mrs. Kendrick’s heiress (a belief which Emily herself shared), attracted to her a large circle of gay and wealthy acquaintances. While Katie, on the other hand, plodded on in her obscurity, hard-working and humble; teaching the same day-scholars in the same little school-room (she had given up the idea of the large house, and the governess, and the boarders, when Emily left her), and taking loving care of her invalid mother.

CHAPTER IV.

BARBARA LANE came in from a walk one day, looking—very unusual for her—quite glum and out of temper.

"I declare, mother," she exclaimed, flinging her gloves on the table, "I haven't any patience with Emily Taylor. I met her just now, sailing down the High Street, with Rosa Hammond and Mary Kennedy, in the most splendid grey poplin you ever saw, all over satin and fringe, and a seal-skin coat, and a French bonnet; and she was really so grand that she would hardly condescend to notice me! And there is that poor dear little Katie quite ill with one of her bad head-aches—fit for nothing but her bed—and toiling away in that stuffy school-room, with all those troublesome children! I can't help being cross," she added, smiling at her own vehemence. "Isn't it too bad, now?"

"Altogether too bad," Mrs. Lane replied. "As for Katie, she must have some help, or she will wear herself out. Mr. Vernon says she is hardly ever without her head-aches now. She used not to have them, you remember."

"She used not, I know—not until Emily left her with the whole of that tiresome school on her hands. I'm sure it's killing work. If you'd seen the black rings round her eyes when I went in this afternoon, you'd really have pitied her, poor little soul! I made her go away from the piano, and lie down for an hour, and I cleared off the remaining music lessons for her in the meantime, and so helped her a little. But I do wonder how Emily contrives to make herself happy, under the circumstances—really I do."

"I don't think Emily *does* make herself happy," Mrs. Lane replied. "I've seen her several times lately, and watched her; and I think she looks discontented with herself and the life she leads. I think her conscience is ill at ease."

"Well, it is to be hoped it is," Barbara responded. "But don't you think, mother, she may have been looking worried on that other account?"

"What account, dear?"

"Why, about young Godfrey. I don't believe they're actually engaged, because I'm sure Mrs. Kendrick would not allow it; but he's paying his addresses to her, they say, and she receives them favourably. And she can't help knowing how wild and unprincipled he is, however much she cares for him."

"I hope she doesn't care for him," said Mrs. Lane. "That would be the worst misfortune of all, and spoil her quite. As far as he is concerned, his care is only for Mrs. Kendrick's money, which he would make ducks and drakes of as soon as ever he got it into his hands. Though it's an uncharitable thing to say," added Mrs. Lane, contritely—and, indeed, she seldom spoke so strongly against even dissipated young men, the class of social sinners for whom she had least patience and toleration.

"Do you think Mrs. Kendrick will leave her money to Emily, mother?" Barbara enquired, presently.

"I'm sure I can't tell," said Mrs. Lane. "I've heard your father say that, as far as he knows—and he is her solicitor—she

has never made a will yet. I believe she so shuns the idea of death, that she puts off even that preparation, rather than make herself uncomfortable by thinking of it."

"Oh, how dreadful!" exclaimed Barbara, under her breath.

"Your father thinks it very likely that she will die, and not leave one after all—and so do I. Generally, Death comes unawares to those who will not look for him. Generally, when people leave their affairs like that—the affairs of their soul, as well as those of their body—to the chance of death-bed leisure and opportunity, no time is given them then."

"And what would become of her property, in that case?"

"Well, it would go to a nephew of hers, who ran away from home many years ago, and has never been heard of since."

"Don't they know whether he is alive or dead?"

"No. They believe he is dead, but have no proof. Until they were sure, the property would be held in trust for him."

"And if they did have proof of his death?"

"Then it would go to some other of her relations; but not to Emily Taylor, certainly."

One evening, only a few weeks after this conversation, Mrs. Lane, Barbara, and Gertrude, Barbara's school-girl sister, were sitting by the fire-side in the drawing-room, waiting for dinner.

"How late your father is!" exclaimed Mrs. Lane, after looking several times at the clock on the chimney-piece. "It is not like him to be so unpunctual. The mutton will be boiled to rags. Oh, there he is!" hearing the well-known step in the hall. "Come, my dear, you must be quite famished."

"I can't stay for dinner," replied Mr. Lane, hastily. "Just get me a mouthful of something, Barbara, and order the brougham round, while I run into the office."

"Why, what's the matter?" enquired his wife.

"I've just heard that Mrs. Kendrick has had an accident—been thrown out of her phaeton—and isn't likely to recover. I must go down at once, and see about it. You remember I told you she hadn't made a will."

Mrs. Lane and Barbara looked at one another.

"There," said Mrs. Lane, "what did I say! I thought it would come unawares!"

Mr. Lane rushed back from his office in less than two minutes, hastily swallowed a plate of soup and a slice of mutton, which his wife had ordered up, jumped into his brougham, and was driven off to Mrs. Kendrick's house.

He was met in the hall by Dr. Vernon, whose face was sterner and graver than usual.

"I'm afraid this is a serious matter, Vernon, by your look. I just now heard of it, and came off at once, in case she should desire to arrange her affairs."

"Do you mean to say that will hasn't been made yet?"

"No; it hasn't been made yet."

"Then it will never be made now. She is dead!"

"Dead! You don't say so!"

"I do, though. And I hope I may never see such a death-bed again!"

"Did she suffer so much, then?"

"Not so much in her body. But—well, you know what sort of a life she has led—and it all came home to her, when she was dying. And her terror and despair were awful to witness. I hope it will be a warning to that giddy niece of hers."

"Wasn't a clergyman sent for?"

"Yes; but it was late to make a beginning then, you know."

"Ah!" said Mr. Lane, sadly. It was too dreadful to talk about, but it set him thinking and praying with a deeper earnestness, as he drove home in the dark winter night.

On his way, he called to tell Mrs. Taylor and Katie the news. They had heard of the upsetting of the carriage, but were quite unprepared for the tidings of that sudden and terrible death.

"Oh!" said Katie, as, pale and shocked, she sat down again in her chair by the fire-side, "how Emily will reproach herself all her life, if she never tried to lead Aunt Kendrick to think of God, while she had the opportunity!"

"Poor Emily!" Mrs. Taylor ejaculated. "Well, there's one comfort—we shall have her home again now."

"I don't know, mother. If Aunt Kendrick has left her property to her, she may wish for her own establishment. Indeed, she'll soon marry that Mr. Godfrey now, I'm afraid."

But Barbara Lane came the next morning, and set her fears to rest on that score.

"Emily won't have a single sixpence," said Barbara; "you may be quite sure of that. And you may be equally sure that Mr. Godfrey will lose no time in backing out of his present position. I don't wish to be unkind, Katie, but really I do feel glad of it. Don't you?"

"I do," replied Katie, promptly. "It will be very hard for her at first; but, please God, she won't regret it afterwards."

By this time, all Wereham and Emily's fine friends were made acquainted with the state of the case. Mr. Godfrey was joking over his lucky escape from a penniless wife with some of his confidential companions, and Rosa Hammond was remarking to her mother what a come-down it was for Emily Taylor, who had given herself such airs!

## CHAPTER V.

So Emily came back to the little home again.

On the day that she was expected, Katie rose early, to furbish up the sitting-room; to get their bed-chamber freshly supplied with linen, and covers, and pretty odds and ends; and drawers, and boxes, and cupboards cleared out, and to make various cakes and pies of more than ordinary delicacy. When school was over, at noon, she put on her bonnet, and, taking a few sovereigns from her little hoard, went out and bought a new crimson table-cloth, and a new easy chair, and a couple of photographs in Oxford frames, and a few other small comforts and luxuries, wherewith to



'I CLEARED OFF THE REMAINING MUSIC LESSONS FOR HER.'

beautify their humble habitation, bustling about after her work of love as if she never could be tired. She was a trifle impatient and restless during the lessons of the afternoon, and, as soon as five o'clock struck, and the pupils were dismissed, she hurried up to her room to change her dress, singing for joy, like a child herself. When she had made herself tidy, she went to array her mother in Sunday gown and cap, and then she set out the tea. Best china, best tea-pot, new bread and butter, and cream and eggs, cold meat on the sideboard, hot cakes before the fire—everything that she could provide that might tempt the appetite of a hungry traveller.

"We are not very fashionable," she said, smiling; "but we'll make things as home-like as we can."

And then the hearth was swept for the last time, and fresh coals put on the fire; the curtains were drawn, and the lamp was lighted, the new chair was drawn up on the hearth-rug, and Katie looked all round, and said, "There!" in a tone of profound satisfaction.

She had completed her little arrangements, when the cab was heard rumbling down the quiet street, and stopping at the door. Out she ran, with the money in her hand for the driver, paid him, helped him to drag the boxes into the hall, and then, shutting him out, flung her arms round her sister and kissed her, and welcomed her with a love and gladness that Emily could not misunderstand.

Every hour which the poor girl had spent since her aunt's death had brought her, to add to her private grief and self-reproaches, slights, and snubs, and unkindnesses from those who had given her a right to look to them for consolation. She had bitterly learned the hollowness and deceitfulness of the friendships and pleasures in which she had put her trust, and been almost overwhelmed with her shame and loneliness. But now, when she saw the faithful little brown face in the doorway, and felt the warm arms clasped round her neck—when she saw the cosy sitting-room, with all its eloquent little evidences of the home-love and care, and heard her mother's voice of welcome, she wondered how she ever could have left them at all.

"Oh, Katie, Katie," she said, wiping her eyes, "I'm ashamed to show myself here, after the way I've behaved!"

"Oh, nonsense—never mind about that now," answered Katie, cheerfully. "Come, let me take off your things, and sit down by the fire, and have something to eat. We are going to be all happy and comfortable together again, now."

So Emily was stripped of her wraps, placed in the new easy chair, and her poor dejected face soon brightened up in the genial atmosphere.

"How good you are to me!" she exclaimed, in a pause of the conversation. "And how good it is to feel one has something one can trust to. There's no place like home, after all!"

But Emily had a great deal to bear at first. Not only the neglect and rudeness of those summer friends of hers—Mr. Godfrey, who used to compliment her on her beauty, and profess himself her slave; Rosa Hammond, who used to call her 'dearest,' and the rest of her fashionable set—but also the coldness of her

father's and Katie's friends, who could not readily forgive her desertion. She never met any of them without feeling how low a place she had in their respect and esteem.

She was miserable, too, in other ways. She had fallen away from all good and religious habits, and she found that it was hard to recover herself—that the smallest step in the right road was only to be gained by striving her utmost, and by much pain and prayer. She fretted constantly over that lost opportunity, when she might have "led Aunt Kendrick to think of God," and did not try to do so. "I shall never forgive myself," she said to Katie; "and I feel as if I never could be forgiven for that."

When she was low-spirited and down-hearted, Katie used to comfort and encourage her with her wise, loving words, and with the example of her own cheerful and sincere religion. She persuaded her to rouse herself to persevere, and hope, and struggle on—to take that sovereign medicine, work—and to seek her strength in prayer and communion with Christ in the Holy Sacrament.

"There's nothing else will do, you'll find," said Katie, in her blunt way.

And Emily became more and more convinced that Katie was right.

She hung up this little prayer on the wall of her room, at the foot of the bed, to meet her eye the first thing when she woke in the morning, and the last thing before she went to sleep at night—to remind her of her past shortcomings, and of the only safeguard against future fallings away:—

"In all time of our tribulation; in all time of our wealth; in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment, good Lord, deliver us."

---

## **Hearty Hints to Lay Officers of the Church.**

BY GEORGE VENABLES, S.C.L., VICAR OF ST. MATTHEW'S, LEICESTER.  
THE CHURCH CLEANERS.

HE duties belonging to the Church cleaners appertain, in strict accuracy, to the sexton. And in our 'Hearty Hints to Sextons' we did not forget this. Nevertheless, in many country churches, and probably in nearly all town churches, church cleaning is committed to persons known as 'Church Cleaners,' and who are often, and, we think, not improperly, women. The importance of keeping churches clean has always been recognised, and, indeed, the Church has devoted one of her authorised Homilies to this subject, a fact which manifests how greatly she values the comely condition of the House of God. The fifteenth homily alluded to is well worth the perusal of church cleaners, and we commend it to their attention, contenting ourselves with quoting the following short sentences from it:—"The world thinketh it but a trifle to see their church in ruin and decay. But whoso doth not lay to their helping hands, they sin against God

and His holy congregation . . . . It is a sin and shame to see so many churches so ruinous, and so foully decayed, almost in every corner. If a man's private house wherein he dwelleth be decayed, he will never cease till it be restored up again . . . . And shall we be so mindful of our common, base houses, deputed to so vile employment, and be forgetful toward that House of God, wherein be entreated the words of our eternal salvation, wherein be ministered the sacraments and mysteries of our redemption ? The fountain of our regeneration is there presented unto us, the partaking of the Body and Blood of our Saviour Christ is there offered unto us; and shall we not esteem the place where so heavenly things are handled ? Wherefore, if ye have any reverence to the service of God, if ye have any common honesty, if ye have any conscience in keeping of necessary godly ordinances, keep your churches in good repair; whereby ye shall not only please God, and deserve His manifold blessings, but also deserve the good report of all godly people."

So saith the Church in her homily to all the people, and if, then, all the people are charged so earnestly to promote the well-being and comely condition of the House of God, much more is it to be expected that they, to whom church cleaning has been deputed, should do it thoroughly and reverently, and well. The act of church cleaning is an important one, and it is very desirable that it be done by persons who have true Christian reverence for the House of God.

We will tell two anecdotes to our friends the church cleaners. They will, we trust, read them, and think upon them. We shall tell them facts which we have seen ourselves, and we will leave them to take the hint which the anecdotes suggest, and we hope that we may picture to ourselves a good-natured smile rising upon their countenances as they read our hearty hints to them.

Many years ago we were staying not far from Canterbury, and, amongst other places, we visited a fashionable watering-place in the Isle of Thanet. A Roman Catholic chapel had been erected there (we regret to say), but we had been advised to visit it, in order to see certain curiosities which were supposed to have a charm for us. The key which unlocks most doors soon shot the bolt of the chapel, and our little party were conducted within the edifice. A decent-looking, matronly woman had charge of the place, and was engaged, as it proved, in 'cleaning' the chapel. Now, however thoroughly we protest (as we think every Bible-reader must protest) against many sad doctrines, dogmas, and doings of the Church of Rome, we never could feel justified in ridiculing anything performed in our presence within a Papistical place of worship. We are not obliged to go there; and if we do go there, we have no more right to insult the place or the people than vulgar, ill-mannered men have to insult our churches, or any article within them. But we gazed with astonishment and yet admiration at the worthy chapel cleaner. Every time she crossed before the altar she fell on her knees in lowly reverence. Every act of hers, as she proceeded with her sweeping and cleaning, was performed in a manner betokening a mind solemnly

impressed with a belief that she was doing something other than sweeping out a scullery, or even a lady's boudoir; that at all events, the place was dedicated to the worship of God, and as such was entitled to be treated as in some sense, 'the place where His honour dwelleth.' It is very possible that this feeling was possessed by her to an excess, and that she may not have balanced it with the truth that God is everywhere, and may be worshipped anywhere, and that He must be worshipped in spirit and in truth. But be that as it may, it was very interesting, and in some particulars very pleasing, to see the reverence with which this chapel cleaner pursued her calling.

And now we relate the other anecdote. There is only one objection to it. It is, that though we will tell what we have seen ourselves, we fear that many have seen it also, and may even see it now. It is getting, then, towards the end of the week. A beautiful church, closed on all week days (except perhaps on a Wednesday evening, or for the occasional burial, or marriage, or churching), must be furbished for the Divine services of the coming Lord's Day. The sexton's deputy is a woman of reputable character, but not of a reverential spirit. She goes to clean the church just as she goes out to 'char' in the neighbour's cottage. In her mind there is not the slightest difference betwixt the two occupations. And in one sense there is not. In either case dirt and dust have to be removed; all must be made tidy and sweet, and fit for their respective uses. But there is a difference, though our worthy church cleaner, like too many church Christians, does not recognise it. And because she did not (and taught as she had been, probably, could not) recognise it, we must tell you what used to occur. You would often find hassocks, kneelers, carpets or mats carelessly thrown even upon the Lord's Table; while the noise and rattle, and—if a neighbour came in—the bawling and loud gossiping, echoed through the church. Does not such irreverence shock the feelings of those who witness it? Then why should it exist? But wait awhile. What will our 'hearty' church cleaners say to making a place beneath the Holy Table the receptacle for dust-pans, brushes, and cloths? What of turning the Font into a cupboard for other dusters and broom heads? Or of a little child toddling all over the church, quiet in his mischief, and begrimmed, now the sittings, now the sedilia, and now the Lord's Table, with the unctuous smearing of sweetmeats from his dirty little hands? Have we, in telling this tale of our own beholdings, stated anything very uncommon? We fear that many of our churches afford, continually, a very sad answer to that enquiry.

Now, in all candour, whether of these two cleaners is to be imitated? We think that the actions of the former must be considered as preferable in many particulars to those of the latter.

But, in truth, all our church cleaners have to do, does not require an exact copy of either of the good creatures we have described. Let them have all the energy, the zeal for cleanliness, and the thoroughness in dusting and clearing away every particle of dirt which she whom we last mentioned, possessed. But let them take care to possess also such reverence for the House of God as shall

put an end to using Fonts for cupboards, places about the Holy Table for dust-pans, or turning the House of God into a gossip-shop or a nursery. A solemn sense of reverence for the House of God becomes all of us, though it need not be such as to cause genuflections whenever we move before the Lord's Table. If church cleaners will compare the two characters we have described, we think they may learn from one of them to be very reverent, and to do all things with reverence in the House of God, and from the other they may learn zeal and thoroughness in their occupation. And with these things united, they will be, what we wish them to be, 'HEARTY CHURCH CLEANERS.'

---

## *The Parish Register.*

THERE are three old books that lie  
On the vestry window-sill ;  
Musty, and stiff and dry  
They look to the passers-by,  
And to readers duller still.

When the bride, in white array,  
Doth the altar steps descend,  
While from turrets, mossèd and grey,  
The bells, with a sudden play,  
Their rapturous greeting send.

When the babe's unconscious brow  
Hath the holy sign received,  
With that and the solemn vow,  
Prepared for a journey now,  
Whose outset is scarce perceived.

When the bearers' heavy tread  
Hath quitted the deep grave-side,  
Where the busy, aching head,  
And feet that have swiftly sped,  
Forgotten and calm abide.

Each time one of these great tomes  
Is opened and written in ;  
But ne'er, as to rustic homes  
The villager backward roams,  
A second thought doth it win.

The rector and parish clerk  
Sometimes, for a silver fee,  
Scan over those pages dark,  
The record demanded mark,  
And close them unwistfully.

'Tis only a name, a date,  
A dwelling, they note with care ;  
The condition and estate  
Of the wed or buried late—  
Ay, but more than this is there !

They are outlines crude, but bold,  
Of every mortal's tale ;  
How briefly it may be told,  
And what thrilling scenes enfold,  
These volumes to teach avail.

What visions of festive days  
Their chronicles terse can wake,  
Of groups who, through dewy ways,  
Just flecked with the morning rays,  
Have their marriage-oath to take !

What visions of pure delight  
When parents their first-born brought  
Arms laden, and spirits light,  
When the Sabbath noon was bright,  
And God for his refuge sought !

What visions of lonely pain,  
'Neath a sad November sky,  
When, in drizzling mist and rain,  
The slow funereal train,  
Under hedge-rows bare, went by ;

And the weary widowhood  
Is likewise here made known ;  
Of maidens, who long since stood  
Where, as now, the sunny flood  
Through oriel windows shone.

And the peasant's pilgrimage,  
Which so silently was run ;  
Whose labour, from youth to age,  
One plot of soil did engage,  
Till the hard day's work was done.

Here are fever's crowded dates,  
And there is the strange blank spot,  
With its simple phrase, that relates  
How war was within our gates  
And due course of things forgot.

Ah ! dim and suggestive line !  
Ah ! rude and time-stained leaves,  
What many a hand doth sign,  
What dramas, without design,  
Your each new guardian weaves !

While the pages grow more dry,  
And their annals more obscure ;  
Till, of those who around us lie,  
They, carefully still laid by,  
The sole remembrance endure !

A. T. M.

## Martin Luther on Catechising.

"**M**ARTIN LUTHER to all the faithful, to the pious clergy and preachers, grace, mercy, and peace in Jesus Christ our Lord.

"The miserable sights which met my eyes in my late round of visitation have induced me to put forth this short and simple Catechism. God help us, what calamity I saw everywhere! The people, especially the dwellers in the country, so ignorant of all Christian doctrine, that I am even ashamed to speak of it. And yet they are all called by that holy name of Christ, they all use the same sacraments with us, though they not only do not understand the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, but cannot even repeat the words. To put it briefly, they are no way different from the beasts.

"In the name of God, therefore, I entreat and charge you, all ye clergy and preachers, seriously to discharge your office, and to attend to the souls committed to you by the Lord. Teach this catechism to your people, especially to the young.

"Be careful not to use varying forms of words in teaching the Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, the Apostle's Creed, and the doctrines of the sacraments, but the same words over and over again. I advise this, as knowing that the uneducated and the young cannot be taught more easily than by one unvarying form again and again repeated. But if thou puttest the same matters before them, now in this way, now in that, simple minds are soon confused, and all thy pains will be lost.

"But if any so despise religion as to refuse to learn these things, they are to be admonished that they are denying Christ, and have no title to the Christian name. They are to be admitted neither to the sacrament of the altar, nor to sponsorship at the font. And thou shalt be especially careful to exhort magistrates and parents of their obligation to discharge their public duties with all diligence, and to keep their children steadily to study.

"Nevertheless, let us not be moved by the world's ingratitude and irreligion. Christ Himself hath set before us more than enough reward, if we will only labour faithfully in His vineyard. And the Father of all grace grant unto us that we may do this more effectively; to whom be praise and glory for ever, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

From the *Preface to Luther's Shorter Catechism.*

---

### Reflection

#### ON HANDING A HALF-BRICK TO A MASON.

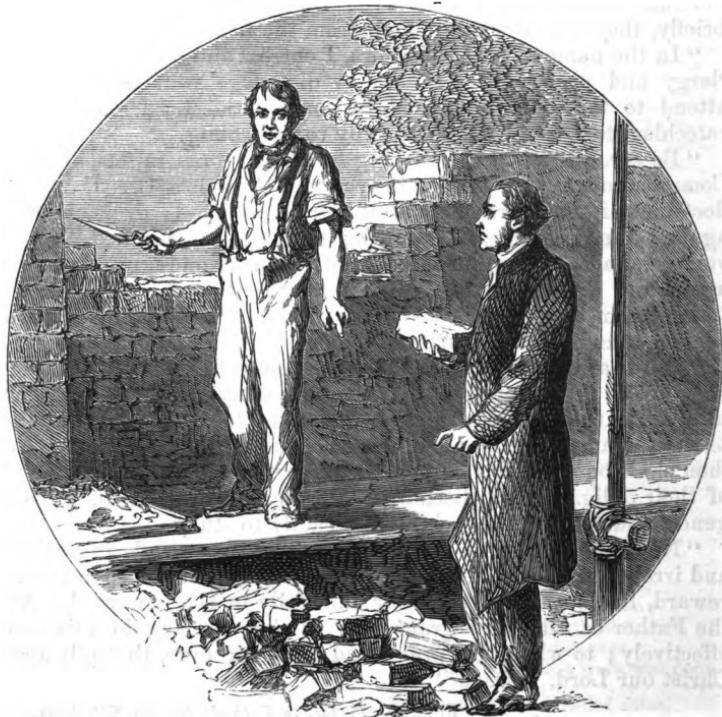
BY JAMES HILFYARD, B.D., RECTOR OF INGOLDSBY.

**O**NE morning our bricklayer was re-building a wall that had been blown down, and I had come to see how he was getting on. I had not been standing by many minutes, when he asked me to give him up a brick from the ground, pointing, as he stood on the scaffold, to the one which he wanted.

## *Reflection.*

Not perceiving his object, and supposing one brick was like another, I handed him the one nearest to myself, which was a whole one. "No, not that, the half-one, sir, if you please," was his quick remark, and I gave him that.

Indeed, if he had taken the whole one, he must have broken it in two, as they frequently do in order to serve his present purpose. His object was to "cross the joints," as they call it, in order to give greater strength and solidity to the wall; and for this an entire brick, however useful elsewhere, was altogether unsuitable.



How unwittingly, methought, is this man doing the work of the great Master Builder! Who can tell but He, who is still engaged in erecting the vast spiritual edifice of his Church, for what exact place each human being is fitted, though to the eye of the looker-on, this man may appear far preferable to that, and a third possibly superior to either? The Builder, who is about His work, knows best what He is doing, and selects such bricks or stones as the occasion requires. His eye, indeed, is over all, and though seeming for the present to overlook some, it is not without a purpose of using them when the proper time arrives.

Let no one, then, fret or demur at being apparently set aside as a useless piece of clay; but let each be content to abide patiently where he is, till his turn comes, and his Master calls him. Let us

remember, too, that man is so incompetent a judge of God's designs, that it stands in imperishable record of the highest example known of despised and neglected worth, that the same stone which the human builders refused became at length the chief stone of the corner.

It is added, too—to prevent the possibility of our imputing these things to accident or chance—that this was the LORD's doing, however marvellous in our eyes (St. Matthew xxi. 42).

---

## *Short Sermon.*

---

### *The Quietness of God's Working.*

BY W. H. RIDLEY, M.A., RECTOR OF HAMBLEDEN.

1 Kings vi. 7.—“*There was neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house, while it was in building.*”



REAT is the contrast between the mode of Almighty God's working and the mode in which man works. He says, ‘My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways.’ This is strikingly illustrated in His merciful dealings. ‘He declareth His almighty power most chiefly in showing mercy and pity.’ It is also exhibited in that which the text suggests, viz., the stillness and secrecy with which He accomplishes His great works. His works are great, so vast that all the mightiest efforts, as they are thought, of poor man, are but as puny acts of no weight or moment. Yet while man exerts all his strength, and makes a great stir, and excites great commotion to bring to pass one of his littlenesses, the work of God is done so silently that no man sees or hears it. We look and it is done!

This fact is continually spoken of in Scripture under a great variety of figures. God's work and working is compared to leaven, and the still, secret way in which it penetrates the meal within which it is placed. It is compared to seed sown, which springs and grows up, man knoweth not how. God's mode of working is spoken of as a path in the sea, where no one can trace the track; the ship divides the waters, as the wings of a flying bird divide the air, and no one can tell where. It was specially foretold of our blessed Lord, ‘He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause His voice to be heard in the streets.’ So His presence and His grace are likened to the dew, ‘the small rain upon the tender herbs, and the showers upon the grass.’ ‘The kingdom of God cometh not with observation’; and the presence of Almighty God was made known to Elijah not in the fire, the whirlwind, or the earthquake, but in the ‘still, small voice.’

Solomon's temple was typical of more than one thing. I.—Of God's company of the elect, who shall form the church of the saved ones in eternity. II.—Of the visible church here on earth—the company of believers, of outward Christians, of those who profess the name of Christ in this present world. III.—Of each separate individual Christian, each one of whom is a temple of God. Of all these it is true that they are formed and their several parts compacted together, without noise and violence, quietly, without ostentation, unseen by man.

I.—The company of the Invisible Church, God's true elect. One and another are added to this fellowship *as or when* God wills, but we know them not. One and another are told off, when the angel of death arrives, into the sweet pastures of Paradise; and though angel harps may welcome them, or the arms of their departed brethren be opened wide to embrace them, no sound from that land of joy and felicity reaches us here. 'Some of the host have crossed the flood, and some are crossing now,' but we cannot mark them, nor do we know when they pass within the Gate.

II.—The same is true of the visible Church. It began as a grain of mustard seed—'the number of the names together was about 120'—and now it is a tree shadowing all the earth. It has spread from land to land, influencing and converting great nations. It has become the most remarkable institution throughout the world. But not by sword or fire, or man's power. In this it is strikingly different from Mahommedanism, that false religion which has tried to rival it in the East: for whereas that was forced upon men by the sword and human influence, the Christian religion has made its way by the force of its own truth, and by the meek submission and patience of its professors. 'The blood of the martyrs has been the seed of the Church.'

III.—And most true is it of God's blessed work in the heart of each one of us His children. His Spirit by which He works is like the air and wind, whose works may be seen, but which itself is invisible. It is like a fire, but a hidden fire; its effects are seen and felt, but itself veiled from human observation. He is always working for us, He uses all things as His instruments; each several particular has, unknown to itself, to lend the aid of its own powers towards the perfecting of each saint. 'All things work together for good to them that love God.' If we look at our own spiritual life, or the life of grace in any other person, we cannot trace its growth and progress. Like the growth of our bodies, we see that, after an interval, there has been progress: we can find, thank God, that we have advanced in holiness, but we cannot say when this was, nor what caused it. We see a fellow Christian certainly to all appearance become more heavenly-minded than formerly; but whether such a Service, such a book, such an illness, effected this, or what part in the effect each of these things or any other had, is altogether unknown to us. We think beforehand that surely such a religious opportunity will tell greatly on us, and afterwards we regret that such another opportunity seems to have passed without profit; but what influence each has lent to the great work of our sanctification, we cannot really judge. 'In the

morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether both shall be alike good.' A great multitude, and great variety of small and unlikely instruments, God is always employing, together with those which to us seem greater and more likely; but by which He is pleased to produce the chief effects, He only knows.

Sometimes a word spoken, as we say, by chance, and by one who little thinks that anything will come of it, or the sight of a picture, touches a heart which has resisted the force of sermons and books and pastoral appeals. Sometimes the example of a fellow believer enters more deeply into a soul than the very words of God Himself, or the entreaties of earnest friends. Sometimes a letter or a book, written in plain, and what we call dull language, stirs the spirit more than energetic discourses, or eloquent speeches, or pathetic appeals. Sometimes the continual repetition of the same daily prayers really lifts the soul higher, than what seem warmer and more fervent Services with more attraction of manner, variety, or multitude of worshippers.

The training of a soul is a wonderful work, quite beyond the skill of man: God alone can train our souls. He surrounds the heart with such influences as He disposes it to receive; He drops in the gentle grace, as dew, as softly-falling rain, as oil, as wine, and the heart is refreshed, invigorated, nourished, strengthened, without even its own knowledge. Greatly are they mistaken who think they can trace the course of God's grace by striking outward signs, who talk of their 'experiences,' and think these are certain signs. This talking of such effects of God's grace upon us has two terrible dangers—on the one hand it fosters pride in the hearts of some who wish to be able to show that God is in them, and make a boast of what they do and feel: and on the other hand it discourages some who really are, perhaps, advancing more than these others, but yet who cannot describe any such exalted feelings.

'Axes and hammers' cannot build the Church of God. They can destroy it, but not build it up. 'But now they break down all the carved work thereof with axes and hammers.' Noise, anger, dispute, controversy, often and often hinder the progress of true religion; very seldom do they help it at all. Patience, lowliness, brotherly love, self-sacrifice, do more to save souls, than either positiveness or strife. To have the best of an argument, to wither an opponent by a sarcastic reply, to lay down the law, impatient of contradiction, will not advance God's truth like meekly listening to what another person says, and prayerful consideration of his difficulties and errors, and the effort to learn ourselves even from what he may advance which is wrong. In conclusion then—

I.—Let us sigh and seek after unity, love, gentleness. Let us learn to be afraid of carnal weapons, as St. Paul calls them; what the world sets great store by, and uses to assert its power and influence. Instead of compelling others to agree with us, let us seek to win them by kindness, sympathy, forbearance. Dispute, high words, strong expressions, harsh imputations, are like axes,

hammers and the sword. They hurt most those who use them; 'they that take the sword shall perish with the sword.' See how gentle and forbearing you can be; how kind and considerate of the feelings and weaknesses of those you have to deal with. Never grudge giving up your own, nor fear that you shall lose by it. 'The meek-spirited shall possess the earth, and shall be refreshed with the multitude of peace.' 'Love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous.' 'Slow to speak, slow to wrath, for the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God.'

II.—Take comfort when you do not see the good effects which you wish for and expect. God works in secret, and may be working none the less surely and mightily because He does not show His work to you. Seven thousand knees had not bowed to Baal when Elijah thought his own knees were the only ones undefiled. The signs of storm passed fiercely before him, but the Lord was not in them. At length came the still, small voice. Do you persevere in doing your work; sow your seed, water the soil, persuade your friends, your children, your flock, entreat them, pray for them; be content to leave the increase with God. He will not neglect them. He will not be false to His own promises. 'You shall find' your reward, it may be not till 'after many days.' Especially at the season of the year, when, without noise or effort or observation, nature gushes into loveliness, and the fruits of the earth come forth with abundance, and the poor, barren land, as it seemed, almost suddenly and quite silently, is enriched with that which is pleasant to the eyes and good for food, learn to trust God, Who worketh in secret, and to wait till His good time arrives. Perhaps His purpose is that you shall do the work, and your children have the glory.

III.—In all religious works be quiet and gentle. Care more for real fervour of spirit than for its outward expression. Cherish in your heart the love of God, the thought of His presence, the longing for His grace; but do not look for them through excited feelings, or such observances as tend to excite the feelings, but rather by drawing near in the stillness of your own soul to God, Who is never far off. Be earnest and fervent in your own daily prayers in your closet; persevere in the quiet, continual use of the Church's regular services. Read your Bible, and meditate on it in secret when none but God is nigh. Seek for grace to bear patiently the little crosses which everyday life brings with it; to endure, without murmuring or even talking of them, the inward pains of body and sense of weakness which come to you, the fretfulness of one who lives with you, the inconveniences of your calling, the disappointments of common life; rather than seek for larger assemblies, more impassioned prayers, or anything like noise or bustle, or extraordinary acts of self-devotion. 'In soft, meek, tender ways He loves to draw' His children to Himself. You shall ever find His bosom ready to rest your aching head, and His gentle hands ready to bind up the wounds of your spirit, and by-and-bye you shall see that all these things have worked together to bring you where He is.



See the rooks are homeward flying  
In the yellow evening sky,  
When the Summer Sun is setting  
'Mid bright clouds of many a dye;

And the peasant lad all weary  
Wends his way across the moor  
With a whistle loud and cheery—  
Work is done—the day is o'er.

## Summer Evening.

xii.—6.

1

Digitized by Google

# Hearty Hints to Lay Officers of the Church.

BY GEORGE VENABLES, S.C.L., F.R.A.S., VICAR OF ST. MATTHEW'S,  
LEICESTER.

## THE BELL-RINGERS.

 H, the Bell-ringers, is it,' is no uncommon cry, 'I'll have nothing to do with them; they are such drunken, ill-mannered, bad-behaved men, that I say I'll have nothing to do with them.' Gently, gently, my friend, bell-ringers are not all I could wish them to be in every place and in every particular, but to say the truth, I myself am not altogether what I wish to be in every particular. And if it be so that you have known some very bad men amongst bell-ringers, let me say that I have also known some very quiet, decent, well-conducted men, whose children are a credit to them, and it is not fair to denounce the race because some of them are bad. One thing, at any rate, I must say for ringers, viz., '*They are no fools.*' They could not ring if they were. He has above the average of brain power who can ring changes *well* upon a peal of bells. Some of our wiseacres would find it so if they tried. A good memory, i.e., an accurate memory and a quick memory, as well as coolness and rapidity of action, are all needful to the formation of a good bell-ringer.

Many a bell-ringer has been drunk, and I mourn over it much. But no sot, no fool, no silly, gaping, empty-brained fellow will ever be fit to be called a bell-ringer.

Look at that wonderful set of hand-bell ringers of Oldham, in Lancashire! Their performances produce a rivalry in my brain between wonder and delight. Ten or twelve men stand with four or more bells each, placed upon a thick woollen cloth before them, and then, without hesitation, blunder, or confusion, one tune rings out after another by their manipulation, producing an effect of sound that I long to hear again. And these remarks apply, in their measure of justice, to other bands of hand-bell ringers in other places.

It is said that bell-ringers are often heavy drinkers, heavy swearers, and bad livers; and it is too true, that, having called the parishioners to the Church, they frequently fail to remain to worship God themselves. These things are to be deplored deeply. But there is no reason why they should occur. They are not of necessity attached to bell-ringing. I can just recollect the time when the gentry used to think it no unfit employment to going to the bell-ringing chamber and peal the bells. One much-respected clergyman,—a gentleman, a scholar, and a Christian, now resident in Devonshire,—has swung many a bell (all honour to him!) in a way which many a ringer may do well to imitate. I fear, however, that when our gentry left the church steeple, they left behind them some ill practices which they had introduced. I strongly suspect that they were the foremost in sending for drink into the ringing loft, and this was soon followed by the ribald joke, the irreverent loud laugh, and then it became but an easy and a natural thing for the lads of the village who succeeded them in ringing to succeed them also in improprieties, for which, if rebuked, they could too often quote the example of their superiors in station as their precedent.

Now, it must be plain to bell-ringers who have read so far, that though I deprecate all misbehaviour on their part, I do by no means depreciate the art of bell-ringing, nor do I allow that the whole set of bell-ringers are bad because too many of them are not what we could desire. Some of them are fine fellows and noble characters. Some years since I met with a record (I think in Sussex) of one James Ogden, of Ashton-under-Lyne, who, in his seventy-seventh year, went up into the fine steeple of Ashton Parish Church and rang 5,000 changes on his bell of 28 cwt. He must have been a fine fellow. 828 changes were rung at his death. (I think 928 is meant, in allusion to the months he had lived).

But my aim in this paper is to say a few honest words to bell-ringers in a friendly spirit. Attention to a very few simple matters would soon rank them amongst our most valuable church workers. Why should not they be regarded as 'working bees,' and as working together with other helpers in church work, just as singers, and sextons, and vergers, and Sunday school teachers, are?

First, then, I must proceed to lay down the law, of which there is no sort of doubt whatever. The ringers have no right whatever to enter the bell-ringing chamber or to ring the bells without the consent of the Vicar, and at least one of the churchwardens. This has been disputed. Locks have been forced, and doors have been broken under the terrible excitement of some political election, but it has ended in the law being clearly defined and pronounced to give the clergyman an absolute veto in the use of the bells. They cannot, legally, be rung at all against the consent of the clergyman of the parish. They may be rung with his consent and that of one churchwarden, on all occasions agreeable to canons 15, 17 and 88.

The amusing little bit of law, therefore, which about five years ago was pronounced in a parish in Buckinghamshire, in which I ministered on one or two occasions, will not do. The ringers did not quite like 'the new-fangled ways,' as they termed them, of the new Vicar, and he at last closed the belfry. An 'indignation meeting' was held at the public-house, and after a spirited discussion and considerable abstraction from the beer barrel, it was discovered, beyond all doubt, that the Vicar 'hadn't a leg to stand upon,' and that every parishioner had a right to enter the loft and to use the bells; because, as one of the worthies told the curate in charge, 'You see, sir, the very name tells us all that, for it is called *the bell free*, and this shows as the bells is free to all!' In spite of this piece of rustic law (and it really occurred as described) the sentence must be reversed. Belfry is a word which some derive from 'Buffroy,' a tower; others from Bell, and *ferre*, to carry, thus meaning a place to bear or carry bells; but I incline to trace it to bell and fry, a number or collection of bells.

At all events, the sounding of the bells is not permissible in contradiction to the clergyman's decision, and never ought the bells to be used except in connection with church purposes. The bells ought to be to the whole parish something like what the organ is to the congregation, and should send forth their varied peals in accordance with the circumstances under which they are rung. Thus

used, and exclusively thus used, they might become of no small utility, and also full of interest. Amongst other orders it is enjoined, in the 67th canon, that 'when any is passing out of this life, a bell shall be tolled, and the minister shall not then slack to do his last duty. And after the person's death (if it so fall out), there shall be rung no more but one short peal, and one other before the burial, and one other after the burial.' There is something very beautiful and Christianlike in all this. When death seems likely to ensue, the 'passing' bell announces, by its solemn booming, to all the parishioners, what is likely to occur, that they may pray for the departing soul then passing away. If death takes place, a short, solemn peal immediately, and repeated just before and just after the burial, are in strict keeping with the only Christian doctrine of burial that the Church knows or can know, viz., That we, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, commit the dead body to the grave.

If, then, bell-ringers will now see with me that bells ought to be used for religious purposes only in connection with the Church, I shall easily persuade them to adopt the following principles of regulation :—

1. Have a tariff of reasonable charges, so that your services may be used for religious purposes as much as possible, at weddings, and at funerals, and on other public religious occasions.

2. Have a certain fund to which all your earnings and receipts as ringers shall be devoted, such as a clothing club for yourself or your wife, or your children. Don't spend your receipts in drink. The habit of spending receipts for ringing in drink has done bell-ringers incredible mischief morally, and lowered them sadly in the eyes of their neighbours.

3. Allow no bad language in your ringing chamber. It is a capital plan to ring the bells in the church itself, and this is the old and true way. If the ventilation is good, ringers need not be so 'hot' as to be unable to remain to Divine service.

4. Do not allow yourselves to be spoken of as a rough set of men. Determine to be, and be, an honest set of manly Christians who can ring well, and who live as manly Christians ought to live.

It is moral cowardice which makes many men sinners. Men fear men more than they fear God. They dread the scoff of fellow-creatures more than they fear the anger of Jehovah. Good ringers must generally be lithe, strong, nimble fellows, and they must also be clever fellows with good, quick memories, and a calm, keen eye. Then be in every other respect, as well, true *men*. Don't be strong men physically, and poor, weak, puny cowards morally. Be manly in all things; not afraid to scorn and put down the immodest word, the low joke, or the thoughtless oath; but, as you, by your admirable ringing, elicit the prayers of others for the dying, or sympathy for the bereaved, and as you call others to rejoice with the rejoicing, or to gather together within God's house of prayer, so—I beseech you—become admirable for your manly morality and your masculine religion. Handle the solly (originally 'sally') with vigour, and let it escape your grasp with precision. But while you do so, regard yourself as engaged in a religious labour,

## *Origin and History of the English Bible.*

and let your correct style of ringing be but an external illustration of your own correct style of living. Now I have defended you heartily, and I have given you some hearty advice. The fact is, I love good ringing and good ringers, and I desire the ringers to be ready for grand promotion at their death. I wish that when '*the trumpet shall sound*,' they may hear that sound with a joy far exceeding the joy with which they listen to their beautiful bells. So I do earnestly hope that my friends the bell-ringers will take my hints heartily, and be in every sense Good, Hearty Men.

---

## **On the Origin and History of the English Bible.**

BY DENHAM ROWE NORMAN, VICAR OF MIDDLETON BY WIRKSWORTH.



**N**a former paper there was given an account of the languages in which the several books of Holy Scripture were first written. It would seem, however, that the various portions of the Old Testament had not long been collected into one volume, before a need was felt of a copy of these sacred writings in another language. Ezra having completed his labours about the year B.C. 450, a part, if not the whole, of the Old Testament had been translated into Greek about the year B.C. 280.

What led men thus to begin turning the Hebrew and Chaldee Scriptures into Greek is not very clear. There are two or three accounts given by different authors; one, of the most imposing character, according to which, a certain king, named Ptolemy Philadelphus, wishing to have a library as complete and perfect as possible, sent an embassy to Jerusalem to the High Priest Eleazar, to ask for a copy of the Mosaic law, of which he had heard from Demetrius, a noble Athenian, living at his court.

The high priest is said to have consulted the Sanhedrim, who advised that a copy should be sent written in letters of gold, and further, that there should also be sent with it, seventy-two learned Jews, six from each tribe, for the work of translation. In this account it is also stated, that the king, on the arrival of the Hebrew copy and its translators, was full of joy, gave the men a hearty welcome, made them rich presents, and afforded them a quiet retreat in the Isle of Paros, where they could devote themselves to the work of translation. At the end of seventy-two days, it is said, the work was finished, read publicly before Jewish priests and people, and pronounced to be perfectly accurate.

Another opinion as to the immediate cause which led to the translation is this:—that the pious Egyptian Jews having in a great measure lost the power of reading and understanding the original Hebrew, desired to possess their Scriptures in a language with which they were familiar, and which might be understood by those proselytes who were beginning to become numerous in their synagogues.

It is extremely difficult, however, to arrive at any very satisfactory conclusion in the matter. It seems quite impossible to

decide, whether the want felt was a desire on the part of a book-loving king to have a copy of every writing then known in his library, or a craving on the part of religious Jews to possess editions of the sacred writings in the language of the country in which they had taken up their abode.

A commencement having once been made in this important work of turning the original language of Holy Scripture into a more modern tongue, the labour has gone on at intervals, in succeeding centuries, in a most striking and wonderful way. Fold upon fold of this sacred knowledge has been added by earnest, devoted hands, until a pile of considerable size is exhibited in these days to students in the great libraries of Europe. These translations, or 'Versions,' as they are generally called, date from different periods, from B.C. 280 downwards, to the ninth century, A.D. 864, when in all probability the Slavonic version was completed.

These vigorous, undecaying offshoots of the Hebrew parent stem are not for a moment to be slighted. They are of inestimable value, showing, as they do, in the most convincing way, that what we have been wont to reverence as God's Word, is now what it was, when Greek or Roman, Copt or Slave, made free to turn into his native tongue God's revelation to man. Those who love to trace the gradual fulfilment of Old Testament prophecy have in this constant re-translation of Holy Writ a clear accomplishing of those words, "There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard; their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world." (Psalm xix. 3, 4.)

An attempt must now be made to give a brief account of some of the most important 'Versions' of the Old Testament, which are at present known, some of which were unknown at the time when our English Bible was completed in the year A.D. 1611, whilst others are even at the present day almost as a sealed book, except to a very limited number of scholars. And this is not at all a useless task, for these several 'Versions,' being quite independent of each other, have served to perpetuate the truth once delivered, and have greatly assisted those who have been striving to clear God's Holy Word from error and inaccuracy.

If for a moment it could be supposed that the hundreds of copyists who have laboured in writing out Holy Scripture had never once failed to catch with the eye the exact letters which were placed before them, or with the ear, those which were dictated to them—then, indeed, there would be little occasion for all this careful and painstaking comparison of manuscript with manuscript, and version with version. But earnest, truth-loving Christians are only too familiar with the ease with which slips of the pen are made, whether in making copies with the original document before their eyes, or in writing them out from dictation.

Instead of regarding time as wasted which may be given to the verifying such an important book as the Old Testament, they will gladly spend and be spent in the labour of furnishing the very best and most faithful representation of the original Hebrew Scriptures. If in the ordinary case of a sick man, there is an extreme anxiety lest the dispensing chemist has not read aright the

physician's prescription, or mixed in due proportions the several ingredients, what wonder if men are intensely anxious not to use as medicine for the soul's disease, words which are, to say the least, of doubtful origin ?

The earliest and much the most important version of the Old Testament is that named above in the Greek language, made about 300 years before the coming of the Saviour, and which, for some reason or other not precisely known, is called the Septuagint. How, when, and by whom this 'Version' was made, are points not yet settled conclusively. This translation, however, must ever have in the eyes of Christians an important place. Apostles and Evangelists who wrote the books of the New Testament commonly make use of its very words in their frequent citations from the Old Testament writings. These New Testament inspired writers do not scruple to quote long passages from this Septuagint, when the Greek is hardly a strictly faithful translation of the original Hebrew words. For a considerable length of time this Greek version—this Septuagint—was the Old Testament of a very large part indeed of the Christian Church; nor did the Jews look unfavourably upon it, until their rivals, the Christians, adopted and commended it; then they gradually withdrew their favour, and in time despised and scorned it as unfaithful and corrupt.

Controversy between the Jews, the sticklers for the law of Moses, and Christians, disciples of Jesus, was fierce and violent in the first two or three centuries of the Christian era, and upon the Christians using the Septuagint as their storehouse of revealed truth, the Jews naturally desired a translation of the Hebrew, which would be more favourable to themselves in their frequent disputationes.

During the first two centuries there were three of these new Greek translations made: — one by Aquila, a native of Sinope in Pontus, a convert to Judaism, about the year A.D. 130, which is highly esteemed by the Jews, and called by them 'the Hebrew Verity.' Another by Theodotion, an Ephesian, about A.D. 160, for semi-Christians or Ebionites. Another by Symmachus, whose version is supposed to have been made about the same time, and for the use of certain Samaritans who desired to receive as Holy Scripture more than the Pentateuch, or five books of Moses. Other Greek versions of the Old Testament there are, but not of sufficient importance to require notice in this brief account.

The next important document which deserves a passing note or two, is that which is called the Samaritan Pentateuch. Just after our English Bible had been completed in the year 1611, that is, in the year 1616, there came into the hands of an Italian gentleman, named Pietro della Valle, a copy of the law of Moses, which had been obtained at Damascus from a congregation of Samaritans. It would appear that early church writers were aware that the Samaritans had such a document in their synagogues, and several allude to it; still, for hundreds of years, it seems to have happened that no copy of it was possessed by Christian scholars. In 1628 this valuable relic of ancient truth was given to a library in Paris, and some few years later was printed and published. Our own eminent

divine, Bishop Walton, at length gave it to English scholars in his celebrated book, called Walton's Polyglott Edition.

This Samaritan Pentateuch formed the whole of the Samaritan Canon of Holy Writ. These bitter rivals of the Jews did not recognise either the Psalms or the Prophets. With few and comparatively unimportant exceptions, this copy of the five books of Moses agrees with that which the Jews have preserved and handed on to us, and is thus another independent witness to the identity of the books which we



ANCIENT ROMAN LIBRARY.

now regard as the genuine work of Moses. Coming down to us from such a quarter, and uttering the self-same words as that which the Jews receive, we may regard this Samaritan Pentateuch, so far as it goes, as one of the most essential links in the chain of evidence which in the good providence of God has been afforded to us.

The next Version which claims attention is that which was made in the Syriac language, about the middle of the second century, and which is called, on account of its close resemblance to the Hebrew, the 'Peshito,' which means the pure, simple, unadulterated copy. This translation from the Hebrew original comes down to us under peculiar and interesting circumstances, inasmuch as it is

the one version which is used by the whole Syrian community ; though that community is divided into two hostile sects.

This translation from the Hebrew should be especially dear to us, as it was without doubt the first which was made for Christian use direct from the original tongue. Fortunately, very valuable manuscript copies of this ancient version are in the British Museum in London, and it may be that more will shortly be known of this precious treasure than has hitherto been made public. Later translations into Syriac from the Greek have been made by Moses Aghelaeus in the fifth century, and Paul of Tela in the beginning of the seventh century, but these are of less importance.

The next Versions requiring attention are the Latin. In this case there is nothing certainly known as to the time when or the hand by whom the translation was first made. Nor is it quite clear that the first and earliest copy was made direct from the Hebrew. There is, however, a pretty general agreement that the first Latin version was made in North Africa where there were many congregations of Christians. It was not long before the number was increased, and one great writer complains that every one who possessed even the smallest power of translation tried his hand at the work. St. Jerome, another notable scholar, observes that the numerous copies which he knew of were instances in many cases that the original language had been not ‘turned’ but ‘overturned.’

Gradually, however, one of these many translations obtained higher authority than any of its predecessors. This was called the ‘Itala Version,’ most probably from the fact that it had been made in Italy. The great merit of this is, that it is generally faithful, and at the same time clear, distinct and intelligible in its language. In no long time, however, even this edition became so faulty in its text from constant re-copying that a new translation from the Hebrew was considered indispensable. The task of supplying this pressing need was committed to St. Jerome, a Presbyter of the Latin church, living in Palestine, whose knowledge of Hebrew was acquired from Jewish teachers, as he tells us. In the year A.D. 383, having been hardly pressed, he undertook the labour, and in a few years completed the translation, which was a vast improvement on the great number of inferior copies which were then in use.

It proved, however, but an unthankful office, for often when this version of his was read aloud in the services of the church, there were great commotions, many preferring the old and corrupt to the new and correct readings of several passages. This translation of St. Jerome goes by the name of the Vulgate; and for about a thousand years it served as the standard volume of Scripture in a very large part of the countries of Europe, in which the knowledge of Greek, and still more that of Hebrew, seems to have died out amongst clergy and laity alike.

There are other ‘Versions,’ such as that made into the Egyptian tongue in the third century; the Ethiopic, Arabic, Persian, and Gothic in later centuries, but of these little need be said here. More and more information is continually being gathered from all

these various sources ; active and intelligent minds are engaged in studying with intense ardour these several ancient copies of Holy Writ ; and it is most fervently to be wished that these men, ‘mighty in the Scriptures,’ as Apollos in olden times, may be able to give in due season such aid and counsel, that the few errors in our present Authorised English Bible may in some way soon be removed from the text.

---

### **La Garaye.**



HARLES-TOUSSAINT - MAROT DE LA GARAYE, born A.D. 1675, descended from a noble Breton family, was sent, when very young, to Paris for his education. He studied at the then celebrated college d'Harcourt, on leaving which he entered the then famous corps of Musketeers, and whilst with them he distinguished himself by his bravery at the siege of Namur, 1692. One year after, the death of his parents caused him to succeed to an immense fortune and to the ancient estates, and he left the army and took a political appointment at Rennes, where he met and married the beautiful Mademoiselle De la Motte-Piquet ; and he then determined to give up his work and retire with his bride to his former home.

Even now it is not difficult to understand what the exquisite loveliness of this home must have been in its bright days. Situate about three miles from one of the most perfect of the Breton towns, Dinan, in the midst of masses of fine trees and undulating fields, stood the mansion, built in the time of Francis I., the old ancestral home of the La Garaye's.

The Comte and Comtesse at once began a life of incessant gaiety, the most prominent amusement being large hunting parties, at which assembled the chief of the Breton nobility. The time passed rapidly, and, so far as we can judge, they cared for little else than amusement; but this state of things was soon interrupted very suddenly, for at one of these great meetings the horse on which Madame De la Garaye was riding stumbled, and she was thrown with such force that for some time it was hardly hoped she would recover; however eventually she became better, but was never able to walk again.

In this deep sorrow, Christ, in His mercy, came near to them, and caused a terrible affliction to be a blessing to others, as well as to themselves. In the long hours before partial convalescence, they quietly submitted to the Divine will, and with the assistance of a good priest near them, they determined that their lives for the future should be devoted to the comfort and assistance of the poor, and especially of the suffering.

Many of us have read Mrs. Norton's beautiful poem “The Lady of La Garaye,” and she has told the story of her life in far better words than any of mine, but it seems, in the well deserved praise bestowed on the Comtesse, that even the greater self-sacrifice of Monsieur De la Garaye is liable to be forgotten. *Her life was sad*

enough ; but when we remember that he was scarcely thirty-five years old when the accident happened, clever and gifted, with friends at Paris and at Rennes, and elsewhere, to welcome him cordially, and when we find that, however brilliant a future he might have had, he resigned all society and companionship to devote himself to the sick and suffering for the rest of his life, surely we should praise him for giving us such a fine example of what a really noble man can relinquish.

The first act of the owners of La Garaye was to turn their house into an hospital, and build a chapel close to it ; and the better to help the inmates, the Comtesse became a clever oculist, and her husband went to Paris to study medicine.

In 1710 the hospital was opened, and not only this, but, three years after, they founded at Dinan an Hospital for Incurables, and, in the same year (1713) established at Taden, a little village close to La Garaye, a free school. Later on we find that they founded a large sisterhood also at Dinan, ‘Des Filles de la Sagesse,’ who distributed over the country the charity of the owners of La Garaye, whilst the Comte and Comtesse did not forget to aid individual cases of distress.

They were not unassisted in their noble work ; for Louis XV., in 1731, hearing of the self-devotion of this noble pair, gave them £3,600 ; and some years later, after the publication by the Comte of a book on Hydraulics, sent him a further sum of £1,000.

Six years after, Louis created him Chevalier of the royal and military order of “Our Lady of Mont-Carmel, and of Saint Lazarus of Jerusalem.” The sums of money received from the king, together with their immense private fortune, they devoted entirely to the good of the afflicted.

The Comte and Comtesse lived continually with their poor companions, with one exception, when M. de la Garaye went with his people, in 1747, to join the King in his invasion of Brabant. Their useful lives were long spared—lives which even in this century stand out as nobly as they did then, in an age when to be good and noble, and to do the will of God, was almost unknown in France.

Monsieur de la Garaye died on the 2nd of July, 1755, nearly eighty years of age, and his wife soon after, in 1757. At their own wish they were interred in the little graveyard at Taden, amongst the poor they had succoured and loved. We can imagine the solemn procession slowly passing from the house, through the great gates, and down the long chestnut avenue, amidst groups of villagers, whose lives they had solaced ; the priests, clothed in black, chanting sadly ; a large silver crucifix borne in front ; and then, when the bier passed, the men baring their heads, and the women signing themselves with the sign of the cross. This last burial procession, in 1757, makes a great contrast to the next memorable scene in this avenue ; for in 1795, the fierce band of Revolutionists raged up through the lands of La Garaye, destroyed the house almost entirely, and the hospitals formed with so much loving care. Not satisfied, they effaced also every memorial of the good work at Dinan, and even, in their fierce

## *A Northern Coal Mine.*

fury, also demolished the hallowed graves at Taden. Thus was destroyed in a few days the work and labour of so many years; what was built by love, hatred destroyed. But when men are maddened by oppression and cruelty, they lose the power of discernment; and the La Garayes were of the then abhorred race of nobles, and therefore their work perished.

Such is a slight sketch of the house at La Garaye. When we were there amongst its ruins, on a grey September afternoon, during a heavy rain, walking almost silently under the chestnut trees, meeting only a solitary priest with his breviary, very vividly came to our mind the scenes that those old walls must have witnessed. Now is left only a pile of stones, hardly giving an outline of its former massive beauty; and their graves 'no man knoweth.' But, notwithstanding this, 'they, being dead, yet speak,' and show us that true *life* is a life of self-sacrifice, and that the noblest ambition is the wish to be of use and comfort to others. There is little trace outwardly left of the La Garayes, but they are well remembered amongst those whose forefathers experienced their kindness; and, even when all earthly remembrance has passed away, every kind act and unselfish thought will be remembered by a Saviour Who gloried in being amongst us as 'One that serveth,' and Who *never* forgets any deed, however small, that is done in love towards Him.

We may not have the wealth or the power of the Comte or Comtesse de la Garaye, but we have more advantages in other ways than they had; therefore, let us one and all rouse ourselves to do the best we can for others. In this world there are many temptations to spend our life solely in amusement; but there are those around us who require spiritual and temporal help. May we indeed, during the time we are still spared on earth, strive earnestly to imitate the good works done by others before us, and above all to follow as closely as we may the life of Christ, the one perfect life—the life of entire self-sacrifice.

---

## *A Northern Coal Mine.*



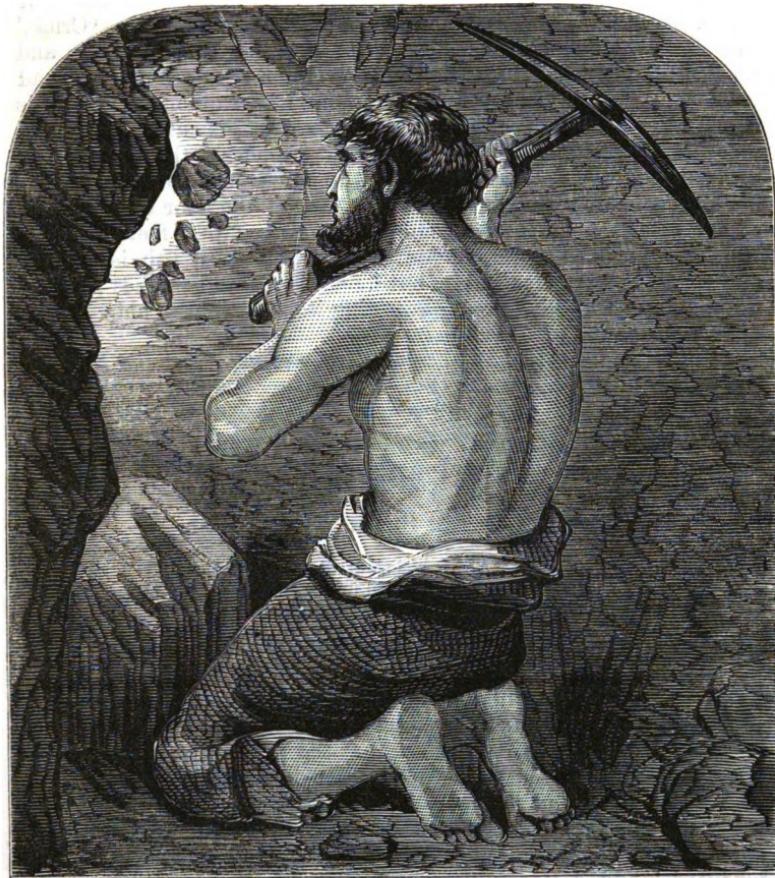
NORTHERN coal mine in full work is a strange, busy scene. At the pit-mouth fires flare and smoke; steam engines pant and puff and wheeze; chains clank, wheels rattle, and waggon-loads of coal rise up, rush from the pit, and crash down shoots into railway trains, amid a fearful din.

Men step on a grimy platform, and down they sink rapidly, and, if unused to falling, their hearts seem to rise. The air grows hot, and hotter and hotter still, as the skip slides down the chimney. It passes the furnace vent, the air clears, and the journey ends; it may be far below the sea-level.\*

\* The St. Hilda colliery, near South Shields, has a total extent of 70 miles; the entire length of the excavations at the Killingham pit is nearly 163 miles; one of the Whitehaven pits extends considerably more than half a mile under the sea, but at the secure distance of 800 feet below its bottom.

## *A Northern Coal Mine.*

At the bottom of the pit there is bustle and busy work. Shouting and grinning black, half naked urchins push waggons of coals rattling over iron-plates, and up they go like a puff of smoke. Sleek steaming ponies, who never see daylight, trot in with trains of waggons; grimy postilions with lamps in their hands ride in



MINER IN COAL PIT.

from distant stations, with arms clasped about the necks of their steeds, and heads bent low to avoid the roof. Black railway-guards crouch in their trains, and clouds roll from every open mouth and nostril. The boys always ride home from their work if they can, and sometimes they run races.

Lights flit about, gather and disperse. Half-seen forms,—a man's head and hands, or half a face; a tobacco-pipe seemingly smoking itself; horses' heads with glittering eyes and smoking nostrils, with a figure of fun grinning out from under the mane,—all the fancies of Teniers in his wildest mood seem to float about in the darkness.

A cluster of these visions and their lights gather and grasp a bar : three raps are heard, and they fly smiling up the chimney after the coals and the smoke.

At the end, where the work goes on, these gnomes are constantly burrowing on, and bringing down their roof. The coal foundation is picked out, and the arched roofs of this vault, with all their loads, begin to yield and split with a strange ominous 'Crick.' Wooden props shoved in feel the load, and they too complain and creak. When the full strain comes on them they are crushed and riven to splinters, and the roof "roars like cannons, when it is coming down." A spoke in the world's wheel is cut through and mended with sticks ; the scaffold which supported the arch is dug away, so the arch comes down and the sticks are crushed. With his head touching the roof, and his feet on the floor of a mine, a collier stands under a stone column, it may be 2,000 feet high. A weight sufficient to squeeze him as flat as a fossil fish is coming down, and he hears it coming, but he works on and smokes placidly under the lee of his 'profit,' rejoicing to see weight help him to quarry coals.

*From "Frost and Fire."*

---

## Karl and Nina.

### A TALE OF THE SEVEN WEEKS' WAR.

"Ah! when shall all men's good  
Be each man's rule, and universal peace  
Lie like a shaft of light across the land?"

#### CHAPTER I.

N the left bank of the Danube, at a short distance above Vienna, stands a picturesque old mill, in the midst of such beautiful scenery that the passing traveller envies those whose days are passed in a spot so lovely.

To the north lie the fair islands of the Danube, to the west the Kahlenberg mountains, to the south the landscape spreads out in gently undulating hills, clothed with forests and vineyards, and dotted with churches and ruined castles, while in the far distance rise the snowy peaks of the Moric Alps.

Perhaps this fair land had never looked more sunny and prosperous than it did in the spring of the year 1866, when the dark tempest of a disastrous war was even then rising on the horizon.

But Nina Lenkhof, the miller's niece, as she hung out the house linen to dry on the sunny bank of the river, had no thoughts to spare for the lovely scenery around her, nor even for the rumours of approaching war. She was engrossed in her own thoughts, in a bright dream of hope and happiness, and on that glorious May morning all nature seemed to sympathise with her and rejoice in her gladness. Too soon, however, the young girl was recalled to the cares of daily life by a shrill voice from the door of the mill.

"Nina! Nina, child! make haste with the clothes. I have been waiting for thee this half hour."

"Yes, aunt, I am coming," replied Nina, with a sigh, as she turned away from the sunshine and entered the narrow doorway.

The lower story of the mill consisted of a long room with a low painted ceiling, and fitted up with quaint furniture of polished deal, which had become almost black from age and many rubbings. The brick floor with its smooth red surface was bare and uncovered with the exception of a few bright strips of carpet arranged here and there with scrupulous neatness, and a large closed stove with painted tiles completed the picture. It was into this room, at once parlour and kitchen—in short, the one living room of the family—that Nina entered at her aunt's summons.

"I have good news for thee, Nina," said Frau Lenkhof, with more graciousness than she usually showed towards her orphan niece. "Your uncle has business in Vienna with Halsmann, the corn merchant, this afternoon, and he has promised to drive us thither and take us to the fête in the Würstel Prater." \*

At this announcement the young girl looked very grave.

"But, aunt," she pleaded, "it is impossible, I cannot go. You know that I have promised to spend the afternoon with Gretchen Schubert. It is her birthday, and we are going to take her into the water meadows to see the hay-making; she has looked forward to it for so long."

"So!" exclaimed Frau Lenkhof, impatiently. It seems to me, child, that you see a great deal too much of those Schuberts. Gretchen's birthday indeed! Poor lame, sickly creature! I don't see the good of her ever having a birthday at all. But do not think to deceive me, Nina. I know well that it is not Gretchen you go to see, but her brother Karl."

"And why not?" cried Nina, with sudden warmth, her usually gentle spirit roused by the attack. "I am not ashamed of my love for Karl Schubert, and all the world knows that we are to be married as soon as he has saved enough to pay off that debt his father left."

"You are a fool, Nina," replied her aunt. "Do you not see that, burdened as he is with that lame sister, he must be a poor man all his life, and can never hope to be even a master blacksmith? should have thought you had seen enough of poverty and labour, and would seek to do better for yourself. Some folks seem to admire your blue eyes and rosy cheeks; now there is Albrecht Elshagen, the richest man from here to Vienna . . . ."

Nina heard no more, for she turned away to prepare the mid-day meal. She knew well that when once her aunt began upon the subject of Albrecht Elshagen, there was no more peace for her. But she also knew, and rebelled against the thought, that her aunt had made up her mind to take her to the Würstel Prater, and that there would be no escape for her that afternoon.

Nina Lenkhof was the orphan daughter of the miller's only brother, who had married early, been unfortunate in business, and

\* A part of the Prater or public park of Vienna, so called from the puppet shows or Würstel Spiele held there.

after a short struggle with poverty, had died, leaving his widow and child dependant upon the charity of Hermann Lenkhof. The poor woman, depressed in mind and circumstances, did not long survive her husband, and then the little Nina had been taken to live at the mill on the Danube, and there brought up as the adopted child of her uncle and aunt, who had no family of their own.

Frau Lenkhof, good woman, had tried to do her duty by the child thus entrusted to her care; but on principle, she had been hard and stern, setting her face against innocent pleasures of all kinds, little knowing, perhaps, the bitterness of such restraint to a young, eager spirit. Meantime, notwithstanding all this repression, Nina had grown up into fair, fresh girlhood, and lived her own secret life of fancy and feeling. She could scarcely remember the time when she and Karl Schubert, the son of their near neighbour the blacksmith, had not been friends and playfellows, and this childish liking had grown and gained strength with their growth, until it had ripened into a strong and deep affection. All this had gone on under the very eyes of Frau Lenkhof, until she and the rest of the world had taken it as a matter of course. But when the rich proprietor, Herr Elshagen, had come to live in the neighbourhood, and had openly admired Nina, then matters were changed. The good Frau's ambition was awakened, and she resolved to use all her efforts to secure a good match for her niece. What was Karl Schubert, the blacksmith, that he should stand in her way?

Yet she was a wise woman, and did not at once take extreme measures, for fear of being met with open rebellion.

The proposed excursion to the Würstel Präter had been long planned and talked over with Frau Elshagen, Albrecht's mother; but Nina was told nothing of it till the last moment, when, taken by surprise, she was not able to make any resistance, and was thus compelled to break her promise to Gretchen.

It was with a feeling of triumph that Frau Lenkhof found herself rumbling over the stones on the road to Vienna, with her niece, in holiday costume, by her side. Nina herself was silent and out of spirits; she was thinking of poor little Gretchen's disappointment, and had no heart to enjoy herself. Her good-natured uncle soon noticed the cloud on her usually sunny face, and exclaimed:—

“Why, what's the matter, Nina, girl? One would think you were going to a funeral instead of being out for a day's amusement. Never mind, cheer up! The puppet-shows in the Präter will soon make you merry again.”

Nina smiled, for she was very fond of her kind uncle, and did not like to damp his satisfaction, but she heartily wished the day's pleasure were over.

It was not long before the miller's cart reached a large, substantial farm-house, just outside the Leopoldstadt suburb of Vienna, close to the splendid avenues of chestnut trees in the Präter. Here Frau Lenkhof and her niece were set down, while the miller went on into the town on his business. Before Nina could express her surprise, Albrecht Elshagen and his mother came to the door to welcome them, evidently expecting their visitors. Never before had Nina been treated with so much respect and attention as was

shown her that day, and she could not help feeling pleased and gratified. Frau Elshagen did the honours of the house to her, as to a favoured guest, took her everywhere, from the attic to the cellar, showed her the stores of household linen in which a German house-wife takes so much pride, and even opened to her admiring view, the best parlour, which, from one year's end to another was never profaned by domestic use. To possess such a parlour was a mark of wealth and rank, and as Nina well knew, it had been the lament of her aunt's life that the mill on the Danube did not contain one.

But, as the young girl was made to understand by the broadest hints, all this was within *her* reach, she might be the mistress of Neuwied, as the house was called, for Albrecht Elshagen made no secret of his hope that he should one day call her his wife.

Early in the afternoon they all went together through the chestnut avenues to the Wurstel Präter, which was crowded with the town's people, and full of booths and stalls, like an immense fair. In the novelty and excitement of the scene, Nina, who had hitherto been so carefully shielded from such frivolities, soon forgot her scruples, and gave herself up to the enjoyment of the moment with childish delight. She had seldom been to Vienna, though she lived so near the great city, and in her quiet, uneventful life, such dissipation had never been dreamt of before. Like most of her nation, the young girl was passionately fond of music, and she thoroughly appreciated the rare treat of hearing the excellent bands which formed one chief attraction of the Präter.

Albrecht Elshagen made the most of his opportunity; he never left her side, and did his best to amuse her in every way. Presently, when a dance began on the grass, he begged her to join him. She refused at first, with a kind of instinctive feeling that Karl might not like to hear of it, but overcome by the young man's persuasions combined with those of her aunt, she yielded, and was soon whirling round in the midst of the other dancers. In the excitement of the rapid motion and the stirring music, Nina forgot everything, as she went through one dance after another.

Meantime the two elder women looked on with satisfaction, and discussed the future, of which there now seemed no longer any doubt. Nina's aunt exulted in the prospect of such a grand marriage, and Frau Elshagen, who had long wished to see her son settled, was quite pleased with the thought of such a gentle daughter-in-law, who would no doubt leave her to be the real mistress of everything.

But this gay scene was not to pass away without a touch of bitterness. As Nina Lenkhof danced on with her companion, she was watched by envious eyes, for the wealthy young proprietor of Neuwied was considered a desirable husband by many of the maidens of Vienna. As she returned to her seat beside her aunt, a tall, handsome girl whom she knew well by sight, drew near, and said, in a loud, spiteful whisper:—

“When am I to congratulate you, Fräulein Nina? I hope that Karl Schubert is pleased with this little arrangement.”

"Never mind what Christine says, my dear," exclaimed Frau Elshagen, "she is only jealous at seeing you carry off the prize she would like for herself," added the good woman in her motherly pride, for she looked upon her son Albrecht as a prize for any girl.

But Nina was roused from her blindness, and gave a sudden start of dismay. She had danced and enjoyed herself in light-hearted thoughtlessness, never considering anything beyond the passing amusement. A dim suspicion now came over her that she had been caught in a trap, and that by her conduct that afternoon she had committed herself in some dreadful way. Frau Lenkhof noticed her changed manner, and, partly guessing the reason of it, thought that it would be wiser to leave matters as they were and prevent any explanations. She therefore hastily went to her husband, who was sitting over his coffee at a table near, and reminded him that it was time to start homewards if they wished to be back before dark. But the good man was fully engaged in discussing with a neighbour the all engrossing subject of the approaching war with Prussia, and it was some time before he would listen to her.

However, at length he was persuaded to fetch the cart, but Nina's difficulties were not yet over, for, as she said farewell to Albrecht Elshagen and his mother, the latter placed in her hands a small parcel, and said with a kiss:—

"You must wear them for his sake, my dear," and before the young girl could make any remonstrance or ask any questions, her aunt hurried her away.

It was a weary drive home to the mill, and Nina had plenty of time for her own thoughts, which were far from pleasant. She felt that she had been carried away by unusual excitement, and had acted foolishly, and she scarcely knew what she could say to Karl when they met. Her curiosity had been excited by the mysterious parcel just given to her, and she could not resist the temptation of opening it at once. She found it to contain a large silver cross and chain, and a pair of earrings. Now it had always been the desire of poor little Nina's heart to possess such ornaments as these, for there was not a single maiden of her acquaintance who did not own something of the kind, and she had often blushed for her poverty, in being different from her companions. But now, alas! they had come to her only to tempt her, for she felt that she dared not keep the present, which came from Albrecht Elshagen, and was to be worn for his sake.

No! she was foolish and frivolous no doubt, but Nina Lenkhof was true at heart. Yet as she thought over the events of the day, and compared in her mind the wealth and luxurious home of her new lover, with the poverty and hard labour of poor Karl, she sighed, and wished with all her heart that they could but change places.

(*To be continued.*)



## "Behold! I stand at the Door and knock."

BEHOLD! a Stranger's at the door!  
He gently knocks, has knocked before,  
Has waited long, is waiting still;  
You treat no other friend so ill.

But will He prove a Friend indeed?  
He will! the very Friend you need!  
The Man of Nazareth, 'tis He  
With garments dyed at Calvary.

Oh lovely attitude! He stands  
With melting heart, and laden hands!  
Oh matchless kindness! and He shows  
This matchless kindness to His foes.

Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine;  
Turn out His enemy and thine,  
That hateful, hell-born monster, Sin;  
And let the Heavenly Stranger in!

If thou art poor (and poor thou art),  
Lo! He has riches to impart;  
Nor wealth, in which mean av'rice  
rolls,  
O better far! the wealth of souls.

Sovereign of souls! Thou Prince of Peace!  
O may Thy gentle reign increase!  
Throw wide the door each willing mind,  
And be His empire all mankind.

Thou'rt blind; He'll take the scales  
away  
And let in everlasting day:  
Naked thou art; but He shall dress  
Thy blushing soul in Righteousness.

Art thou a weeper? Grief shall fly;  
For who can weep with Jesus by?  
No terror shall thy hopes annoy;  
No tear, except the tear of joy.

Admit Him, for the human breast  
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest;  
Admit Him, for you can't expel:  
Where'er He comes, He comes to dwell.

Admit Him, ere His anger burn;  
His feet, departed, ne'er return!  
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand  
When at His door denied you'll stand.

Yet know (nor of the terms complain),  
If Jesus comes, He comes to reign;  
To reign and with no partial sway  
Thoughts must be slain, that disobey.

JOSEPH GRIGG, 1765.

## Reflection

### ON PASSING A BEGGAR-WOMAN ON THE ROAD.

BY JAMES HILDYARD, B.D., RECTOR OF INGOLDSBY.

"And he spake a parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint."—St. Luke xviii. 1.

**B**IDING round by Corby this morning, I met a beggar-woman, who asked me for alms as I passed. For the moment I took no notice of her; but recollecting I had taken change at the bar about half an hour before, I checked my mare, and turned round with the intention of giving some half-pence to the poor creature. The woman, however, had gone on without looking behind her, so I did not stop, but proceeded on my way; and thus she missed the alms I had, on second thoughts, designed for her.

Even thus, it occurred to me, may it be, oftener than we suspect, with God's dealings towards ourselves. We ask something, it may be, in prayer, and for a moment He seems not to give ear. Presently in His infinite mercy He turns to grant, when lo! instead of a suppliant at the throne of grace, He finds, if not a backsliding sinner, at least a careless and languid believer, who has almost forgotten his own petition, and who, at any rate, has ceased to press it, notwithstanding the encouragement afforded in Scripture to earnest and repeated prayer.

"In due season" we are told—not on the spur—we shall reap; but the condition is annexed, "if we faint not" (Gal. vi. 9). In the history of our Saviour's walk on earth, we notice that it was the

importunity of several of His petitioners which prevailed, when He had Himself seemed predisposed not to grant. The Syrophenician woman is a case remarkably in point. Had she not urged her suit almost to shamelessness, it would to all human appearances, have been rejected (Mark vii. 29). The woman of Samaria is another instance : "Sir, give me of this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw." The parable of the importunate friend, referred to in our motto, is a third. Indeed they abound; and all



go to teach the same lesson, that we must show by our eagerness and anxiety that the thing asked for is worth having, and that we care about it. And God is so gracious as to illustrate His own ways by reference to our dealings with one another. Had the old woman I met on the road stopped but for half a minute, or so much as looked once behind her, she would have taken something for her pains. We must not so lightly regard the good things God intends for us, as not to think them worth twice asking for, or even waiting the necessary time it must take to bestow them.

We might learn a lesson in this respect from our very children, who are clever enough to understand the frequent success which attends upon repeatedly urging their request for matters of the lightest moment. How much more shall our heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit, and *with it* all good things, to them that ask in faith, and persevere in asking?

# Short Sermon.

## Zeal Conquering Difficulties.

BY THE HON. AND REV. W. H. LYTTELTON, RECTOR OF HAGLEY.

St. Mark ii. 3, 4.—“*And they come unto Him, bringing one sick of the palsy, which was borne of four. And when they could not come nigh unto Him for the press, they uncovered the roof where He was: and when they had broken it up, they let down the bed wherein the sick of the palsy lay.*”



THE act of these men may be taken as a type of the great Christian grace of zeal that will not be conquered—a zeal inspired by the love of Christ, by the wish to come to Christ, and to bring others to Him. Let us consider the story.

There was a great crowd around the Lord. It was so continually in His ministry. As He travelled through the land, the roads where He passed were thronged with people. There were sick people laid in beds and couches; mourners whose faces betokened some great present grief; there were mere idlers, such as are always to be seen in the midst of the busy world, seeking to pass away time and ‘see some new thing;’ there were scribes and doctors of the law; some enquiring in earnest, some mocking, and plotting how they might catch the popular Teacher in His talk; there were poor, doubting, suffering souls, to whom life was a burden and a mystery, in which they could at present see no light, but hoped to find some; in short, there were representatives of almost every variety of men in this strange world, so mixed of good and evil, of folly and of earnestness, of happiness and of sorrow, of enquiry and of stolid indifference. And upon all gazed those eyes out of which God looked upon man—gazed in their all-piercing insight, in their Divine compassion; the eyes of that Son of God who was also the Son of man, come into the troubled world in the name of Divine love, to ‘seek and to save that which was lost.’

The motives that brought the people to Jesus were various. Some came in hopes of seeing miracles. This might be from idle wonder, but it might also be from better reasons;—who does not long to see that course, or onward march of what we call *Nature*, which sometimes seems so hard and unfeeling, broken in upon by the power of God, and shown by an actual, visible event to be a subject, not a master—a subject of the Living God, who loves all His creatures? Many came also to be healed of some plague; others had an eye only to the loaves and fishes—to what might be gained for their bodies. And there were men of real faith, too, who verily believed that a great time was coming on the earth simply because Divine prophecy had said so; and so these were watching in *hope*, because in *faith*—faith in God invisibly governing the world, and working out His marvellous designs.

But deeper, perhaps, than all these attractions that drew men to Christ was this:—that they all perceived and felt that He was their Friend—and He really *loved* all men, and entered into their state. Every act of kindness in Him was a fruit of a *feeling* of kindness—the kindness not of a King only, though He was a mighty King, gifted with Divine power, but also of a true Brother

to every suffering or needy creature. They often heard from Him, as He did some work of mercy, the words, ‘Son, be of good cheer,’ ‘Daughter, be of good comfort;’ and they knew that He really loved them, and felt for them as none other did. And more powerful than all these motives was the feeling in some that He had forgiven them when no one else would. There were sinners whom He first had awakened to the belief that God would forgive, and was willing to be not their enemy and Judge, but their merciful Physician; there were souls to whom He had opened the doors of blessed hope, the vision of heaven.

And now, in the midst of the crowd gathered round the Saviour, appeared a singular sight. He was in a large upper room, apparently under one of those flat roofs which were often used as a place of retirement, sometimes even as a garden, and to which access might be had by means of a flight of stairs outside the house. Remembering this construction of the houses, you will be able to understand the narrative. It seems that four men, bearing a poor paralytic sufferer, wished to bring him to Christ; but the crowd was so great it was impossible for them to pass through it. For some reason, it would seem, the case was pressing. Perhaps our Lord was about to leave the country immediately, or perhaps the need of relief for the poor sufferer was very urgent, and he himself could not bear any delay in reaching the great object of his wishes—to come near to Christ, to speak to Him, to implore His never-failing mercy. Whatever the reason was, they were intent upon reaching Christ’s presence immediately. Now, observe their ingenuity. “*Necessity*,” as the proverb says, “*is the mother of inventions*”—of devices and contrivances for effecting its purpose. The lukewarm at the first sight of a difficulty give up their efforts; but the minds of those whose hearts are really set upon success are fruitful of devices for overcoming the obstacle. The lukewarm look about for *excuses*, but the earnest for *means*. They *will* not be defeated. So it was with these friends of the palsied man. Finding it impossible to pierce through the crowd, they hit upon the device of ascending the outside stairs to the top of the house, and then taking off some part of the roof, they let down the sick man on his couch into the midst before Jesus.

The sight of that poor sufferer thus let down from above into the midst before Jesus must have been very moving; and the act of those who so brought him proved a real and living faith in Jesus, in His power, and in His willingness to save. And so He receives them mercifully. His words are remarkable. He says first to the sick man, “*Son, thy sins be forgiven thee.*” Perhaps to the sufferer himself these words had more meaning than they seemed to have to any indifferent spectator. It is not always that special suffering proves special sinfulness; our Lord often warns us against thinking so. Men suffer sometimes, as we are so beautifully taught in our Office for the Visitation of the Sick, not so much for their own good, as for some other purpose of Divine Providence—as, perhaps, for the good of others, who, by the patience of the sufferers, may be softened and moved to repentance; or to give occasion to some act of mercy and of goodness, which would

not otherwise have been brought out. Who does not know of cases where this has been the effect of the sufferings of the good, the gentle, the innocent? and who can doubt that when it is so with any saint of God, they will in Heaven hereafter, or even here on earth, rejoice so to have suffered, in order to bring about the result?

But there are cases, and this in my text may have been one of them, where the sufferings of the body are terribly embittered by the deep-seated knowledge of the sick man, that it was in his case his own sin that brought this upon him. If such was the case with this poor paralytic man, how blessed then to him must have sounded the words with which the Divine Teacher first accosted, him—‘Son, thy sins be forgiven thee,’ followed, as they immediately were, by the words of Divine power—‘I say unto thee, Arise, take up thy bed and go to thine house.’

But let us now dwell on the first part of the story as an example of the zeal that will not be overcome—that *makes* itself a way when it does not find one ready to its hand—that devises means whereby to draw nearer to Christ, though all the world seem to resist it. Would to God that there were more of this zeal among Churchmen and professing Christians with regard to all the great acts of religion.

Perhaps the saddest of all signs of the coldness of our love of our Lord is the easiness with which we accept defeat, and see difficulties in the way of any religious acts—of anything that is *only* for His glory. ‘The slothful man,’ it is said in Proverbs, ‘saith, There is a lion in the path.’ So does the lukewarm man; he does not care for the object, therefore he sees a thousand difficulties which probably do not exist at all; or if they do, the slightest energy of purpose would brush them out of his path like a cobweb. How much are we willing to *suffer* for our religion? How much will you *give up* for the love of God? This is the true measure of the degree of your love. What is the worth of a love that will suffer nothing for its object? which the least inconvenience frightens, that will not ever ‘put itself out,’ as the phrase is, for the sake of its professed object? It is but a thing of words and profession, not of the heart’s core. David said, ‘I will not offer unto the Lord that which doth cost me nothing; but most men will rather say, ‘I will not offer unto Him that which will cost me *anything*, or more than a trifle which I shall not seriously feel. How can you expect me to do this or that for the cause of Christ? Do you not see that to do it I must put myself to inconvenience, shall lose something? I shall suffer either in my means, or in my credit and repute among men, or in my ease and self-indulgence. I believe that my Lord and King died for me, yet for Him I will suffer nothing. I will serve Him so long as it is easy, but as for bearing the lightest cross for Him you must not expect it.’ This is scarcely too severe a picture of the religion of many—a religion that has no heart for *sacrifice*, that is full of excuses, empty of contrivances—that is ever asking, not how *much* can I do for my God, but how little *need* I do for Him?

Compare, for instance, the conduct of our nation in literal wars

and in spiritual wars. In literal wars no expense is too great; in spiritual wars—missions and the like for the conversion of mankind—almost any expense is so. In literal wars, if we are defeated once, twice, twenty times, we should only go on with re-doubled efforts, with larger means, with ever-changing new devices; but in missions, the slightest difficulties are a reason for giving it all up. The reason is that we care for the one, and are determined to succeed in it, and therefore we find contrivances, resources numberless; but we do not care seriously for the other, and therefore we find difficulties, impossibilities, excuses without end. ‘Where there is a will there is a way;’—when men say things are ‘impossible,’ it is their lukewarmness often that makes them think so; it is that they have no real will, or only the weakest and feeblest.

Or look at men’s attendance at ordinances and means of grace. Almost all believe and confess that attendance at public prayers is a means of grace to the soul, for how indeed in the face of our Lord’s promise, could they deny it? Yet what a slight plea will keep them away. The coldness of the weather?—say rather the coldness of the heart; for if the slightest worldly gain was to be made by it, many of them would find means. Take an example—the early Communion. I do not by any means deny that there are many who could not attend this; their health, or other real difficulties, prevent it. But I speak of those who could come, and who, if they asked themselves, would feel and know that it would be a blessing to their souls, so to begin the day with Christ. Nevertheless, very many excuse themselves simply because it is a little difficult; some slight change must be made in domestic arrangements—some small self-denial must be faced. But *that is the very reason why some Christians would like to do it*, because they are eager to show to themselves, and to their Lord and God, that they are willing to suffer something for Him; to serve Him, not when it is easy, but when there is some real difficulty in their way. Would that there were more of this spirit amongst us—that there were more of us to whom religion and religious services were a pleasure and a delight, not a mere cold duty. Then excuses and difficulties would vanish, and contrivances take their place; the earnest wish would make itself a way, because it heartily desires its object. We want more of David’s spirit—more of the spirit of willing sacrifice—more of the mind seen so strikingly in the men of my text, who, finding all ordinary means of reaching Christ fail, devised an extraordinary one, and were by Him rewarded accordingly. Then would more of us be willing—yea, rather, eager—to use opportunities for taking up some light cross for Him who bore the heavy Cross for us.

O may it be so with us in our future lives more than it has yet been! Remember St. John’s words defining what true Christian and Divine love is,—‘*Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren.*’ (1 John iii. 16.) The true test of love of God and of man is willing, zealous self-sacrifice.



"MEANTIME KARL STOOD LOOKING AFTER HER WITH LONGING EYES." *Page 3.*

### Karl and Nina.

## Karl and Nina.

### CHAPTER II.

THE next morning at breakfast, Nina was very sad and silent, but her trouble passed unnoticed, for her uncle was full of the news which he had heard in Vienna the evening before.

"It's just as I have told you all along, Rika," said he to his wife, "we have done nothing but waste time with all these Conferences and meetings; Prussia never meant anything but war, and war we shall have before the summer is over."

"You always think you know as much as a Prime Minister, Hermann," rejoined his wife, "have you not been telling me this story for many a day, and I can see no signs of war yet."

"Then you must be blind, woman!" exclaimed the miller, impatiently. "Have you not known that all this spring preparations have been going on actively, nothing but recruiting everywhere, and more than that, I can tell you now that all the reserve army is to be called out at once, that third levy which is never wanted but in time of war. Last night there was a rumour that the eighth corps, under command of the Archduke Leopold, was to be ordered off in a few days to Brunn, and if that be true, you will miss many a neighbour from these parts."

"So!" exclaimed Frau Lenkhof, with awakening interest. "Is it indeed true? What a lucky thing that you have just got past the age for the reserve, Hermann, and that you can never be called out again!"

To this the miller only vouchsafed a gruff remark of "peace or war being all one to women, if they only kept their friends at home," and he set off to his day's work to make up for yesterday's holiday.

Nina had taken no part or interest in the conversation, little thinking how closely and deeply this matter of the war would concern her hereafter. She was ill at ease and dissatisfied with herself, and as she went about her household duties slowly and wearily, she asked herself again and again: "Shall I go and see Gretchen, and tell her all? What shall I say to Karl about my evening in the Würstel Präter?"

She did not dare to go and tell him openly the whole truth; remembering his hot temper, she could not summon up courage for that, and there was also a kind of foolish pride which held her back from confessing how she had been led on from one thing to another, and how heartily she repented of her thoughtless conduct. In this wretched state of doubt and uncertainty, the young girl passed all that day and the next. Meantime she had seen nothing of either Karl or his sister, and she began to wonder and feel angry that they had not come near her. She forgot how quickly malicious rumours will spread, and that it was her place to prove that they had no foundation.

It happened, however, on the evening of the third day, the 17<sup>th</sup> of May, as she had good cause to remember, that she met Karl Schubert on the towing path by the river side. She thought their meeting was accidental, little dreaming that the poor fellow had been walking up and down the lonely path for more than an hour, in the hope of seeing her.

"Good evening Karl," she said lightly, "I hope Gretchen is well?"

"Quite well, thank you, Nina," he replied, trying to imitate her carelessness of tone. "I suppose you quite forgot your promise of spending her birthday with her, but when you were so much better employed, that could scarcely be expected from you."

There was a bitterness in his manner which roused Nina's anger instead of softening her heart. She exclaimed angrily:—

"Surely I may do what I please without being taken to task in this way for it! It seems to me, Karl, that you forget I am no longer a child, to be scolded and ordered about. I daresay Gretchen did very well without me, if the truth were told."

"I daresay that you did very well without us, if all that I hear is true," he retorted. "They say that Albrecht Elshagen is a very pleasant companion, and dances admirably."

"I can only say that I enjoyed my afternoon in the Würstel Präter immensely," said Nina, in her anger, "and to crown all, that kind Frau Elshagen gave me a beautiful silver cross and earrings."

"Then I wish you many such pleasant afternoons and many such beautiful presents, Fraulein Lenkhof," was his reply.

Never before had he given her that cold, formal name, and the poor girl felt ready to cry with vexation. Already she would have given much to unsay her foolish, petulant words, but it seemed as though some evil spirit of pride and self-will had taken possession of her, and would not let her take one step towards reconciliation, though her heart ached for it. Neither of them spoke for a minute, and during that brief silence the whole scene by the river side was engraved on Nina's memory for all after years. The fading colours of the sunset in the western sky, the broad waters of the Danube rippling calmly by, here and there catching the light between the shadows of the trees, the old willow with its bent, gnarled trunk and branches sweeping down to the river's brink, under which her lover stood watching her in gloomy silence, all this would rise up vividly before her again and again, when she should be left in sorrow and loneliness.

She was the first to speak, but she could not relent.

"Well, Karl, as you have nothing pleasant to say to me, I will wish you Good-bye, for they will be expecting me indoors," and so saying, she turned away.

"Is this to be our farewell? must we part in anger?" murmured poor Karl, in the bitterness of his heart.

Nina heard his pleading words, and paused for a moment; then walked on slowly to the mill, though her tears fell fast.

"If he really cares to make it up," she thought, "he will surely follow me, and ask me to forgive him for being so unkind. It was cruel to say such things to me, when he knows how I love him."

Meantime, Karl stood looking after her with longing eyes.

"Alas," he sighed, "I see how it is. Her love for me was only a young girl's passing fancy, and as soon as a richer lover comes who can take her to the Würstel Präter, and give her silver ornaments, why then she is only too ready to accept him. I will trouble her no more, and yet," he added, in a softer mood, "I wish we had

parted in peace, and that Nina had shown a little love for me, for who knows when we shall meet again?"

He watched her until she disappeared through the open doorway of the mill, and even then could scarcely tear himself away. Thus parted those two young creatures who loved each other so truly and so well. They parted in anger and misunderstanding, and all for want of a word. Had that word of love and kindness been spoken, which each one was longing to utter, what sorrow and burning regrets would have been spared to Karl and Nina!

But we must hasten on, for with the stirring events which claim our attention, there is no time to linger upon the lovers' quarrel.

The next morning, Nina, who had scarcely slept all night, was full of eagerness to go at once to see Karl at the forge, and own that she had been to blame. It so happened, however, that it was a very busy day at the mill, one of her aunt's periodical cleanings, and it was therefore late in the afternoon before she could get away and hurry across the two fields to the low, white house of the blacksmith. She felt brighter and happier than she had been for days past, for she knew how gladly Karl would welcome and forgive her. Full of eager expectation, she arrived at the workshop, but to her dismay the door was closed and all was silent within. There was no familiar sound of the hammer and anvil, no bright shower of sparks from the forge, no glowing fire—Karl was not there to receive her with his bright smile—all was cold and deserted.

Perhaps he had finished his work early and gone out with Gretchen? Thus she tried to comfort herself, and drive away the dim foreboding of evil which was slowly creeping over her heart. With quick, impatient steps, she hastened on to the house, which was close by. Here too the door was shut, and she could hear no sounds within, but at her knocking the latch was unfastened, and Gretchen stood before her with a sad face and tearful eyes.

"Why, Gretchen, what is this?" exclaimed Nina. "Surely you have been weeping. What has happened? Is Karl ill?"

But at these questions the lame girl burst into tears, and sobbed as though her heart would break. Now thoroughly alarmed, Nina applied herself to soothe and comfort her friend, who presently murmured through her sobs:—

"Oh, Nina! you know all. Can you wonder at my grief?"

"I tell you I know nothing, Gretchen," said she, impatiently. "Tell me at once what is the matter."

Gretchen looked at her in surprise.

"Did not Karl go to see you last night to carry you the news himself and bid you farewell?"

"He told me nothing," cried Nina, with passionate bitterness. "Why will you torture me with this dreadful suspense?"

"Karl has been called out to join the army; I thought you knew . . . it was on Wednesday the summons came, and he said he could not go without seeing you, and this morning . . ." Here Gretchen's broken words were interrupted by a fresh burst of sobs, and Nina saw that her only chance of hearing more depended upon her waiting patiently, until her friend had become calmer. She had heard enough, however, to fill her with grief and remorse,

though in that first moment she scarcely realized the extent of her misfortune.

"Where is he now, dear?" she asked, gently, after a moment's pause. "I will go to him in Vienna, at the barracks, anywhere. But I must see him again before he leaves, I must bid him farewell."

"But, Nina, that cannot be," said Gretchen, "he left me at day-break this morning, and is now nearly a hundred miles away, for the train was to reach Brunn before night."

She was interrupted by a bitter cry from Nina, who thus found her last hope destroyed. Her lover was gone to the scene of war, and perhaps she might never see him again. He was gone, suddenly and unexpectedly; and when he had come to bid her farewell, she had repulsed him with unkind, thoughtless words, and they had parted in anger. Never before had she known how strong was her love for Karl; and to think that she had cast him from her, and lost him, perhaps for ever!

"Too late! too late!" she murmured to herself, in the bitterness of her self-reproach, as she hid her face with her hands in anguish.

Time passed on, and the daylight was fading fast, yet the two girls noticed it not, as they sat together, absorbed in their grief. Little by little Nina heard from Gretchen all that she knew about her brother's call to the army.

Several years before, Karl Schubert had been made a recruit, and had served for some time; but, on his father's death, he was suffered to return home to his occupation as a blacksmith, on the plea of having to maintain his orphan sister. This was allowed the more readily, as at that period the army had been reduced. Each year, however, since, he had been required to join in military training, and now that a great war was impending, he was called out, with the rest of the reserve army, for active service. The summons had taken him by surprise, for it was sudden and unexpected, but there was, of course, no help for it, and instant obedience was required of him. He was in the eighth corps, which was under the command of the Archduke Leopold, and this corps had been secretly, and at a day's notice, ordered northwards to Brunn, that it might be in readiness to defend the frontier should the Prussians invade the Austrian territory.

"And did Karl leave no message, no word for me?" asked Nina, imploringly, as Gretchen finished her story.

"He has spoken much of you since my birthday," she replied, "and wondered why you had not been to see us, but on Wednesday, Christine Bäutel came here, and she told us of having met you in the Wurstel Präter, and,—do not be angry, Nina,—she added that you danced constantly with Albrecht Elshagen, and that everyone said you were going to marry him. It is not true, is it, dear?"

"Did Karl believe it?" asked her friend.

"He was very angry at first, and would not listen to a word, but when Christine's father came in and told the same story, Karl knew not what to think, and was half distracted. One moment he was on the point of going off to see you, the next minute he declared he would never speak to you again. Then came the summons to

join the army, and all day yesterday he was at Vienna until the evening when. . . .”

“He came to wish me Good-bye,” interrupted Nina, “and I parted from him in anger, little knowing. . . . Oh! it was unkind, it was cruel of him to leave me so! But this morning, Gretchen,” she added, piteously, “this morning when he left his home, had he no last word for me?”

Gretchen was silent for a moment, but the poor girl’s earnestness wrung the truth from her. “He said something about that young Elshagen, and added, ‘Tell Nina that I hope she will be happy with him?’ He was so wretched, poor fellow, and he believed what Christine had said. But do not grieve, Nina dear, I will write to Karl and tell him that it was false.”

Nina was silent, she knew that she had deserved the sting of her lover’s last message, but she felt that the memory of it would make life bitter to her. What would she not have given, poor girl, to undo the past?

### CHAPTER III.

THE 16th of June had arrived, and all Vienna was full of excitement and anxious expectation, for the news had just reached the city, that Prussia had declared war against Hanover, Saxony, and Hesse. For weeks past, the one subject of conversation amongst all classes of society, from the highest to the lowest, had been the coming war, and many had been the contradictory rumours on the subject. Now, however, all doubt was at an end, and the long threatened war had actually begun. From that time events succeeded each other so rapidly that scarcely a day passed without bringing fresh tidings of importance; and to those who had friends in the army, months of suspense seemed crowded into each week.

Amongst those whose days were thus passed in anxious waiting and watching was Nina Lenkhof. Ever since Karl’s departure, she had been restless and unhappy, going wearily about her daily toils, and as different as possible from the sunny, light-hearted girl she had been before. Whenever her uncle returned from Vienna, or neighbours came to the mill, she would meet them with the same eager question—“What news of the war?”

But the poor girl could learn nothing of that which concerned her most nearly, whether Karl was at the actual scene of war or not; she only knew that he had been ordered to Brunn, and was in the corps commanded by the Archduke Leopold. Gretchen had written to her brother more than once, but as she had received no answer, it was very doubtful whether her letters had ever reached him.

Meantime, Frau Lenkhof looked upon the absence of the young blacksmith as a most fortunate thing, and did her best to forward, in every way, her own plans for her niece. It would be such a grand success, she thought, to have her so well married, and the foolish girl, who did not know her real interest now, would be only too grateful to her in days to come. But since that eventful afternoon at the Wurstel Prater, Nina had been very difficult to manage, for she positively refused to meet Albrecht Elshagen or have any-

thing to say to him ; nay, she had even gone so far as to give her aunt the silver cross and earrings, begging her to return them. She had done this without hesitation or regret, for the passing vanity, which had made her rejoice in possessing these coveted ornaments, had all been forgotten in her love and anxiety for Karl. Nina little thought that, instead of returning them to Frau Elshagen, her aunt had merely put them aside in a drawer, in full confidence that such a foolish sacrifice would soon be repented of.

It happened one day, about this time, that as Nina, who had been paying one of her frequent visits to Gretchen, was returning home across the water-meadows, she saw some one approaching towards her, and to her dismay recognised Albrecht Elshagen. Hitherto she had been fortunate in avoiding him, whenever he came to the mill, but now she saw there was no escape for her, and quickly resolved that she would put an end, once for all, to any hopes that he might have of ever making her his wife.

"Good day, Nina," he began, "you have been quite a stranger to us lately."

"Good day to you, Herr Elshagen," she replied, coldly, for there was a certain confidence in his manner which angered her, besides, what right had he to call her "Nina?"

"May I ask you," he continued, nothing daunted, "to turn back with me along this path, as I have something important to say?"

"As you will, sir," was her only answer, while he led the way to the path by the river side, near the old willow trees. Little did he think how ill-chosen was the spot, and what memories it called up, for it was the very place where Nina and Karl had parted.

"I have just come from the mill," he began, "and have spoken of my purpose to both your honoured uncle and aunt. They quite approve of it, and are willing to favour my suit in every way. It therefore only remains for me, Nina, to obtain your consent, and I am glad to have this excellent opportunity of seeing you alone." He paused, evidently expecting her to say something, but Nina was silent; she was resolved to let him finish his story, and then she would give him her whole, final answer at once.

"You can have no doubt about my meaning," he continued, "for I have plainly shown my preference for you, Nina. If you will be my wife, I will make you happy and comfortable; you shall be mistress of a good house, you shall have plenty of money, everything in short that you wish for. I am only waiting for one word, dear Nina," he added, in a somewhat gentler tone than that in which he had enumerated the advantages he offered her; of these Albrecht was very proud, and he did not feel the slightest doubt as to the answer he should receive. As he told himself, he was young, good looking, and wealthy for his class of society; and whoever was fortunate enough to be his wife, would be envied by half the girls in Vienna. It did not occur to him as possible that any maiden should refuse such a brilliant position, and he could scarcely believe his ears when Nina replied—

"Thank you for your goodness, Herr Elshagen, though I cannot profit by it. No doubt your wife will be a very happy woman, but

### *Karl and Nina.*

---

you must seek her elsewhere. As for me, I shall never marry any one but Karl Schubert."

As she spoke these words, the young girl turned quickly towards the mill, leaving her suitor too much taken by surprise to follow her or seek any further explanation. It was true that he had heard of this Karl Schubert, a blacksmith, but he had never dreamt of finding in him a favoured rival.

As Albrecht Elshagen slowly turned towards Vienna, he felt that he had not been fairly dealt with, though he was too generous to taunt Nina with the memory of that eventful afternoon in the Würstel Präter, or the presents which she had accepted from him.

Nina, meantime, had hurried homewards in no enviable state of mind, for she well knew that she had not been blameless in the matter. As she entered the mill, her aunt watched her with curiosity, evidently expecting to hear some news, but Nina, fearful that the glowing fire-light would reveal her emotion, quickly took up a newspaper which was lying on the table, and sat down on a low stool by the fire to read it. At first she glanced at it carelessly, but the heading of one of the columns arrested her attention.

"Ah! that is the *Zeitung* which Albrecht Elshagen brought me," said Frau Lenhof, "he knows that your uncle hears the news abroad, and seldom brings me home a paper, though little enough is the time I have for reading. But tell me, Nina, my child," she added, "did you not meet Albrecht just now?"

But Nina heeded not her aunt's words, nay she heard them not, so engrossed was she in the news which she eagerly devoured, for they were tidings of the war, tidings such as she had hitherto longed for in vain of that eighth corps under the Archduke Leopold, in which Karl served. She read on hurriedly, breathlessly, for seldom indeed had the *Zeitung* contained such exciting news. The Prussians had been victorious in three engagements, in one of which Kamming, the Austrian General, had been defeated at Nachod, by the army of the Crown Prince of Prussia. Upon this, the Archduke Leopold had been ordered to join General Kamming who had retreated to the town of Skalitz.

In her agitation, Nina could scarcely read on when she had read thus far, here was Karl on the very eve of a battle, for only a few lines farther on, her eye caught the words, "Action of Skalitz." Yes, on the 28th of June, in that eventful battle, was decided whether the Prussian army should succeed in making its way through the mountains, by what were called the gates of Bohemia, or be driven back. It was a terrible struggle, and both sides fought bravely, but the Austrians were compelled to give up one position after another, until the wood on the north of the town was taken, and Skalitz itself was stormed. This was the news which the Crown Prince of Prussia had received, as he waited anxiously on the neighbouring hill of Kosteletz, within sound of the rolling thunder of the cannons. General Steinmetz had won a great victory, but the Austrian girl cared not for Crown Princes or Generals; her eye quickly passed on to the long list which was given on the next page, of some of the killed and wounded. She scarcely dared to read it, for the names, to her excited feelings,

## *Reflection.*

seemed written in blood. Her aunt, surprised at her long silence, was watching her with curiosity, when she saw the paper fall to the ground, and Nina, burying her face in her hands, trying to check the convulsive sobs that betrayed her.

"What has happened? What is it, Nina?" exclaimed Frau Lenkhof, in alarm. "I did hear something about a battle in the mountains, but why should you take it to heart like this?"

The poor girl could not answer; she was overcome by the violence of her grief, for there, amongst the names in that sad record of those who were missing, of whom it was still unknown whether they were killed or wounded, was "Karl Schubert."

(*To be continued.*)



### **Reflection ON THE WEEVILS IN A GRANARY.**

BY JAMES HILDYARD, B.D., RECTOR OF INGOLDSBY.

**I**THESE little animals are so numerous and so destructive that in a few months they have almost entirely demolished a heap, consisting of six quarters of barley.

Their method is to bore a small hole into the centre of the grain, from whence they extract all the farinaceous part, leaving the husk hollow. No one, who had not seen its effect with his own eyes, could realize it, for the desolation is

## *Hearty Hints to Lay Officers of the Church.*

---

more complete than if fifty mice or half-a-dozen rats had been at work for the same time; with this only difference, that the injury done by the weevil is not so apparent to the casual observer, as the shell of the corn still remains, like that of a nut whose inside has been devoured by a grub, while all the nutritive portion is effectually removed. And yet the little insect itself is so tiny that it would pass easily through the eye of a tolerably-sized needle.

Alas, even so it is with the state of man, if not under the constant influence of the Spirit of grace. A multitude of the smaller defects of character will so undermine his soul's health, that, though no. perhaps obvious to the ordinary spectator, it shall, in reality, be in a more desperate condition than if subject to the influence of some one or two more decided tendencies to vice.

This petty plague of evil habits in little things, long indulged with impunity, gradually saps the foundation of all moral virtue within, and eats up, as it were, imperceptibly, all the better qualities both of head and heart; till at length nothing is left but an empty shell, fair indeed as ever to look upon, but, when put to the test, proving nothing but a dry heap of husks.

And yet all the while that this fearful devastation was going on, there was nothing on which to lay the finger as calling for severe and immediate correction. Oh, it is only a trifle! Dear me, what a fuss to make about such a little matter as that!

And then comes the moral of the tale.—Who would have thought it? The unchecked small beginnings have increased till their number at length is legion. That which was weak and powerless when single has become irresistible by being multiplied; and the whole man falls a prey to the unwise disregard of Little things.

---

## *Hearty Hints to Lay Officers of the Church.*

BY GEORGE VENABLES, S.C.L., VICAR OF S. MATTHEW'S, LEICESTER.

### THE ORGANIST.

**V**ERY glad am I that I had not to write upon this subject twenty years ago. If attempted then, the task would have been undertaken with a consciousness that it must excite the ire of many of the organists of that day. For their system must have been attacked altogether. Who would now endure the interludes, voluntaries, grace notes, flourishes, and grand display of 'talent' which called forth the wonderment of the untutored mind of that period, and the envy of the youth who was "just beginning to play a little?"

Certainly very few modern organists would endure such performances, and the improvement in the taste of most church congregations is such as would scarcely tolerate them. This being the case, it is needless to dwell further upon these associations with the 'Organ-loft' of earlier days.

In dwelling upon the characteristics of a good organist, it is almost needless to say that he must be able to play with considerable accuracy and feeling. While avoiding all extravagancies in any display of feeling, he will know and appreciate the vast power for good which lies in giving a religious expression, when playing the organ, to the sentiments contained in the words which are being chanted or sung. Many expressions in the Book of Psalms call for the deepest feeling; and a good organist—entering in his own soul into the depths of the Psalmist's emotions—will not fail to express them, and to make the congregation feel them also, by the very mode in which he performs his duties on the organ.

The organist of the present day ought to be, and often is, a thoroughly devout and reverential man. You will not find him, while prayer, or reading, or preaching are proceeding, occupied with the arrangement of what he has next to do. With occasional unavoidable exceptions, you will see him coming forth from his seat (habited it may be like the rest of the choir in his surplice), and humbly kneeling on his knees, and joining with the great congregation in earnest supplication to his God. Not that he is screened off at other times with curtains from the people. Nothing of the kind. He feels, in common with all honest churchmen, that just as all shams are hateful, so screens are needless to conceal any man in the performance of any necessary function in God's House of prayer or praise. "It is well *seen*, O my God, how thou goest in the Sanctuary. The singers go before, the minstrels follow after, in the midst are the damsels playing upon the timbrels." There is no concealment. What wondrous wrath did I and my superior brother curate draw down upon us once (but that is a long time ago) for daring to remove the old curtain which had for years concealed all sorts of performances between the organ and the said curtain amongst the organist and choir! But we braved the storm, and a delightful calm succeeded, for it was seen that we were right!

It has come to our ears—yea, the very bottles have been palpable to our astonished vision—that beer and wine have been 'smuggled' into the organ loft, deposited within the organ, and sipped freely during the parson's sermon. The curtain fell, and this indecent outrage ceased. But most organists now have better feelings, and would not thus desecrate the House of God, or indeed lower their own character and self-respect. Organists now-a-days are often men of true reverence and devotion; indeed, a really good organist *must* be a religious man. No other man will long distinguish himself in his 'renderings' of certain portions of the services. It is admitted that men of taste and tact may do much, but there are points even in organ playing, where, just as a halo of religious feeling seems to shine round the face of the man who holds much and close intercourse with his God, so an inspiration of the force of truth seems to accompany the very fingering of an organ by the devout musician.

The organist of this character (and such is the true organist) will take great pains in the discharge of every point of his duty.

He carefully reads every verse of the hymn to be sung, and he and the precentor (who is the vicar probably), while fully agreeing as to the advantage of using the same tune to the same hymn, will also agree that that very tune requires a considerable difference in the mode wherein it is applied to one verse of a hymn, and then to perhaps the next verse that follows. When this subject is wisely attended to, and the tune is rendered with good feeling, the effect is delightful and devotional.

We have put the propriety of an organist being religious on scientific grounds. Might we not also put it on a far higher principle? We have heard soul-inspiring and delightful strains (which have made some hearers weep) from the performances of men whose characters were far from satisfactory. Is it not a distressing thing to hear almost heavenly music produced by the agency of minds not set heavenward? Few thoughts are so solemn as the remembrance that preachers may point heavenward, choristers may sing heavenly songs, and organists may half lift the soul to heaven by their music, and yet themselves not be safely pursuing the narrow way which leadeth unto life. We say this, though happily convinced that while our warning is solemn and necessary, it by no means applies to all organists.

Organists are often choir-masters. It is perhaps desirable they should be, and that they should exercise the choirs thoroughly. In doing this it is often well, however, that they get another to play the organ while they drill the choir; for otherwise they cannot hear the defects or correct the blunders very readily. The vicar is usually precentor, and as such selects, of course, the hymns and tunes, and chants, as in a cathedral. But when a proper feeling exists, the precentor and the organist will be '*in unison*,' and will act together in all things tending to promote "the praise and glory of God."

The model organist is a really humble man. He is conscious of the great importance of his office, but his conduct in all things is that of a man of God. Reverential and devout, he takes an evident interest in all he has to do, he is ever eager to maintain the best feeling and the best behaviour amongst all the members of his choir.

Church-organists are now a large and highly respectable body of men, and in hinting to them how to discharge their duties aright, I say to them with much good feeling,—'Aim to excel in your noble profession. Be good players. Cultivate much delicacy and feeling in your playing. Enter fully into the meaning of the words to which the music is being applied. Be thoroughly reverent and devout at those times of the service when you are not professionally engaged. Rather, too, encourage exposure than claim a needless amount of concealment. And let me add the earnest hope that they who so admirably lead the chants and songs of praise of the church on earth may be men of true religion, who shall renew their glorious anthems in the church of just men made perfect hereafter. It is dreadful to think of any other alternative. In every sense, then, of the word, do I say to our organists, BE HEARTY.'



“FEEBLY THE SICK MAN RAISED HIS HAND, HIS HAND SO THIN AND PALE,  
AND SOMETHING IN THE HOLLOW EYE MADE THAT RUDE SPEAKER QUAIL!”

### The Death-bed of Rutherford.

## The Death-bed of Rutherford.

**R. RUTHERFORD** was for some years minister of Anworth, in Scotland, but in 1636 he was sentenced to be deprived of his ministry. He was kept in prison at Aberdeen till the year 1638, when he returned to his flock. He died in 1661, when he was on the point of being apprehended for the testimony of Jesus."

Tread lightly through the darkened room, for a sick man lieth there,  
And 'mid the dimness only stirs the whispered breath of prayer,  
As anxious hearts take watch by turns beside the lowly bed,  
Where sleep the awful stillness wears that soon must wrap the dead.

Hours hath he known of feaver'd pain, but now his rest is calm,  
As though upon the spirit worn distilled some healing balm;  
It may be that his dreaming ear wakes old accustomed words,  
Or drinks once more the matin song of Anworth's ' blessed birds.'

Oh! green and fresh upon his soul those early haunts arise,  
His kirk! his home! his wild-wood walk! with all their memories.  
The very rushing of the burn by which he often trod,  
The while, on eagle wings of faith, his spirit met its God.

A smile hath brightened on his lip—a light around his brow;  
Oh! surely ' words unspeakable' that dreamer listeth now;  
And glories of the upper sky his raptured senses steep,  
Blent with the whispers of His love who gives His loved ones sleep.

But hark! a sound, a tramp of horse! a loud, harsh, wrangling din!  
Oh! rudely on that dream of Heaven this world hath broken in,  
In vain affection's earnest plea—the intruders forward press—  
And with a struggling spasm of pain he wakes to consciousness.

Strange lights are gleaming through the room, strange forms are round his bed;  
Slowly his dazzled sense takes in each shape and sound of dread.  
" False to thy country's honoured laws, and to thy sovereign lord,  
I summon thee to meet thy doom, thou traitor, Rutherford!"

Faebly the sick man raised his hand, his hand so thin and pale,  
And something in the hollow eye made that rude speaker quail!  
" Man! thou hast sped thy errand well—yet is it wasted breath,  
Except the great ones of the earth can break my tryst with Death."

" A few brief days, or briefer hours, and I am going home,  
Unto mine own prepared place, where but few great ones come—  
Unto the judgment-seat of Him Who sealed me with His seal;  
Against evil tongues and evil men I make my last appeal !

" A traitor was His name on earth! a felon's doom His fate!  
Thrice welcome were my Master's cup, but it hath come too late.  
The summons of that mightiest King, to whom all kings must bow,  
Is on me for an earlier day—is on me even now !

" I hear, I hear the chariot wheels that bring my Saviour nigh!  
For me He bears a golden crown, a harp of melody—  
For me He opens wide His arms, He shows His wounded side;  
Lord, 'tis my passport unto life! I lieye, for Thou hast died!"

They give His writings to the flames, they brand his grave with shame,  
A hissing in the mouth of fools becomes his honoured name;  
And darkness wraps awhile the land for which he prayed and strove,  
But blessed in the Lord his death, and blest his rest above.

HISLOP.

# On the Origin and History of the English Bible.

BY DENHAM ROWE NORMAN, VICAR OF MIDDLETON BY WIRKSWORTH.

Is there on earth a spirit frail  
Who fears to take their word,  
Scarce daring through the twilight pale  
To think he sees the Lord ?  
With eyes too tremblyng awake  
To bear with dimness for His sake ?  
Read and confess the hand Divine  
That drew thy likeness here so true in every line.

*Christian Year.*

N giving the history of the sacred books of Scripture during the long series of years between the remote past and the period when John Wycliffe pursued his studies and labours, extreme caution is necessary. It is not for a moment to be supposed that all was darkness and ignorance and indolence in that wide span of a thousand years. A careful observer may find in ancient chronicles quite enough evidence to convince him that from the year A.D. 404, when St. Jerome completed his labours to the dawning of 'the morning star of the reformation,' John Wycliffe, A.D. 1380, there was a ceaseless endeavour to preserve in the utmost purity the Word of God.

It is true, of course, that there was not then, as now, a perfect copy of the Bible in every Christian's house; indeed, how could it be so when the cost of such a treasure is remembered? Those written copies or manuscript Bibles could not be had for less than one hundred pounds, when labourers' wages were about three half-pence a day, and thus only the wealthy could obtain the Sacred Volume.

Again, there is another feature of those times which is too often not remembered—the want of power to read and understand any language but the one in use in the country. The Scriptures might be there, and the people might have had free access to them; but then the Scriptures were as yet in a tongue not 'understanded of the people,' that is, in the several countries of Europe (and our own amongst the rest) they were in the Latin tongue. Missionaries, however diligent, could scarcely teach every person the foreign language of the Bible, or give the Scriptures entire and complete in their own tongue to each of the nations to whom they went.

There was, however, a work to be done which taxed the energy and learning of scholars in each succeeding age, and continually required the watchful eye of those who were jealous for the exact utterances of the Holy Ghost. Most instructive it is to observe the constant pains which were taken to avoid errors in the various copies which were made. Every now and then rose up some able and industrious scholar who made it his business to collect all the most perfect manuscripts of God's Word which were to be obtained. Far and near libraries were searched for these valuable documents, and when sufficient had been secured for the purpose, a careful comparison was made. Even the very smallest alterations, the most trifling changes, were noted, so that when the review was completed, there might be the most accurate possible copy of God's Word.

About two hundred years after the death of St. Jerome there

was the first notable attempt made to secure perfect accuracy in these manuscript Bibles. Magnus Aurelius Cassiodorus, a chief minister and friend of Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths, in advancing years betook himself for retirement from the world to a monastery in Calabria. His knowledge of the world and his active habits were now turned in his retreat to the special works of acquiring from foreign countries as many manuscripts as possible, and in directing the labours of the inmates of his religious house at Viviers upon the manuscripts brought together for inspection. The sagacity and caution which this man had shown in managing his master's worldly affairs were of infinite value when he undertook thus to serve the cause of his Heavenly Master. That penetration which required positive proof and undeniable evidence of accuracy before admitting a claim in a mere business matter was now of great use in discerning the true word of God from the numerous interpolated words and sentences which transcribers had introduced into the text. Cassiodorus, in making his 'Recension' or revision, or review, in weeding out each word which he supposed to be wrongly inserted, was most careful to retain every syllable which could claim any weight of authority. So lasting was the desire of this eminent man to deliver to future generations the exact words of God, that in his ninety-third year, he composed a treatise on orthography for the guidance of the copyists who were working at his command. Ceaseless in his toils himself, he did not suffer his fellow labourers to flag in their work, but urged them to a diligent performance of their duties in completing the great work upon which he had set his heart. The burden of such a 'Recension' as that made by Cassiodorus can hardly be understood unless we keep in mind the fact that he had to judge between the accuracy of copies made from that Old Itala Version, and others made from the version which bears the name of Jerome. It must have been most perplexing to decide in several instances which was to be followed, and to determine what were the precise words to be set down. And yet great as was the task, this untiring worker rested not till he had handed over to the church what he considered to be a faithfully corrected copy of the Psalter, the Prophets, and the Epistles.

In course of time, a greater work even than that done by Cassiodorus stared men in the face: a work too important to be ventured on by any but wealthy and influential persons. About two hundred and fifty years after the death of Cassiodorus, that is about A.D. 802, the text of the Latin manuscript Bibles had become so uncertain, and full of smaller and greater inaccuracies, that even an emperor, with all his engrossing cares of state, could give his time and thought to remedy the evil.

Charlemagne had observed the injury which was increasing through the circulation of these corrupt and faulty copies of Holy Scripture, and undertook to send forth once more what upon mature reflection and most sifting examination appeared to be the exact word of God.

Alcuin, known also by the name Flavus Albinus, a native of York, returning home from a mission to Rome, came in the course

## *Origin and History of the English Bible.*

---

of his journey to the court of Charlemagne. The emperor was so taken with the modest ways and deep learning of our countryman that he at once committed to Alcuin the task of making a fresh 'Recension' of the Scriptures for public use in the church. This learned and industrious scholar, thus pressed into the service, devoted years to the work of comparing manuscript with manuscript, and version with version, and gradually forming out of the various copies before him what he considered to be the very word of God.

It is reported indeed that Charlemagne in the last year of his life became so interested in the work, and so anxious to see its completion before his death, that he helped Alcuin to correct the text, and in conjunction with several Greeks and Syrians had secured such accuracy that he was thoroughly satisfied with the result of the labour. Alcuin's work upon the Bible was purely a 'Recension,' or revision, of the Latin versions of Holy Scripture—a clearing away from the Latin texts everything which seemed to be improperly there; and so thoroughly and effectually does he seem to have done his duty in the matter, that his revised copies lasted on in use for centuries.

It may interest some readers to know that there are even now to be seen manuscripts which are supposed to be copies of this ancient and remarkable 'Recension' of Alcuin. In the British Museum there is one of these manuscripts which goes by the name of Charlemagne's Bible. There is another in the Imperial Library at Paris, and a third in the library of the Oratory at Rome. The wonderful care with which these valuable records are written and their near approach to what is now held to be the correct language of Holy Writ render them highly precious in the esteem of those who delight in ancient lore.

Another point in connection with this Alcuin Recension claims a passing notice. It is here that we see a somewhat more fixed and regular division of the books of Holy Scripture into chapters. St. Jerome had attempted for his own convenience in reading, and it may be in remembering, the words of Holy Scripture, to fix the text in certain lines, and these lines were so joined together that they stood out in the manuscript as separate groups or sections. In course of frequent re-copying, these groups would become, and did become, confused, so that by-and-bye there was not the slightest certainty as to what was at first intended by the great Latin writer. Now, however, in these Alcuin manuscript Bibles, there is seen a plainly marked division, and as well in the Table of contents the number of chapters and verses which each book contains—thus:—  
Josue Ben-Nun capp. xxxiii habet vers i DCCL Mattheus, capp. lxxxii. habet vers ii DCC. Each stage in the history, as we observe, affords its share towards that degree of perfection unto which the text at length had attained when it came into the hands of the printer.

Two hundred and fifty years more expire, and we find again the need of a master mind to revise and correct the current manuscript copies of the Latin Bible. This time the work is done by Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, about the year A.D. 1089. The vast learning and profound wisdom of that great man were used un-

sparingly in the task of separating the word of God from the numberless errors of careless or ignorant scribes. This ‘Recension’ of Lanfranc, however, did not obtain a very wide circulation out of England. It is thought that, notwithstanding its efficiency, this review had more of a national than universal character.

Half a century later, about the year A.D. 1159, Cardinal Nicolaus engaged in a similar task, and soon after the Abbot Stephanus followed with his contribution to the great work. Indeed, just at this time many able and holy men were engaged in seeking out from every available source materials which were necessary for the establishment of a true text of Holy Scripture. Increasing opportunities for obtaining information were gladly hailed, and each fresh instalment was discussed with the utmost eagerness.

About the year A.D. 1200 there began to appear manuscript Latin Bibles with corrections and marginal notes. The authors of these documents took some well known copy as a standard, and instead of revising it as Cassiodorus or Alcuin had done in earlier times, they placed their emendations at the side of the text. This system did not go on unchallenged, for on one occasion an attempt to use such a document publicly was met by an interdict from an opposing school of theology (the Dominicans) A.D. 1256, who issued a copy of the Scriptures with corrections of their own.

Amongst the last, but by no means the least, notable labourer in this work of the preservation of Holy Scripture in its integrity was Laurentius Valla, who spent his time willingly in endeavouring to free it from every word which could not claim upon the highest authority a right to stand as part of the message of God.

This slight and imperfect sketch of the anxious labours which were bestowed on the text of Holy Scripture in the Middle Ages—this brief account of these numerous ‘Recensions’ or revisions which were made by more or less competent hands, will serve to allay any anxiety which may be felt concerning the stability of God’s Word, not one jot or tittle of which can possibly be lost. One paramount idea is evident throughout the long course of years, and that is, that the “Word of God is perfect.” One unchanging desire is manifest at every turn, and that is, that the perfect word of God, without addition or mutilation should be handed on from age to age. Fear, and doubt, and misgiving occasionally disturbed the minds of some when ancient spots were cleansed away, and the bright mirror of Divine Truth was burnished anew by able and judicious hands; but who is there now to lift a word against those patient workers who spent the best years of their lives in proving and holding fast and establishing the words of the Most High? Like the visage of the Divine Redeemer which appeared as marred during the struggle with the powers of this world, and yet presently appeared majestic in resurrection glory; so the word of God may appear at a disadvantage whilst undergoing the ordeal of investigation at the hands of acute scholars and yet presently shall once again in these latter days shine forth in greater splendour and power than ever for the comfort and healing of the nations.

## Be True.

Thou must be true thyself,  
If thou the truth wouldest teach,  
Thy soul must overflow, if thou  
Another's soul wouldest reach:  
It needs the overflow of heart  
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts  
Shall the world's famine feed;  
Speak truly, and each word of thine  
Shall be a fruitful seed;  
Live truly, and thy life shall be  
A great and noble creed.

H. BONAR.

## God's Anvil.

PAIN's furnace heat within me quivers,  
God's breath upon the flame doth blow;  
And all my heart in anguish shivers,  
And trembles at the fiery glow;  
And yet I whisper, As God will!  
And in His hottest fire hold still.

He comes and lays my heart, all heated,  
On the hard anvil, minded so  
Into His own fair shape to beat it  
With His great hammer, blow on  
blow;  
And yet I whisper, As God will!  
And at His heaviest blows hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it,  
The sparks fly off at every blow;  
He turns it o'er and o'er and heats it,  
And lets it cool and makes it glow;  
And yet I whisper, As God will!  
And in His mighty hand hold still.

Why should I murmur? for the sorrow,  
Thus only longer-lived would be;  
Its end may come, and will, to-morrow,  
When God has done His work in  
me;  
So I say, trusting, As God will!  
And, trusting to the end, hold still.

He kindles, for my profit purely,  
Affliction's glowing fiery brand,  
And all His heaviest blows are surely  
Inflicted by a master hand;  
So I say, praying, As God will!  
And hope in Him, and suffer still.

## Who Built It?

**D**HERE was once a King who had a splendid Cathedral built at his own expense, and issued a decree that no one should be allowed to contribute anything towards his church, or be taxed for it, as he wished to build it entirely himself, at his own cost. When it was completed, he ordered his name to be engraved in large golden letters over the chief door, adding that no one had given anything to it except himself.

This was done, but in the night his name vanished, and in its place there stood, next morning, the name of an old woman, who alone, it stated, had erected the Cathedral. When the King heard this, he was very much astonished, he ordered the old woman's name to be erased and his own placed there again. This was done, but next morning his name was gone again, and that of the old woman stood in its place. This happened three times. Then the King reflected and enquired who the old woman might be, and ordered that she should be brought to him.

When she came before him he said, "My good woman, be so kind as to tell me how it happens that your name always stands over the Cathedral door; I thought that I had built it entirely myself. But it must be God's will that it should be so; tell me therefore, have you contributed towards the Cathedral? No harm shall happen to you, on this account."

Then the old woman said, "Take it not to heart, and be not

### *The Little Winter Grave.*

angry with me, gracious King ; I am a poor old woman, and have to earn my daily bread by spinning, but still I should have wished much to contribute my mite towards God's house, if you had not forbidden it. But I could not bring it to my heart to do nothing at all ; so I bought a couple of pounds of hay and scattered it before the horses who drew up the stones for the Church." When the King heard this, he saw very plainly that this poor woman's sacrifice was more pleasing in God's sight than all his outlay and expense; so he made up his mind to let her name remain over the church door. But as soon as he had come to this conclusion, the name of the old woman disappeared, and his own stood again in its original place.

J. F. C.



### **The Little Winter Grave.**

COMPOSED ON THE BURIAL OF A CHILD IN A GRAVE IN THE SNOW.

Our baby lies under the snow, sweet wife,  
Our baby lies under the snow,  
Out in the dark with the night,  
While the winds so loudly blow.  
As a dead saint thou art pale, sweet wife,  
And the cross is on thy breast;  
Oh, the snow no more can chill  
That little dove in its nest!  
Shall we shut the baby out, sweet wife,  
While the chilling winds do blow?  
Oh, the grave is now its bed,  
And its coverlid is snow!

Oh, our merry bird is snared, sweet wife,  
That a rain of music gave,  
And the snow falls on our hearts,  
And our hearts are each a grave!  
Oh, it was the lamp of our life, sweet wife,  
Blown out in a night of gloom,—  
A leaf from our flower of love,  
Nipped in its fresh spring bloom!  
But the lamp will shine above, sweet wife,  
And the leaf again shall grow,  
Where there are no bitter winds,  
And no dreary, dreary snow.

SHELDON CHADWICK.

# Short Sermon.

## Christian Faith and Christian Order.

BY MELVILLE HORNE SCOTT, M.A., VICAR OF OCKBROOK.

Colossians ii. 5.—“*For though I be absent in the flesh, yet am I with you in the Spirit, joying and beholding your order, and the stedfastness of your faith in Christ.*”



WOULD enquire,

- I. Into the meaning of each of these, Christian faith and Christian order, and
- II. Into the importance of each, and of both united.

I. As to the *meaning* of each. And I here would take the last first, as being the foundation of everything, viz., ‘*the stedfastness of faith in Christ.*’ And I would remark:—

That a stedfast faith is stedfast as regards its object. The man with stedfast faith has the ground of his dependence always the same, Christ and His work in his behalf.

A stedfast faith is stedfast as regards the simplicity of it. The man with stedfast faith has the ground of his dependence undivided and unmixed. Not only in Christ, but in Christ alone is all his plea.

A stedfast faith is stedfast as regards the constancy of its action. A man with stedfast faith has his faith continually in action. It is not a thing of occasional but of habitual use. ‘*The life which I live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God.*’

A stedfast faith is stedfast as regards the perseverance of it. The man with stedfast faith builds his hope in latest age just where he built it in earliest youth. He takes faith in Christ as his staff when he begins his journey, and with that staff he walks till journeying days are done. Nay, he will even carry it with him across the river at the end, ‘*looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life.*’

A stedfast faith is stedfast as regards the persistence of it; for it is not only persevering, but persevering in spite of many a beguiling temptation by the way. A man who leads a stedfast Christian life for half a century, or for a quarter of a century either, will need not only perseverance of faith but persistence. All sorts of new fashions he will have to live through, and maintain the unchangedness of his faith through all. He will have to be called old-fashioned many a time, and he will have to be so too. Christ and Christ alone, and salvation by faith in Christ, must be his persistent song, whether it harmonize with the ever-varying strains of the hour, or whether it does not.

Such is my explanation of ‘*stedfastness of faith in Christ.*’

And now—What is meant by *order*, upon which St. Paul lays such stress, ‘*joying and beholding your order, and the stedfastness of your faith in Christ.*’

What is this? I may describe it as twofold. There is *private* Christian order; Christian and Godly order in the private life.

Order and firm regularity in our *personal habits*; order and firm regularity in our *domestic habits*; order and firm regularity in our

*domestic rule.* All these have a high importance in connection with true Christian faith. A river without banks becomes a marsh and morass; and so true Christian faith requires a definite channel to run in.

Then, besides these more secular and external forms of private Christian order, there are others more important still, namely, order in our *domestic religious* habits; and order in our *personal religious* habits. Both these I believe to be very essential to the full vigour of Christian faith, the latter, of course, absolutely essential to it. Order and firm regularity in our personal religious habits are so essential that I believe that true Christian faith cannot be kept in anything resembling true vigour and reality without it.

But, besides these forms of private Christian order, there is also what is equally essential, namely, *public* Christian order, the Christian and Godly order in connection with the Church of Christ. And under this form of order I would name, invariable regularity at worship, whenever it is to be had, whether Sundays or weekdays, so far as health and absolute necessity permit. And then, in the worship, the accurate following, both with our lips and with our hearts, of the prescribed order of the services. I believe that that form of order which makes it incumbent on us to utter distinctly with the lips the large portion of service allotted in our church to each worshipper is very essential to our Christian benefit. Silence in the church's service takes its rise mostly in spiritual deadness, and reproduces and multiplies that deadness. It comes from indolence, and ends in indolence intensified.

And then, as a part of that order, which is essential to the maintenance of a stedfast Christian faith, I would give a very prominent place to an invariable regularity of attendance at the Lord's Supper. In connection with true Christian faith such regularity will bring blessing untold. We are going astray from all Christian order when this duty is omitted, or even when it is only occasionally attended to. A true and vivid faith in Jesus will, I believe, force us to His Table systematically, and a true and vivid faith requires, I believe, such systematic attendance at His Table for its maintenance and support.

As part of the Christian order on which St. Paul lays such stress, putting it on a level even in importance with Christian faith, I would name also—The invariable taking advantage of every other means of grace that is provided for our benefit in connection with each congregation. Such means of grace are to be considered, St. Paul would teach, to possess *authority*; to have that in them which the conscience should listen to; to have a claim upon us which we should feel to be binding, a claim upon us stronger than any except the claims of necessity and of peremptory duty in another direction. In fact, in following this Godly and Christian order which the Apostle so delighted to see in the members of the Colossian church, Christian people would realise the description and realise the blessing which that verse of Psalm xcii. contains, ‘Those that be *planted* in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God.’ It is the fixedly planted tree that grows in the world of nature. And so in the church of Christ, ‘Those

## *Short Sermon.*

---

that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God.' The irregular and unsystematic member of Christ's church is like a tree unplanted, or planted for a while sometimes and then rooted up again; such trees will be very likely to die, or at any rate will grow but very little.

I would now go on to show—

II. The *importance* of each, and the importance of both united.

(1). The importance of stedfast faith in Christ.

And I would remark that *stedfast* faith in Christ is as important as faith in Christ at all. And we know well how absolutely essential is that. A sinner's faith in Christ is just everything; everything for acceptance; everything for holiness; everything for happiness; everything for hope; everything for Time; everything for Eternity. A sinner's faith in Christ is our one sheet-anchor. It is our pillow and our one consolation in life and in death, in sickness and in health.

And as such faith in Christ is essential, so is stedfastness of faith in Him essential also. None but a stedfast faith, in fact, will do us any good.

A faith unstedfast with regard to the object of it; unstedfast with regard to the simplicity of it; unstedfast with regard to the hourly constancy of it; unstedfast with regard to the perseverance of it; unstedfast with regard to the persistence of it, is a faith on which no dependence can be placed.

Wherefore a faith in Jesus that is stedfast is absolutely essential. With no other can we be happy or holy, or safe, or saved. No other will warm the heart for holiness, no other can bear us through safely to the end. And as stedfast faith in Christ is essential, so also is—

(2.) Christian order; Christian order in our personal life, in our domestic life, and in our life in connection with God's church. And such Christian order is essential for these reasons:—

Without it, faith will soon come to nothing. Faith without order in our personal religious habits, and without systematic order in our use of the ordinances of God's church, will soon disappear. It will be like water with nothing to hold it. It will be like some delicate plant without firm soil to grow in.

Without Christian order, we shall miss the most essential means and provision in order to Christian growth and sanctifying. Order in our personal religious habits, order in our domestic religious habits, invariable order and system in our use of the means provided for us in God's church, these together form the machinery whereby the living Christian is gradually trained and refined, and made what God would have him be.

Such Christian order is essential, because without it we miss an immense amount of instruction. If a Christian man could exist as such without orderly and systematic personal Christian habits, and without orderly and systematic attention to the ordinances of God's house, he would exist as a most unworthy Christian, ignorant and ungrounded, exposed to every error, and liable to be carried away by every wind of opinion that blows. Whereas the man of such Christian order as I am describing will be a man

### *Short Sermon.*

---

well-instructed, knowing well the foundations of his faith and hope, and knowing well the difference between truth and error.

Such Christian order is most essential also to the Christian man, because it both keeps him from and strengthens him against untold temptations. The man of determined order in his personal religious habits, and in his attendance on the ordinances of God's church, is saved from the vast mass of the temptations to which otherwise he would be exposed. The mass of them will not touch him at all, and against those which do touch him he will be greatly guarded. Young Christian persons especially cannot conceive the safeguard which it will be to them to accompany their Christian faith with determined Christian order.

The man who is led to such Christian and Godly order as I am describing is a man under perpetual spiritual influence. Planted in the church of God and dwelling there, planted in his private and domestic life beside the streams of God's word and prayer, spiritual influence is perpetually brought to bear upon him; his heart is not allowed to grow hard; his spirit is not allowed to become cold. The world and the flesh are comparatively shut out, and Satan has much diminished power. The seeds of good principle are not allowed to starve, and the feeble spark of faith is not allowed to be trampled out.

Thus have we seen the essential importance of each of our two great subjects of thought, viz., stedfastness of faith in Jesus, and Christian and Godly order. They are each essential indeed. Let me now point out, lastly—

(3.) The importance of both united.

Faith in Christ without Christian order simply cannot live. It will become dissipated altogether. The order of the private Christian life and the orderly attendance on the ordinances of God's church form the appointed fence and guard for true Christian faith, and form also its growing place and garden. And on the other hand, Christian order without Christian faith is not a Christian thing at all. It is dead, formal, useless, wretched beyond conception. It is a body without a soul, a tree without life. Attempted order in private religious habits, attempted order in connection with God's church, and worship, and sacraments, regularity in every means of grace, without the spark of a sinner's faith and love towards Christ, without the spark of spiritual life, in fact, will be the coldest, deadliest, most comfortless thing possible. Its fixity will be the fixity of a black winter's frost.

Christian faith without Christian order will not serve; Christian order without Christian faith will not serve either; but both together they must be. Then are they delightsome indeed. The faith will inspire and enliven the order, and the order will fix and confirm the faith. The faith will be to the order what the sunshine is to the landscape, and the order will be to the faith what the warmed soil of spring time is to the corn-plant. The faith will be the life of the order, and the order will be the life of the faith.

Both of these, then, let us seek. Let us aim at being like these Colossians, to whom the Apostle wrote, 'Joying and beholding your order, and the stedfastness of your faith in Christ.'



"SOBING HER HEART OUT, WITH HER HUSBAND'S SHATTERED HELMET IN HER LAP." p. 7.

### Karl and Nina.

## Karl and Nina.

There was no rest, no sleep that night for Nina Lenkhof; ever before her mind rose the image of that terrible battle-field, where she pictured her Karl lying neglected and forgotten, dying of his wounds, and perhaps, in his last moments, still thinking of his faithless Nina. The thought was agony to her, but there was no escape from it, and bitter was her suffering in the silence and darkness of that night.

As soon as the first streaks of dawn appeared in the horizon, the poor girl rose, and hastened out of doors to refresh herself. She hurried on through the water meadows, scarcely knowing where she was going, but the cool breeze from the river and the rapid exercise revived her hope and courage, for she was too young, too full of glowing health, to remain long utterly miserable.

At this moment, she saw some one approaching towards her along the path by the river side; it was a woman, as Nina noticed with some surprise, for it was unusual to see any one out so early. She little knew what hung upon that meeting, or upon how trifling a circumstance may depend the whole after current of a life.

"Is this the way to Vienna?" asked the stranger.

"Yes," replied Nina, "but what part do you wish to go to, for you are now very near?"

"To the railway," said the woman, quickly. "I have walked this morning from the little hamlet of Döppeldorf over yonder, and I am on my way to the army in Bohemia to follow my husband, who was ordered off suddenly, and left me without a word of farewell. He was afraid my tears would steal away his courage."

"But are you going alone, and all that terrible distance?" asked Nina with warm interest, for a new thought had suddenly taken possession of her.

"Why not? I must be near my husband, for I cannot live far off, hearing rumours of danger, of battles, and knowing not what has become of him. Besides I have a little money, and the railway travels quickly; it will soon take me to him."

In those few minutes Nina Lenkhof made up her mind; she too would follow the army with this poor woman, whose simple story seemed so like her own; she would go at once to Skalitz, and discover for herself, if possible, what had become of Karl; for she could not endure this fearful suspense and uncertainty. In a few words, she told her story and her purpose to the soldier's wife, and promising to return and join her, if she would rest awhile by the river's bank, Nina hastened back to the mill. She could not bear to steal away like a thief from the home where she had been kindly treated for so many years; and she remembered that it was one of her uncle's early days for his work.

Yielding to a sudden impulse, for there was no time for reflection, she went bravely to the lower room, where, as she had expected, the miller was already busy. Her sudden appearance at that hour, and her startling news, so completely took the good man by surprise, that for the moment, he had scarcely a word to say of warning or remonstrance. He was a kind, simple-hearted fellow, and sympathised so much with the poor girl's trouble that he could not wonder at her intense desire to discover the fate of Karl. The love of these young people carried him back in thought, many a long year, to

the days of his own courtship, and Hermann Lenkhof shook his head doubtfully as he wondered whether his Frederika would ever have done as much for him.

Easily overcome by the natural eloquence of tears, the good-natured uncle did more than pity his niece, he actually gave her some money for her journey, and to cheer her, he promised that if Karl ever came home safe and sound, he would give his consent to the wedding, and do what he could for them both.

Nina was overcome with gratitude, and bade him farewell, quite amazed at her own success, as well she might be. It must be confessed, however, that when the good man was left alone to reflect on his conduct, he began to have most uncomfortable misgivings as to how he should break the news to his wife, and as to what her opinion might be of the sanction he had given to such a wild, undertaking. But it was too late for regrets ; the deed was done, and he must abide by the consequences.

#### CHAPTER IV.

NEAR the marshy banks of the river Bistritz, about eight miles from Königgratz, stands the village of Mokrovous, composed of pine wood cottages, surrounded by orchards, like most of the country villages of Bohemia. Very dreary and desolate did it look in the early morning of the 3rd of July, seen through the drizzling rain, while frequent gusts of wind swept over the surrounding corn-fields, bearing the ripening ears down to the ground. The village was silent and nearly deserted, for most of the inhabitants had been sent away by the Austrian army, which under its commander, Benedek, was spread over all the neighbouring country as far as the Elbe, and was awaiting an attack from the Prussians.

On the threshold of one of these forsaken houses, where they had found a shelter for the night, stood two women in earnest conversation, Nina Lenkhof and her companion, the soldier's wife, Anna Görz. Only three days had passed since they left Nina's peaceful home on the Danube, yet in that short space they had met with hardships and adventures enough for a lifetime.

On arriving at Skalitz on the afternoon of the 30th of June, they found that the army was on the point of marching onwards to Königgratz, and it was only by dint of the most persevering enquiries and patient search, that they obtained the news they had come so far to hear. To Nina's intense relief, she found that the Karl Schubert mentioned in the *Zeitung* newspaper as missing, could not be her Karl, for only the names of the officers had been published, and as for Anna Görz, though she could hear no direct tidings of her husband, yet she learnt that his regiment had suffered scarcely any loss in the late engagement. Cheered by this, the two women resolved to follow the army for the present, Nina thinking that as soon as she could be certain of Karl's well-being, and say one word to him, she would return without delay to her friends at the mill. No doubt much of her courage arose from ignorance and inexperience of anything so far removed from her peaceful life, for in after days Nina could never think of this period without a shudder.

Long before daybreak on the morning of the 1st of July, the troops were all in motion, and a kind-hearted officer taking pity on the two desolate young creatures, obtained for them a seat in one of the camp waggons which conveyed some of the wounded Austrian soldiers. From time to time the moon shone out from behind the clouds, and then could be seen distinctly the flickering flames of the bivouac fires in the places which had been occupied by the army, and which spread over a wide extent of country. As the dawn approached the wind increased and blew coldly upon the soldiers, who were exhausted from want of sleep and food. The villages all about the neighbourhood of Skalitz presented a dismal sight, though the invading Prussians had behaved well, and there was no wilful destruction or plundering where the inhabitants remained. Yet the people of a country where a war is carried on, must always suffer; troops must move through the standing corn, cavalry and artillery must trample down the crops; hamlets must be assaulted and defended, and a shell, intended to fall amongst fighting men, must often accidentally set fire to a cottage, from whence the blazing flames will spread, and thus destroy a whole hamlet. Then nothing but starvation was before the wretched inhabitants, who wandered hopelessly amongst the cinders and charred timbers which marked the place where, a few days before, stood their home; for a vast army with its many hundred thousand mouths eats up everything in the country and can spare little for charity.

During the march of that day a sudden thunderstorm came on, and the rain fell heavily for an hour; the road, crowded with waggons and military carriages, was cut into deep ruts, and all progress became very slow and difficult.

The army carried no tents, and at night some of the soldiers were billeted in villages, but most of them slept in the open air. As soon as a regiment arrived at the place where it was to pass the night, the rifles were piled together, and the knapsacks were taken off and laid on the ground beside them. The men quickly lighted their fires and began cooking their rations, and as soon as it became dark each man lay down to sleep wrapped in his cloak, with his knapsack for a pillow, the muffled figures resting as regularly in the bivouac as they stood in the ranks on parade. The officers lay separate in groups of two or three, and in rear of the battalion the horses were picketed.

Late on the evening of the 2nd of July, Benedek's whole army had arrived in front of the fortress of Königgratz, which was at a distance of little more than eighteen miles from Skalitz, taking the best road through Josefstadt. Here the Austrians took up a position between the Elbe and the little river Bistritz, occupying most of the scattered villages over a wide extent of country.

Thus it came to pass that at daybreak on the eventful 3rd of July, Nina and her friend found themselves in the little Bohemian village of Mokrovous, near which was stationed that eighth corps under the Archduke Leopold, in which they both took such intense interest. They had passed a sleepless night, but that was not to be wondered at, for ever since the arrival of the army on the

preceding evening, the whole country in the neighbourhood of Königgratz and Sadowa, had been a scene of busy preparation for the approaching battle. Villages had been barricaded, and batteries had been thrown up in favourable positions for the artillery. All night long, there had been constant moving of troops and heavy guns through the orchards and beaten down crops. The attack of the Prussians came, however, sooner than it was expected. By a rapid march that night from Kammenitz, a village about fourteen miles to the north west, Prince Frederick Charles brought forward his army, and at four o'clock in the morning the Austrian outposts were startled by the sight of a hundred thousand Prussian soldiers springing suddenly into view from the ravine of Milowitz beyond the hill of Dub. From that moment there was no longer any doubt of a great battle taking place that day. Soon after the first appearance of the Prussians, two Austrian officers galloped into the village of Mokrevous, just as Nina and Anna were looking about them, uncertain where to turn their steps for safety.

"What are these women doing here?" exclaimed one of the officers. "This will soon be in the thick of the battle, and strict orders were given that all the villagers should be sent away. It is too late now to find them a place of safety."

"I have thought of a plan," said the other, after a moment's pause. "On yonder hill, close to the Church of Dohalicka, is a small station of Krankenträgers,\* and these poor creatures will be quite safe under the protection of that white flag, besides, they may be of use by-and-bye in nursing the wounded."

Most thankfully did Nina and her companion accept this kind offer, and in a short time they found themselves in a kind of field hospital, on rising ground which overlooked the country round, and from thence they could watch the progress of the battle.

The first shot was fired by the Austrian guns soon after seven o'clock, when a detachment of Prussian cavalry had descended the opposite hill. From that time one attack followed another with fearful rapidity; from every orchard and wood, from every village and hamlet, came flashes of fire and whizzing rifle shells, which, as they burst, dealt deadly destruction on all sides. The Prussians, as they advanced from the banks of the river, had to fight every inch of their way, for the Austrian infantry held the bridges and villages, and fired vigorously upon them as they approached.

The air was thick and hazy, the rain came down steadily, besides which the smoke rose in dense columns which nearly hid out the view, so that it was only by the deafening noise of the firing around that Nina knew she must be in the very midst of the fighting. Before noon, she saw that the village of Mokrevous, from which she had so recently escaped, was one mass of flames. By this time the Krankenträgers had begun their work of mercy, and were bringing back from the batteries the wounded men on stretchers. It was a ghastly sight, though the poor fellows themselves were often too much stunned to feel great pain at first.

Tenderly and gently did the two women now give their ready help; under the surgeon's directions they went from one to another,

\* Sick bearers; men whose sole duty it was to help the wounded on both sides.

binding up wounds and shrinking from no office however painful and distressing. All was new and strange and terrible to her; and as Nina thought of it afterwards, she might well wonder at her own nerve and courage; but the true secret of her usefulness in the hour of need was that she utterly forgot self, and devoted her whole energy to relieve the suffering with which she was thus brought face to face. Yet as each wounded soldier was carried in, Nina gave one glance of intense inquiry, for she dreaded to recognise him whom she sought; though even as she turned away with a sigh of relief from the strange faces, the poor girl thought with a bitter pang that her Karl might be beyond her care, lying forsaken amongst the slain.

The long hours of that terrible day passed slowly away, and though the battle raged more and more fiercely, Nina, all absorbed in her labour of love, knew but little of its progress. She only knew that without was a deafening noise, and what seemed to her wild confusion; and within, was pain and suffering, which she could do something to soothe and lessen.

And yet on this eventful battle hung, in a great measure, the fate of the whole campaign. For some hours the result was doubtful; the Prussians were driven back at some points with great loss, and at others were unable to use their formidable needle-guns to full advantage. Shortly after one o'clock, however, the Prussian Guards, by a bold, skilful movement, seized the hill of Chlum, the key of the Austrian position, and thus turned the fortune of the day. As the afternoon advanced, the Austrians were driven from one battery after another, leaving most of their guns behind, and as they retreated, the Prussians rushed on in pursuit. The loss of life was terrible; the ground was covered with dead or wounded Austrians. Till long after nightfall the pursuit went thundering towards the Elbe, until at length the victorious Prussians slowly returned, masters of the field of Königgratz.

At the time when news of the lost battle reached the field hospital on the hill of Dohalicka, Nina Lenkhof was bending in mute agony over one unconscious form, upon which all her thoughts were centred. Shortly before, some Krankenträgers had brought a wounded man on a stretcher, and had been told by the surgeon in authority, that the place was overcrowded, that they could not possibly make room for him, and he must be carried on to the nearest station at Horenowes.

"Then I fear he'll never reach it, poor fellow!" was the answer. "He seems so badly wounded that we doubted about carrying him off the field at all."

In the deepening twilight Nina could only distinguish the white Austrian uniform, but her womanly sympathies were roused, and she pleaded that perhaps they could find room for one more. Her request was reluctantly granted; the wounded man was laid on the ground near the door, and as she helped to raise his head on a pillow, even in the dim light, the poor girl recognised her own Karl. His eyes were closed, the pale face showed but little signs of life, and as the surgeon examined his wounds, he shook his head gravely, while Nina watched him with intense earnestness to read her fate.

Was this to be the end? Had she found him after her weary search only to lose him thus? In that fearful moment, when all her hopes seemed shattered and her life made dark and desolate, she did not cry out in despair, she did not faint, or betray her emotion, but she poured out her soul in fervent prayer that his life might be spared.

And that prayer of faith was heard and answered, though for many an anxious day and weary night, life and death trembled in the balance, and Nina scarcely dared to hope. But at last there came a joyful time when the wounded man was pronounced to be out of danger, saved, as far as human aid could avail, by the incessant, loving care of his devoted nurse. In the hour of prosperity, she did not forget to Whom alone she owed it, and her heart was full of gratitude to the merciful Father, Who had guided her steps and answered her prayer, Who had been her refuge and strength in the time of bitterest need.

We will leave Karl and Nina to their happiness, and add a few words more about one whose earthly lot was far different. Poor Anna Görz, the soldier's wife, could hear no tidings of her husband amongst the wounded, and on the morrow of the battle, unable any longer to endure the suspense, she pursued her weary, heart-rending search through the down-trodden corn-fields, amongst the dying and the dead. Some hours later, the poor woman was found sitting on the freshly turned earth of a new-made grave, at the head of which she had placed a little wooden cross hung with oak branches, sobbing her heart out, with her husband's shattered helmet in her lap.\*

With this sad picture we will end, for how can a story be otherwise than mournful in tone when it touches on the horrors of war? Long ere this, most of the outward signs of that fearful battle have disappeared from the field of Königgratz; the ruined hamlets have been in part restored, the broken and castaway arms have been removed, the sun and rain have smoothed down the soldiers' graves, only marked here and there by wooden crosses amongst the waving corn. But long, long will it be ere the memory of that fatal day is effaced from the hearts of thousands of mourners, who can never forget the vacant place in many an Austrian home.

May the day not be far distant, when, with a nobler ambition, men shall seek rather to cultivate the arts of peace, and promote the good of their fellow men, instead of inventing more murderous implements of war, and slaying their tens of thousands upon the battle field.†

---

### *Jassy.*

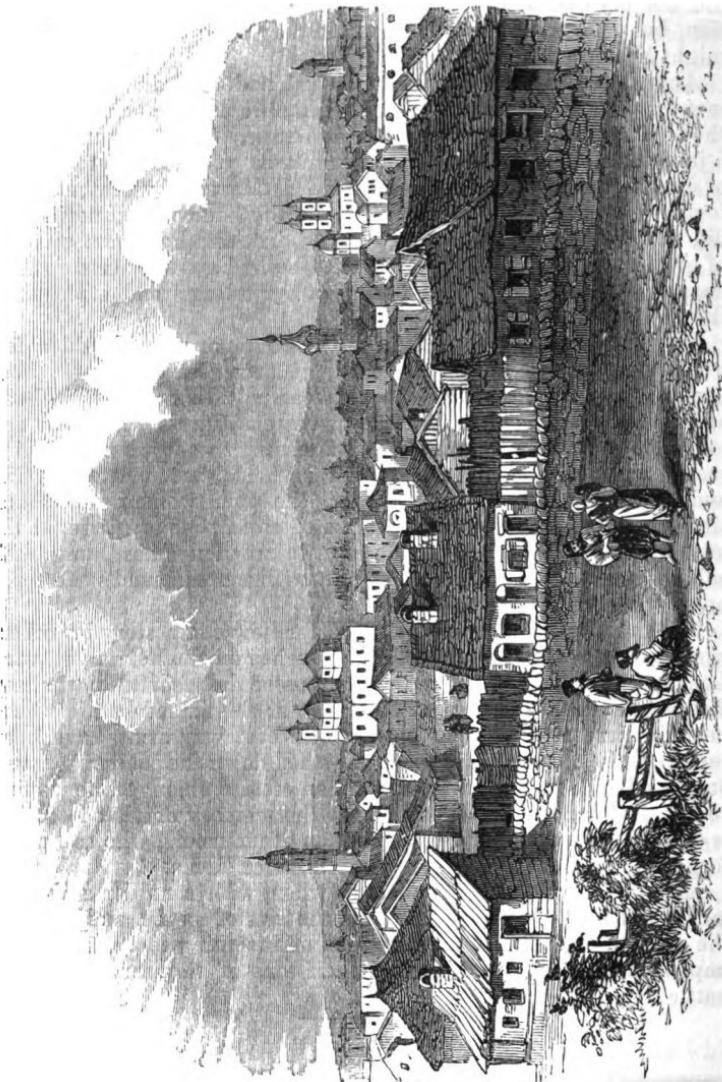


ASSY, or Yassy, is a small town of European Turkey, in the province of Moldavia. It is the residence of the Hospodar, or Prince, and also the See of a Greek Archbishop. It had formerly about 80,000 inhabitants; but in 1772 it was ravaged by the plague, and in 1822 was

\* A true incident of the battle field of Königgratz, related by an eye witness.

† The Austrian loss on the day of Königgratz was computed at forty thousand; that of the Prussians at ten thousand.

nearly destroyed by fire. Its trade and prosperity are now reviving ; and the town, with its white houses and glittering spires, and spreading suburbs, situated partly on an eminence and partly in a pleasant



valley, has a promising appearance at a distance ; but a closer inspection disappoints the traveller.

The principal streets are paved or boarded with logs, the houses are irregularly built, and few of them have a second story. The place is most unhealthy from the neglect of cleanliness and from defective drainage.

The ecclesiastical edifices are large and numerous.

The inhabitants are chiefly members of the Greek Church, though there are some Roman Catholics, and above a third of the population are Jews, who have 200 synagogues in Jassy.

A traveller gives an interesting account of the observance of the Day of Atonement by the modern Jews, as he saw it in Jassy :—

"About six in the evening we went to two of the largest Synagogues to see the ceremonies of the Day of Atonement concluded. When the sun is setting the Jews pray for the last time, and their crying out is intense, far beyond all their previous supplications; for if they do not obtain pardon of their sins before the stars appear, they believe that they have no hope of obtaining forgiveness for that year.

"When about to utter their last prayer a trumpet was sounded like that of the New Year, but only one blast. Then all was over! and forth they came to the light of the risen moon, pouring like a stream from the Synagogue. They stood in groups, all turning their faces toward the moon; for they believe that the spots in the moon are the *Shechinah*. Each group had a lighted candle, to enable one of their number to read the prayer addressed to the *Shechinah in the moon*. Some held up their hands, others roared aloud, and all showed by their gestures the intense feeling of their heart.

"It was a grotesque scene, to stand amid such a company, each in his high-cap, the *tallith*\* round his shoulders, and, generally, his beard flowing over the book he was reading. As we looked upon the crowds of worshippers that filled the spacious court of the Synagogue, and saw their white eyes ever and anon turned up toward the bright moon, we were reminded of the days when the fathers of these singular people forsook the worship of Jehovah and served Baal and Ashteroth and 'made cakes to the queen of heaven' (Judges ii. 13; Jeremiah vii. 18).

"This service being done they appeared as if relieved from the pressure of an overwhelming load, for they had fasted and prayed for twenty-four hours, and they now dispersed in all directions. Many went homewards singing with great glee in the open streets, and shouting aloud to each other 'Peace to thee, and peace to thee.' This is said to be done because their sins are now forgiven. How little they know of pardon, obtained by God's method of justification, which would sanctify and draw the sinner's heart to Him, instead of making it return to folly. 'There is forgiveness with thee that thou mayest be feared.' It is not unusual for these Jews to meet the same night in their Synagogue and be merry together, and we soon after saw several public houses open, at whose door we could look in, and there were Jews sitting together drinking *rakee*, and singing merrily. Thus ended the Day of Atonement. Alas! how changed from the solemn day when the high priest entered into the holiest of all! During the whole ceremony we observed that the people of the town never interrupted them in any manner."

---

## An Earnest Farmer.

OME forty years ago there dwelt in the village of Longtown, in the county of Hereford, a farmer of the name of Powell. It was a time when the Church of God in this land had not yet awoke to her great mission, and, asleep herself, she allowed God's poor to slumber too.

So it happened that at Longtown there was neither pastor nor church; and men lived and died as if there was no God, no eternal and unseen world, no spiritual kingdom. But Mr. Powell was a sincere believer and an earnest Christian man. So, when he came to his new farm in this neglected spot, his soul was stirred within

\* A white woollen shawl striped with blue at the edges and having white fringes at the four corners, which the Jews wear over their head during prayer, while they hold the fringes in their hands and frequently kiss them in obedience to the commandment — " Speak unto the children of Israel and bid them that they make them fringes in the borders of their garments" (Numbers xv. 38).

him with a holy grief, as he saw the people living like heathen, and wholly given to covetousness. He at once determined to do his utmost to bring to this forsaken village the means of grace and the hope of glory. He put himself in communication with the Bishop of the Diocese, twice walking a distance of forty miles on purpose to see him. He started a subscription-list for a church, heading it with a very large sum, for him; a sum, in fact, representing three years' profit of his farm. Then by his untiring zeal, through his strong and urgent representations, such as even the most heedless were unable to resist, he succeeded in raising enough to build a church. The work was commenced, and there arose the walls of a little Bethel—a House of God—where never House of God had been before. Rude and plain was the architecture, but it was all they could afford; and it was enough.

At length the day long looked forward to by this noble-hearted farmer, the day of the consecration of his church, dawned on the village of Longtown. Powell rose at daybreak—rose with a joyful heart, as of one whom the Lord had prospered. Forth he set, and far he walked over the mountains by a pathless way to a distant village. There he called at the house of a stone-cutter.

"Morgan," he said, looking in at the door, "is the cross ready?"

"Yes," was the reply, "it is ready; but I'm afeared you'll find it heavy to carry so far."

And he gave it to him. It was a plain stone cross, which the stone-cutter had wished to give as a present to the new church. Light it certainly was not, but the farmer little heeded its weight. He remembered One who had borne a far heavier cross for him; aye, and for him, too, had hung bleeding there. So he joyfully carried the sacred symbol of redeeming love away over the hills to Longtown, and entering his beloved church, with his own hands he placed it over the Holy Table. Then turning to those who stood by, he said, "Now I shall die happy."

He died within a year of that day, and "died *happy*, doubtless," added our informant; "for the latter end of his life was in keeping with the rest."

His history appears to illustrate in a striking way how much one man, unaided by resources or by opportunities—nay, opposed on all hands, if not by active hostility, yet by the stone wall of dead indifference—can accomplish for the glory of his God, and the extension of Christ's kingdom. It also proves the truth of the words of Holy Scripture, that "the memory of the just is blessed;" for the memory of this righteous man is still revered and cherished in that village, which he was the means of so largely blessing. And still, whenever a new scheme of usefulness is proposed, should the people show a lack of interest in it, or a slowness to forward it, the clergyman needs but to remind them of Mr. Powell, and the mere mention of his name is enough to quicken their zeal. And so the good farmer's memory, like light on the Western sky, continues to cheer and warm the hearts of men; and the remembrance of his faith and goodness provokes to love and to good works. "Being dead, he yet speaketh."

R. L. B.

## On the Origin and History of the Bible.

BY DENHAM ROWE NORMAN, VICAR OF MIDDLETON BY  
WIRKSWORTH.

Thy Word is like a flaming sword,  
A wedge that cleaveth stone ;  
Keen as a fire, so burns Thy Word,  
And pierceth flesh and bone.  
Oh, send it forth  
O'er all the earth,  
To shatter all the might of sin,  
The darkened heart to cleanse and win.

*Lyra Germanica.*

HE stirrings of religious life, which were much more frequent and wide-spread than is commonly supposed during the Early and Middle Ages, were beneficial in more ways than one. These constant revivals yielded fruits of varied kinds. Not the least important by any means was the increase of zeal in spreading abroad amongst the inhabitants of some new country the doctrines of Christianity, or in the somewhat kindred task of translating into some fresh vernacular language the Books of Holy Scripture. ‘Who would credit,’ exclaims St. Jerome, ‘that the barbarous Gothic tongue should seek the truth of the Hebrew; and while the Greek is dozing or quarrelling, the German should be searching out the sayings of the Holy Spirit?’ Again, in another letter, speaking of the spread of truth, he says, ‘Lo, the Armenian puts away his quiver, the Huns are learning the Psalms, the frosts of Scythia gleam with the warmth of faith, the armies of the Goths carry along with them the tabernacles of the Church! ’

Not long after the Latin Version had been sent on its errand by its learned author, there was a cry for the reproduction of its joyous news in other languages and dialects; and most fortunately for the happiness of mankind, there were raised up from time to time men able to satisfy to some extent these yearnings and cravings for the Word of Life.

In our own country, where, as we learn from a remark of King Alfred, ‘the ministers of God were earnest both in preaching and in learning,’ this desire for Holy Writ in the native tongue was strong and constant; but, as may be imagined, there were at first great difficulties in the way. The mixture of races in this island had brought about such changes in the language, that even, if a willing and competent scholar had undertaken the task of translation, his work would not have been understood by vast numbers of the people. The words quite familiar to the ears of the southern population would have been as an unknown tongue to the inhabitants of Wales and the northern counties. The restless, warlike character of the Saxons, the terrible incursions of the Danes, would greatly hinder the work of translation, and damp even the most ardent desires for the fulfilment of such a task. But even in those dark and terrible days there were those who did not yield to despair —who rather hoped against hope, that ere long the much wished-for treasure would come to their relief. Centuries before, Ulfila had given to the Goths a translation of Holy Writ in their own tongue; would not some one come forth and give to the Saxons a similar boon?

The earliest attempt to satisfy the yearnings of our Saxon ancestors which is known to us, is that which was made by a monk of the Abbey of Whitby, whose name was Cædmon, about the year A.D. 680. This holy man spent a great portion of his life in turning into poetry many parts, if not the whole, of the Bible. In these verses the language of Holy Scripture is often translated into Saxon with a near approach to accuracy; but still, as we may suppose, when tied down to compose a poem or sacred hymn in a certain metre, the translation would often hardly be a correct representation of the sacred text. Some faint idea may be formed of the kind of work which Cædmon did from those metrical versions of the Creed and Lord's Prayer, to be found in Prayer-books of a certain age, as for instance—

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

*First Metre.*

Our Father, who in heaven art,  
Thy name be hallowed in each hear.  
Thy kingdom come; may we fulfil,  
Who dwell on earth, Thy heavenly will.

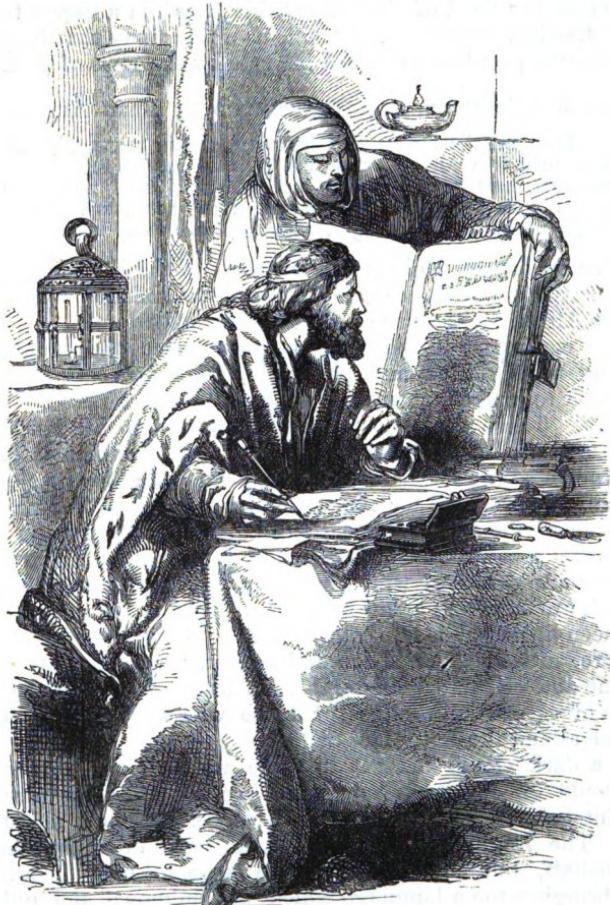
Still, there was a commencement—a first endeavour to present, in however imperfect a form, the truths of Holy Scripture in the Saxon tongue. In this relic of antiquity we have a witness to the fact that there were some few, at least, in that wild and lawless age, who were striving to enlighten their countrymen by means of God's Word (Psalm cxix. 130).

Some years later a smaller, but more exact work, was undertaken by a religious-minded hermit, whose name was Guthlac, of Crowland. He confined himself to the translation of the Psalms into what is called the Anglo-Saxon language, and so great a repute did this little work obtain, that a copy is supposed to have reached Rome. Indeed, some who are well able to form an opinion on such a matter have gone so far as to assert, from certain indications, that a copy of this Saxon Psalter was one of the many books which Gregory the Great sent to Augustine soon after his arrival in England on his missionary enterprise, A.D. 600. A work of this sort would be of immense use to men who came as strangers, enabling them almost at once to hold intelligible spiritual converse with the people whom they had come to instruct and build up in the knowledge of God.

Early in the eighth century, about the year A.D. 706, Aldhelm, Bishop of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, a very learned and holy man, devoted himself to the work of translating the Psalms into Anglo-Saxon. Nor is this the only good deed which this saintly scholar performed. There are many reasons for thinking that he did a great share of the work in rendering into the vernacular the whole of the Books of Scripture. Within the present century a copy of a Saxon Bible has been found in the Imperial Library at Paris, which in all probability was written about the time when Aldhelm lived; and from sundry identifying notes, there is every reason to conclude that he helped to produce that translation.

A translation of the Holy Gospels into Saxon was made by

Egbert, Bishop of Lindisfarne, who died about the year A.D. 721. A few years later, the Venerable Bede, the Church historian, in the closing days of his life, spent a portion of his time in translating into his native tongue the Gospel according to St. John. The letter in which St. Cuthbert, his young assistant, describes the completion of this last labour of his aged friend and master, on



[KING ALFRED TRANSLATING THE SCRIPTURES.]

Ascension Day, May 26, 735, is one of the most touching and pathetic anecdotes of Church history. Bede is represented as spending his dying breath in dictating to his scribe the words of the last chapter of St. John, which he was anxious to complete before his decease. The labours, great as they were, which Bede had borne on behalf of his well-loved Church, were not sufficient if he could not furnish some small portion of God's truth in his native tongue for the comfort and instruction of his countrymen. It is stated that Bede, at an earlier period of his life, had translated the Lord's Prayer and the Psalms into Saxon; but as neither

of these works have come down to our times, it is doubtful whether they ever were made, and still less probable is it that Bede translated the whole Bible, as some would conclude.

Towards the end of the ninth century, between the years A.D. 872-900, King Alfred gave his mind to the task of turning into Anglo-Saxon various parts of Holy Scripture. This wise and good king set at the head of the laws of his kingdom a Saxon translation of Exodus, chapters xx.—xxiii. as a testimony that he wished to govern the people who owned his rule by the laws of God.

#### THE LORD'S PRAYER AS TRANSLATED BY KING ALFRED.

"*Fæder ure* thu the earth on heafenum, si thin mama gehalgod,  
to be cume thin rice, *Schwurthe* hin willa on earthen swa swa on  
heafenum, urne ge *Dagmankian* hlaſ egle us to daeg; and forgyf  
us ure gyltas, swa swa we forgyfath urum gyltendum, and ne  
gylfde thu us on consenung ac algys us of pylt. (*Si it swa.*)"

Other portions of Holy Scripture, some of the Psalms, chapters of the Gospels, and choice extracts from the Epistles, were translated by Alfred for the use of his children and friends.

In the early part of the tenth century, when the country was becoming more settled and peaceable, there was an increasing endeavour to make known the words of Scripture in the native language. There are still to be seen at the British Museum in London and at Oxford, Saxon ~~manuscript~~ Bibles of this date. One copy, known as the Durham Book, is remarkable for its clearness of writing, and as well for its containing the Sacred Text in Latin in addition to the Saxon translation. Besides these greater works there were several translations made by private individuals for their own use, copies of which have not been preserved, but traces of which are now and again brought to light in fragments which have been introduced into other works. Single books of Holy Scripture, such as those of Job and Esther, were translated about this time and circulated amongst the friends of the translator, as crumbs of sacred knowledge for those who were ~~unable~~ to read and understand the Latin language.

But a dark cloud was yet to come and to hinder for a while the people of our land from receiving the Holy Scriptures in their integrity in a language which the multitude could understand. The Anglo-Saxons had had all these attempts made on their behalf, but now an alien race came to unsettle and vex them, bringing too a language which was unknown and unloved. The work of translation seems to have ceased in a great measure during a considerable period, but anon the work began again. The Bible is again studied—studied diligently, and afresh the desire is shown to set forth in a kind of mixed dialect the truths of the oracles of God. There is a Roman-French translation of the Bible of about the date A.D. 1260, and several fragments of separate books of the Bible of about the same date. By-and-bye there is made a translation of the Psalms into English by Schorham about the year A.D. 1320. Another in the same dialect with the Canticles from the Old and New Testament about the year A.D. 1349 by Richard Rolle of Hampole. There is

also a translation of about the same date of the Gospels of St. Mark and St. Luke, and of all St. Paul's Epistles, which is treasured up in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

During the period which is treated of in this paper, from A.D. 400 to A.D. 1350, Hebrew and Greek, the original languages of Holy Writ, were little known in England; and it is a matter of doubt whether a single one of the several translators, with the exception of the Venerable Bede, knew anything at all of those languages. They had their Latin copies, some more, some less perfect, and tried to bring forth from them as clearly as they could the treasures of Divine wisdom. It is well that the Word of God in those ages had free course; or else, even those small fragments which we now have as a testimony to the piety of the people would not have come down to us in such numbers as they have. There is abundant cause for gratitude, when we remember through what constant ordeals Holy Scripture has passed, and that now in the end it speaks to us with a power and distinctness and precision which is little short of miraculous.

---

## **Hearty Hints to Lay Officers of the Church.**

BY GEORGE VENABLES, S.C.L., VICAR OF ST. MATTHEW'S, LEICESTER.

### THE CHOIR.

 T is well that this paper is not to be one of anecdotes about Choirs, for, were it so, it would easily run to undue length. Many amusing anecdotes could be told of choirs, and some of them very pleasing anecdotes too; though others would reflect little credit on the singers, and not more lustre upon the parson who allowed matters to continue so long unchanged.

My own earliest remembrance of the parish choir indicates a state of things far ahead of what has just been hinted at, and which (it is now evident to the writer) was unconsciously a feeling onwards to the improved state of affairs of our day. More than forty years ago (don't ask how many years more, my good choir friends) I recollect when, in a parish of less than ninety people, the little church was usually well attended, and the clergyman, aided by a square wooden pipe of about two feet long, with a square moveable stopper to it, having first read a verse (or two lines) of a hymn, would give the proper note with this stupendous 'pitch pipe,' and then lead the little congregation in the singing. But there *all came to the rescue*. Everyone understood that everyone was to help. This was to be '*Common Praise*,' and accordingly everyone did help—that poor old woman's voice was not quite in tune, and the noise emitted from the lips of that silver-haired patriarch of the little village of the days of my boyhood may not have been melodious; but all were hearty, and the whole congregation was a choir. Now, this was an improvement upon the occasion when the old clerk there (a wondrous character was he—a great student of nature, surly, and quaint—he died about

a century after his nativity) once turned round, and in a dry but rather sour, husky voice announced, after singing two lines of a hymn, "*I shan't go on if nobody don't foller.*" It was a very great improvement upon this, and showed what, even under great disadvantage, a good minister can accomplish.

But I must just tell one other choir experience. It occurred in my first curacy. We held Divine service in a spacious old barn, and a grand service it was. The barn was well furnished with forms, and was always well filled with people, who sang the hymns and chanted other parts of the service with heartiness. If you ask why it was so hearty, I can tell you. The sittings were all free, and the people were close up to one another. "The carpenter encouraged the goldsmith." Good Farmer Blank stood forth close to me with his right hand in his pocket, his book in his left hand, and 'led,' but with what tremendous force did the 'young men and maidens, old men and children' then unite to 'praise the name of the Lord!' It does me good to think upon it now. Well, the barn, as I have said, was often crammed, so that the verger and others were obliged to stand outside, and one night we had strange discord. The service ended, one of the choirmen came forward to account for this. It will be understood that in this case 'the players on instruments' as well as 'singers,' are included amongst choirmen. "Sir," said he most respectfully, "we could not do so well to-night, there was so many folk, that my trombone could not go out its full length!" Thus the mystery was solved! Don't let my choir-friends be amazed when they are informed that our instruments (all voluntary) consisted of flute, fife, clarionet, violin, two violincellos, and two trombones. All these in a barn which would barely hold 300 people when packed so as to resist the due development of one trombone, were pretty well for noise.

But the reader will see there was heart in all this. Here alone was its charm. The men loved to come. The good old farmer loved to sing, and the people loved to follow with their voices.

We have wonderfully improved our choral arrangements since that epoch, but if we have only the same amount of true heartiness we may be thankful.

Having had not a little experience with choirs, and never having had a quarrel with any of them, I may claim to offer a word or two of counsel. I have had choirs in which women took part, and choirs whence they were excluded. Women have beautiful voices, and are much used for singing in Roman Catholic meeting houses; but while I think they ought fully to participate in singing the praises of God in the 'great congregation,' they can do this quite as effectually as a part of the congregation as though they were part of the choir, and there are obvious objections to women forming a part of a choir, which objections most people have long since recognised, and have acted upon, where it has been possible to manage otherwise, which perhaps is not everywhere the case.

1. Choirs should do all they can to promote congregational singing. The intention of the Christian Church is that "all creatures that on earth do dwell" should "sing to the Lord with

cheerful voice." A choir which desires, or endeavours to retain the singing to itself, defeats the whole intention of the church.

2. Choirs should do everything in their power to promote thorough reverence and devotion. The congregation reasonably look to the choir to lead, and therefore, if they lead badly, they will be followed and imitated in the badness, just as, if they lead well, there is hope that their good leading will be followed. Nothing can be worse than for those who lead the Praises of God in God's house, to lead very badly by their example in other particulars. Choirs may sometimes be seen, who appear to consider that they are at full liberty, between the times of singing, to be talking, or whispering, or arranging matters just as though they had nothing at all to do with hearing God's word, or with praying unto Him. And so also, when assembled in the vestry, or when coming to church, and on leaving church, one has sometimes known instances of irreverence and thoughtlessness which are distressing.

Such instances do great harm. They bring injury upon religion, and throw a scandal upon choristers and choirmen. I am bound to state, as a matter of observation, that the clothing of choirmen and choir boys in surplices has a beneficial result in these particulars. I am not so silly as to suppose that putting a surplice over anybody changes his heart: but I am confident the dressing of the little phalanx in comely and similar vestments exerts an useful influence upon the feelings and conduct of the singers. I say this after a good opportunity of witnessing the results, both of having a surpliced choir, and a choir unsurpliced.

3. Choirmen, and choristers if old enough, should be communicants, should be, in fact, religious men and religious youths.

Let them only consider what their employment is, and they will feel the force of my observation. Their privilege and duty are, to lead a congregation of persons who are "called to be saints," in their endeavour to sing the praises of their God and Father, through Jesus Christ His Son, their Lord. What ought such persons to be as to their character? Men and youths who take sacred words upon their lips should be at all times very careful of their conversation, but out of the same mouth, blessing and cursing assuredly ought never to proceed. Let my young friends, the choristers, think of this when, with all propriety, they are busy with their marbles, or playing in the cricket field. "Neither filthiness, nor foolish talking, nor jesting, which are not convenient." No, they are woefully injurious, and certainly unbecoming a Christian, or a chorister.

4. Choristers and choirmen should be very real and true-hearted. There is nothing which hardens the heart more than the custom of being engaged in and about sacred things if the heart is not truly and really engaged in the work. To preach and otherwise minister in holy things, or to be engaged often in singing the praises of God, fearfully deadens and injures the heart of anyone who uses them without thought or meaning.

5. Choristers and choirmen should also keep the aim and object well before them for which they are engaged. It is to lead others

### *An Act of Love.*

---

in the service of song. Let them never feel that they have succeeded in the due discharge of their duties, until they have accomplished this important task. We have known a choir hint to a congregation that they (the choir) came to sing, and the congregation to listen. This is a mistake. "Praise ye the Lord;" "O come let us sing unto the Lord;" are exhortations which apply to all the congregation, whether choirmen or otherwise.

Two grand canons for choirs and congregations on singing, are found in God's Holy Word, the Book of good canons for all of us, upon all subjects. One says "I will sing with the spirit, I will sing with the understanding also;" the other says, "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands." Here is Catholicity and no exclusion of any Christians, for any can "make a joyful noise." Here is common sense, "singing with the understanding." But the canon adds, "with the spirit also." What do all these amount to? They say to choirmen and choirboys, Sing lustily, sing with a good courage, sing reverently! These canons certainly urge "HEARTINESS AMONGST THE CHOIR."

---

### *An Act of Love.*

I would love God if I could.

Because I know that He loves me.

Therefore, if He were on earth I would go to Him.

I should fear to go, and yet fear more not to go.

I would go more, trusting His love, than fearing my sins.

I would rather die at His feet than afar off, even for fear.

If I cannot love Him I can accuse myself to Him, of not loving.

And I can ask Him to give me a heart to love.

I do love Him in the reason, conscience, and desire of my soul.

If I do not love Him with sensible, affective love, I trust I do by a sincere effective love in obeying and believing.

If I were what I ought to be, no desire would be so strong as the desire to be with Him.

No affection, friend or happiness would delay me, if my sins were blotted out.

I desire to live for love of Him.

I desire to repent for love of Him.

I desire to obey for love of Him.

I desire to die for love of Him.

I desire to awaken and to kindle, by every art in my power, an ardent love of Jesus Christ in my heart, until I can live in His love, as my supreme, if not my only solace, motive and happiness.

If He were now before me would I not fall at His feet, in full trust of His tenderness and pity?

Would I not say the worst of myself, and yet believe He would forgive me?

Does not He in His love to me, desire the blotting out of my sins more than I do?

And does He not blot out every sin that is confessed ?  
Will He lay to my charge the sins I remember with shame,  
which I would not do again to save my life ?

Does not He know that I would choose His love with all losses,  
rather than all the kingdoms of the world, the happiest home, the  
longest life of earthly peace, without it ?

Therefore, I believe in God, His character, promises, and re-  
vealed will.

I hope in spite of my many sins, my little repentance, my great  
inconstancy.

I love, by desiring to love God in our Lord Jesus Christ.

I know that He loves me, and He knows that I would love Him.  
“Who shall separate us ?”

MANNING.

---

### A Good Answer.



FATHER and mother who troubled themselves very little about God and our holy religion, lost their only child by death. The parents not only made bitter lamentations, but murmured against God's providence, as is usual with those especially who think least of God, but require that He should think all the more of them, and keep them and theirs like the apple of His eye.

They asked their pastor if God, as the Scripture says, is love; why then did He take away from them their only child ?

This clergyman replied, “ You want to know from me why God has taken away your child ; I answer, He desires to have one of your family in heaven. Your parents do not wish to go to heaven, and had the child remained yours, you would not have allowed him to go either. Therefore the Lord has taken it to Himself at the right time. If you had a real parental heart you would follow the child, and seek it in the ways of virtue and godliness, and you would find it there and never lose it again.”

J. C. F.

---

### Reflection

ON THE COMMOTION CREATED IN A SMALL HOUSE BY HAVING  
THE CHIMNEY SWEPT.

BY JAMES HILDYARD, B.D., RECTOR OF INGOLDSBY.



ALLING this morning before noon at the house of a small farmer in my parish, I found his wife and daughters all in confusion because “ the sweeps had just been.” The good dame was full of concern that I should have come at such an unseasonable time. “ All the carpets were up,” the chairs and the tables one on the top of another, and the ornaments of the little parlour all huddled together under a dirty table cover. In fact, nothing was “ as it should be; ” and, worst of all, neither the mistress nor the young ladies were “ fit to be seen ! ” Perceiving their distress, I beat a hasty retreat, promising to call again another time when they should be less busy.

Pursuing my morning's walk, I was led into a short train of reflection on the conduct of these well-meaning but weak people. What consternation had I unintentionally created! what vexation, where I meant only good! what fretting and fuming would there be after I was gone!—and all on account of a parcel of dirty sweeps! How much happier, thought I to myself, might these folk have been had they had the small amount of philosophy—or shall I not rather call it religion—requisite to make them despise



such trifles, and hold them as contemptible as the smoke that filled their chamber!

Such occasions will constantly arise in the path of us all. They are the petty trials sent to prove our faith. And, curiously enough, persons who will bear greater ills with comparative equanimity, will often be found not proof against these little inconveniences.

Thus have I known a sand-fly or a gnat cause more real annoyance than some serious misfortune. A piece of china accidentally let fall will throw the lady of the house off her balance for a whole evening, who would perhaps have read with cold indifference in the day's newspaper of an entire ship's crew having been drowned.

Happy they who, bearing constantly in mind that but "one thing is needful," learn to disregard all other matters in comparison, and endure accordingly with equal mind both the great and the little vexations of life.

# Short Sermon.

## 'Hearing' and 'Worshipping.'

BY I. B. VERNON, M.A., STOGUMBER, TAUNTON.

"Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His name; bring an offering and come before Him; worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness."

—1 Chronicles xvi. 20.

 HAT do we come to Church for? What is our object in assembling in the House of God?

Want of thought in answering this question has brought about the common use of expressions which again help to keep up a wrong idea as to the purpose of our presenting ourselves before God in His courts. Thus, such phrases as 'Whom do you hear?'—or, 'I am going to hear such a one to-day,' are in common use. And to the question, 'What is your object in coming to church?'—some would directly answer, 'I come in order to get good;' and hence, such church-comers, if they are in the parish of a preacher who fails to interest them, or whose doctrine they take upon themselves to condemn, will stay from church, or go elsewhere, thinking only of hearing, and having, in St. Paul's words, '*itching ears*.' Nay, in some cases, if the clergyman by his faithfulness, or by his infirmity, have offended them, they will show their anger by refusing to 'go to hear him any more.'

You will agree with me that, with many, the question, 'What is your object in going to church?' would be thus answered, 'We go there to hear?' 'We go to get good.' And there may be some readers who will be surprised at my calling such an idea incorrect. Let me therefore explain my meaning. I do not deny that *one* object of our coming to church is this, of *getting* good, of hearing. What I say is that, though *an* object, it is not (or should not be) *the* object. We *do* come to hear God's Word read and preached, and with deep reverence and Godly fear should we hear it, as being the savour of life unto life to them who heed it, but the savour of death unto death to them who slight it.

We come also to get and to receive a good and a blessing at the hands of the King, by the faithful use of the means which He has appointed, and this not only through the channel of preaching and reading, but through the channels of prayer and the sacraments.

But this (so to speak) more selfish part is not the whole nor the chief part of our service. This is *one* object; but the *principal* object of our coming before God should be a nobler than this. And this noblest object is pointed out in the text, 'Give unto the Lord, ye kindreds of the people, give unto the Lord glory and strength. Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His name; bring an offering and come before Him; worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.'

The true answer then to the question, 'What is our object in presenting ourselves before God?' is this:—We come to *offer to Him our worship*, of which reverent 'hearing' is indeed a part, but only a part, and not the highest part. *Public worship*—this is the great end of our assembling ourselves together; and hence, we ought rather to describe ourselves as 'worshippers' than merely as 'hearers.'

### *Short Sermon.*

In truth we should not come to church merely to *get* but to *give*. Not to *take* only, but to *offer*. Not to *hear* simply but to *worship*. ‘*Give unto the Lord*’ we are invited; *bring an offering*, and come before Him: ‘*worship the Lord*.’ We are to bring something, to bring an offering. It is wonderful, but it is true, that poor fallen man has that to offer which God not only deigns to accept, but desires to receive.

‘What then is this offering, the bringing of which constitutes worship?’

It is the offering of ourselves; all that we are, and all that we have; our whole being and having; spirit, soul, body, substance.

‘Spirit, soul, and body,’ this is the three-fold division given by St. Paul; and now let us see how each may be offered to God in our presenting ourselves before Him to worship Him.

The *spirit* is the highest part in man, and we may perhaps describe this as being the *Mind*, or the *understanding*. It is that in us which is most like to God, for *God is a spirit*. Hence, as our Saviour teaches us, ‘they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.’ Our worship must be spiritual worship; our mind must give full assent to what we are doing, and must be as it were the priest in us, deliberately and consciously offering to God the sacrifice of the whole man. Our service must be reasonable service; the mind must preside at it; and the spirit which God gave must willingly and with all humble and pure faith fall down and worship its Maker. So that we are to bring into God’s courts the offering of the spirit’s worship, our whole mind and attention, and intention and belief, are to be laid at the footstool of the King. Our thoughts and our purpose are to be, so far as can be in our fallen state, fixed upon our service. To be accepted or counted as worship at all, our offering must be that of the spirit.

But beside the worship of the Understanding, that of the Heart is to be likewise offered. The devotion of the *soul*, of the affections, is to be brought to God’s House and laid before Him. As the spirit is that part of us which is most like to God, so the soul seems to be that life in us which the lower animals in some measure share; the seat of our affections, our longings, our emotions. And God will have offered our heart-worship as well as our mind-worship. Ah! but you will tell me, and I shall sadly agree with you, that here is the difficulty, to bring to God really the offering of the worship of spirit and heart. The Mind wanders from our service, and the Heart too often remains cold. Nor shall we ever wholly correct this here; yet watchfulness and earnestness may, by the grace of God, do wonders towards it. And let us remember that our worship in God’s house is not to be another thing from our life outside of those walls. Our whole life is to be given to God, only our worship is a special and direct dedication of it to Him. And the more entire is our giving of our lives to God in common life, the less imperfect will be our endeavour to make a pure offering of spiritual and hearty worship when we bow before Him in His courts. And the more we accustom ourselves to meditate upon God, upon His perfections,

and upon His love, the more readily shall we raise our mind to Him in the service of the Sanctuary; and the more naturally and habitually will our hearts, with their affections and desires, expand to Him at such times, as a flower to the warm sun.

It is right, moreover, to use every means that we may to assist and stimulate this flagging attention of the mind, and languid devotion of the soul. Hence, the advantage (not to speak of them now as indeed *part of our offering to God*)—hence the benefit to ourselves even, and the aid to the spirituality and heartiness of our worship, of external beauty appealing to the eye and ear; such aids as are provided by the beauty, so far as may be, of the church itself, and also of the music and singing. We should honour God with our best in all things; but besides this, we are so made that our own devotions are much assisted by such external aids.

But let us now turn our thought to the share which the *body* may claim in this worship of our whole being. And here it is that the evil effect of that misconception of which I spoke is to be most perceived. Many come to church as hearers merely and not as ‘worshippers.’ And the demeanour and behaviour of too many accords only too well with this idea. Does the general posture and behaviour of many congregations suggest the idea of *worshipping*? Is it not that rather of *hearing* merely? What else can we gather when we see not a few who have neither infirmity nor age to plead, *sitting* during the prayers? This arises, no doubt, from want of thought, as I will prove to you, for which of us would for a moment think of *sitting to pray in our private devotions*?

Think, moreover, thus about it. Would any *sit* in the presence of a king while pleading with him for his life, and for his grace and favour? Or at the queen’s court, would any take such a position as suitable while addressing her? And ‘I am a great King, saith the Lord of Hosts.’

But one will say to me, perhaps, ‘So that we offer spiritual worship, the worship of the body is of little consequence.’ I think it may be answered to this that the actions of the body are no bad tests of the earnestness of the spirit. Do men plead for their lives with that cold dispassionate demeanour? or, are not clasped hands and streaming eyes, and bent knees in such a case the natural and necessary outlets and expressions of the earnestness of the soul?

Moreover we *cannot* worship God in public without in some degree enlisting the body also in the service. Where would be our public prayers and praises without the aid of what David calls ‘the best member that we have?’ Where were even our listening without the bodily sense of hearing? Moreover, God requires the worship of *the whole man*—spirit, soul, and body. The same Word which tells us that our worship must be spiritual, and requires for God the offering of the heart, demands also that the body shall be presented ‘a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God.’

Thus we are to worship God with our whole being when we come into His courts. Also, we ought to worship Him with our substance, to offer Him of that we have. And in this privilege both the poor and the well-to-do should claim their share, and even

the widow may bring her mite. We meet to worship, to *offer*, not merely to *receive*, and our offering should include that we have, as well as that we are. Who so poor but that he could spare a penny or half-penny, week by week, to offer at each service on Sundays? and our worship is not complete, be sure, unless it be that of spirit, soul, body, and substance.

Let us look for one moment at the Holy Communion, the highest act of the Church's worship. What is our object in this service? Is it merely to receive the grace, the blessing which, indeed, is sure for the penitent and faithful receiver? Not only this, nor chiefly this. It is our highest act of *worship*. It is the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving. The spirit is prostrate before God at the contemplation of those Holy Mysteries; the heart is kindled and lifted up to God by the contemplation of the exceeding great love of our Master and only Saviour; the body reverently bends in adoration of the present God. Then at the hands of the priest an offering is made of your substance; with deep reverence he presents to God the oblations, the bread and wine provided by the people, also their alms, and other devotions. Thus the act of worship is complete; spirit, soul, body, substance, have alike their share; and God's fire of acceptance falls upon the sacrifice.

There is much more to say, but no space to say more. With one or two naturally suggested thoughts I end.

This true explanation of the object of our meeting in God's house, gives the clearest condemnation of those who absent themselves from it. 'I can read my Bible at home.' This might be something of an answer if we be but '*hearers*'; none, if we be '*worshippers*'.

Then the thought arises of the honour of being allowed to honour God—not only to come before Him as supplicants, but as worshippers. It is surely well, so far as we may here, to raise ourselves to the *angelic* standard.

Further, a proper understanding of this matter, avoids loss to ourselves. To realise that our whole *being* and *having* is invited to share in worship is a valuable aid to earnestness in it. For our own sake, therefore, be we reverent; but yet this is not the highest way of considering this matter. A misunderstanding concerning it, involves (I speak as a man) a certain loss to God. God can be robbed. He tells us so; and He is pleased to desire and to value human as well as angelic worship. '*Creation's Chorus*' is not complete without it. For God's sake, then, and that His full honour may be rendered to Him, devote all that you are, and all that you have, to His worship. Bring an offering, and come before Him; an offering out of all—mind-service, heart-service, body-service, substance. This offering of the first-fruits shall then consecrate the mind, and, indirectly, work and recreation shall become worship. The mind's toil, the heart's affections, the body's employments, the whole substance—whatsoever we do shall be done, whatsoever we have shall be possessed, to the glory of God.

Our direct worship shall be the smoke of the incense; but our whole life shall be, as it were, a compound of sweet spices.



"MY ATTENTION WAS ARRESTED BY A MAN WALKING UP AND DOWN  
IN A PERTURBED MANNER."

## "No Sweet English Service."

BY T. HENRY JONES, M.A., CONFRATER OF WYGGESTON'S HOSPITAL,  
LEICESTER.

**I**HAD occasion, a few years ago, to accompany a beloved sister from England to Marseilles, where she had to catch the steamer for Constantinople. I remember that a tremendous storm broke over the Kentish coast the night before we started. A warning telegram had been received from Admiral Fitzroy, at the Folkestone Harbour, and precautions had been taken: but the hurricane and its effects come back very vividly at this moment to my mind, for some poor fishermen who neglected the warning went out and were lost. The sun broke out brilliantly next morning, but our passage was rather rough, for the sea was still agitated, and chafed angrily in the narrow Channel. We passed some days in Paris, and then left that attractive city by an express, which, leaving late in the evening, ran the entire distance without stopping, except at Lyons for a few minutes, that we might take a hurried breakfast.

I will not attempt any description of the lovely country through which we passed after leaving Lyons. It was not until the afternoon that we suddenly emerged from a long dark tunnel, and the striking and majestic view burst upon us of the grand expanse of ocean, of that intense deep blue so often admired by travellers, and studded all over with the picturesque latteeen sails of the Mediterranean. We arrived just in time at the noble harbour of Marseilles; and after watching the gallant vessel as she went on her way to Turkey, with my sister on board, until she became a mere speck on the horizon,—I hastened to telegraph to Constantinople that she had started, and then I wandered about the quays of the great and busy sea-port, amused by the stir and bustle of the scene, with its variety of costume and of language—Greek, Turkish, Algerian, and Italian.

I remember that I tried in the evening to get a passage on board a vessel bound for the coast of Italy; but not succeeding, I returned to 'mine inn,' and the heat being excessive, for even the night brought no coolness, I opened my bed-room window hoping to catch a refreshing breeze from the sea, when a cloud of mosquitoes, attracted by the light, flitted in and made me their instant prey, robbing me of sleep or rest until the morning dawned.

The day following was Sunday, but not one of our peaceful English Sundays, when the multitude who keep holy day may be seen bending their steps

"Towards spire and tower, from shadowy elms ascending,  
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed day."

I wended my way towards a house in the *Rue Sylvabellæ*, where as I had been informed, Divine Service was offered in the English tongue. As I approached the porch, I saw a notice affixed; and drawing nearer read an intimation that owing to some accident to the building there would be no Service that day. I was turning away rather sorrowfully, for 'the Lord's Song' is especially needed and dear 'in a strange land'—when my attention was suddenly arrested by the figure of a man walking up and down in a perturbed manner, and his agitated, broken exclamations caught

## *"No Sweet English Service."*

my ear. "Fourteen years," I heard him say, "and no Service, no sweet English Service! Fourteen years away, and now no English Service!"

He continued repeating these words again and again. I hesitated whether to address him, when he stood still for a moment, and, turning to me, exclaimed in a troubled voice—"No English Service! no sweet English Service! This crowns my misfortunes this robs me of my last hope. So many thousands of roubles lost,—and now no English Service!" He did not wait for an answer, but continued to pace up and down, wringing his hands in despair.

He was respectably dressed, apparently in about the middle class of life, and from his manner and general appearance I set him down as an Englishman who must have been many years abroad. I said, "I am sorry, too, very sorry, that there is no English Service. It is a great disappointment; but we can go to the Lord of the House, though we cannot go to the House of the Lord." "Yes," he answered, bitterly, "but I have never heard the sweet English Service for fourteen years!" He spoke in a voice that seemed to weep, though he was denied the comfort of tears. "Fourteen years' exile! Thousands of roubles utterly lost!—God has forsaken me!—I have had no sleep for a long time,—I have been in such misery. My property is gone, and now Religion leaves me too! I came here by ship last night; and oh! how I had counted on the comfort of the sweet English Service!"

I watched him narrowly. I saw in him the tokens not only of mental distress but bodily exhaustion. There was the pale, drawn, haggard face, with the dull eye and unnaturally contracted pupil—that sure mark of nervous suffering from long anxiety. His distress excited my deepest sympathy, and seemed to call urgently for my immediate aid. It needed not he should tell me, as he did, that he had been sleepless for weeks. I saw it all, saw how such a case neglected might run even into insanity, and I felt rather than thought how a word of sympathy, and encouragement might reach his heart and comfort his wounded spirit.

I always loved the character of Barnabas, and would rather have borne his name than that of any other of the apostolic band. He was called the 'Son of Consolation.' I longed now for that same power to soothe the grief-stricken man before me; and I expressed my great sympathy for him as he walked on by my side. Bit by bit, he told me his story. I wish I could recall the touching words in which he told it, mingled with ejaculations that he was lost, that no hope was left for him, and that to die was better than to live.

After all, the pith of it was very simple.—A fourteen-years' residence in Russia,—a share in some mills,—the bankruptcy of a partner, and the break-down of the affair at the end of fourteen years;—his despairing efforts to get righted,—his departure from Russia after utter and repeated failure, with barely £150 in English money, saved from the wreck of his property:—and then this fervent desire suddenly awakened to seek after God in the accents of that holy English Liturgy in which as a child he had been taught to utter his first prayers to the Almighty.

And then underlying all this story of his outer life was the soul's history. Without a friend, without God's Minister, without a Church, going on for fourteen years unreproved, unchecked; money becoming more and more dear to him; his something gradually becoming his everything; the sweet English Service less and less missed:—the recollection of what once comforted him only added now to the bitterness of his grief—and there was needed the voice of a friend, or the holy words to which he had listened in early years, to recall to him the thought of God, not as the One who had injured him, but as his only Hope, the only Giver of comfort.

And this I endeavoured to point out to him, when I had heard his story. I told him he might go where there was no Church Service, but that he could not travel to a place where God was not—and that God was Love—Love everywhere—Love always—Love to everyone, and therefore Love to *him*. I spoke of this sleepless love, unseen, unthought of, following him to that far-off land, protecting him, encompassing him, embracing him. He might have forgotten God, but God had not forgotten him. God had remembered His Covenant, though *his* had been neglected and broken: though he might have resisted the inward pleadings of that Love, still God loved him—only His loving-kindness and patience could have borne with that long neglect. He had sent the Good Shepherd to rescue him, to disentangle the briars among which he had fallen; had permitted this trouble to come upon him, to bring him again to the fold.

I cannot recall the language I used, but I told him the old story over again, the glad tidings that he had heard years before in some grey Village Church. I recalled to his memory the Gospel story of Jesus; I preached to him with more earnestness than I have always felt when addressing a congregation. It was not only with sighs and long pent-up tears that he heard me, groans, too, and cries burst from his over-wrought heart.

"You have been sent to me," he said, "as from heaven. You have saved my reason, my life, my soul. I shall never, never forget this." With extended arms, he prayed God to bless and keep me. We had concluded our conversation (which lasted some hours) seated on the base of an old fountain. Here we parted, probably never to meet again in this world. I left him standing in the attitude of prayer: his uplifted countenance bright, grateful, and happy.

— I quitted Marseilles the following day, with a blessed feeling that I had been detained there, not accidentally, but by the good providence of God, to undo one of Satan's bonds, and to draw a man out of a pit on the Sabbath Day.



# On the Origin and History of the English Bible.

BY DENHAM ROWE NORMAN, VICAR OF MIDDLETON BY WIRKSWORTH.

A.D. 1350—1430.

**S**UNDRY attempts were made in the Middle Ages to satisfy the constant yearnings of religious people to possess the Holy Scriptures in their native tongue. It is pleasant to be able to trace in successive centuries the gradual and steady progress made towards supplying the much felt need; and to watch the labourers whom God raised up continually delivering their contributions to the safe custody of the church, for the use of its many members.



JOHN WYCLIFFE.

In a remote village of Yorkshire there was born in the year A.D. 1324 one of those men of renown, who ever and anon come into the world in the most singularly quiet and unobtrusive manner to do a work which makes their names famous for the rest of time: one of those heroes whose deeds are of inestimable benefit to each succeeding generation of his countrymen. John Wycliffe, born at Wye Cliffe, on the banks of the Tees, near Richmond, in the year A.D. 1324, died 1384, and thus lived in the stormy period of the reigns of Edward III and Richard II. Moved by the sights which he constantly witnessed, Wycliffe considered that his lot was cast in those times when there was to be a literal fulfilment of the vision unfolded to St. John. Full of zeal, and with a con-

siderable degree of learning, this devoted man spent much of his time in writing forcible and stirring books against the evils, and crimes, and follies of his age.

It may be that, at length, feeling convinced that no words of his could pierce the heart, or rouse the conscience like the very utterances of God, Wycliffe determined to translate into his mother tongue some part, at least, of Holy Scripture.

Constant use, and patient study, had made him most familiar with the book of Revelation; and, as a natural consequence, that difficult portion of Holy Scripture was the first which he translated into English. Himself subdued and awed by the wonderful statements of ~~that~~ special book, he gave his mind to the task of turning its glorious promises and fearful threatenings into a language which could be understood by even common folk.

Notwithstanding the wear of time, and the bitter enmity shown towards the translated Scriptures, many copies of this earliest work of Wycliffe's are preserved in various parts of the country, some of earlier, some of rather later date, as if the translator, in each fresh copy he made from his Latin Bible, saw some sentences which wider reading and longer experience in the work enabled him to improve. Many of the errors found in the earlier manuscripts are entirely removed in the later; indeed, the care and anxiety to furnish to the reader the most accurate form of God's message are manifest in every page.

This instalment of Wycliffe's work seems to have so whetted the appetite of such as could obtain it, that other books of Holy Scripture were soon eagerly sought for at his hands; and he was entreated to give to anxious readers a further contribution towards a complete Bible in the English tongue. In a short time these urgent requests were rewarded; for about the year A.D. 1380, Wycliffe completed and circulated copies of the Holy Gospels, with the further advantage of a commentary upon them; a commentary chiefly made up of extracts from early Christian writers, with a few brief notes of his own, 'so that pore Cristen men may some dele know the text of the Gospel, with the camyn sentence of old holie doctores.'

This was an immense advance in the coming work, and soon had a visible effect on those who were able to read it. The delight of the translator may be judged from his remark 'One comfort is of knightes; they saven much the Gospelle, and have wille to rede in Englische the Gospelle of Christe's life.'

But more was yet to come from the same pen. Encouraged by the reception given to the Apocaylipse and the Gospels with commentary, Wyckiffe follows up these instalments with a still more important addition to sacred knowledge; a translation of the whole of the books of the New Testament. The Gospel-Dreter, as Wycliffe was scornfully called, knowing of no surer way to enlighten the minds of his ignorant countrymen than by setting before them in all its simple beauty the Word of God in a language which they could understand, rested not till he had given them the whole of the counsel of God contained in the New Testament. With all the ardour and diligence which earnest belief can inspire,

he gave himself up to the work of rendering into the most homely and forcible language, those precepts which the Lord Jesus and His Apostles had delivered for the instruction of their disciples. This complete New Testament was given to the world about A.D. 1381.

Even now, this untiring benefactor was not content. This work of his, great as it was, and dangerous, considering the increasing opposition of the Pope and higher clergy, did not satisfy his mind. There was still a vast mass of Holy Scripture, of which those who could not read their Latin manuscript Bibles were ignorant. Busy himself with constant revisions and improvements of his copies of the New Testament, Wycliffe anxiously seeks for a competent and willing scholar to aid him in his holy enterprise. There was the Old Testament, with all its hard sayings, remaining to be turned into the well-loved language. At length an able and ready helper came to the rescue. Nicholas-de-Hereford consents to devote himself to the long and tedious business; and so patiently did he toil at the work that ere long the whole of what are called the Canonical Books of the Old Testament, with part of the Apocrypha, were done into English. In the midst of a verse (Baruch iii, 20) this important translation of Hereford's is brought to a sudden, and, in point of sense, violent conclusion; the unmeaning break, in all probability, arising from a malicious interference on the part of enemies. Certain it is, that in July, A.D. 1382, Nicholas-de-Hereford having been summoned before his superiors, received sentence of excommunication, and shortly after left England. It is a most extraordinary piece of good fortune to have in one of our rich stores of ancient documents—the Bodleian Library at Oxford—the original manuscript of Nicholas, showing us in this quiet but unmistakeable manner what risks were run and dangers incurred in those times, by pious men, striving to enlighten their countrymen, and spread abroad the knowledge of God's truth.

The remaining books of the Apocrypha did not long remain without a translator. It is generally supposed that Wycliffe himself spent a portion of his time in completing the rest of these histories. But the end was drawing on; these assiduous labours, this constant strain on the mind told on the champion of truth, and on the 31st of December, A.D. 1384, Wycliffe was taken to his rest, having lived to see copies of the translation of the whole of Holy Scripture, with the Apocrypha, in the hands of numerous readers. Unflagging energy, unflinching courage had prevailed, and the people of England once and for ever had a Vernacular Version of God's Holy Word. To Wycliffe must be ascribed the honour of first handing over to his fellow-countrymen the glorious inheritance of the Bible in a tongue which they could understand, thus enabling them, under Divine guidance, to discern what is required of men by their Heavenly Father, and how they must frame and mould their lives as His children by adoption and grace.

An imperfect, and, to some extent, incomplete work, this translation of Wycliffe's must doubtless be admitted to be. Made at a time when the English language was in its very infancy; when the knowledge of Hebrew and Greek was not possessed by even

the most learned ; when most likely there was not a Greek New Testament manuscript in all England, it is a very marvel of accuracy ! Making due allowances for these important and weighty points, it is simply wonderful how much of its language survives in our present Authorised Version of Holy Scripture, which was made about 220 years afterwards.



FAC-SIMILE FROM WYCLIFFE'S MANUSCRIPT BIBLE.

Not long after the death of Wycliffe, A.D. 1388, one of his most loyal disciples, who had lived with him, and helped him in his later years to minister to the parishioners of Lutterworth, John Purvey by name, became aware of numerous defects and inaccuracies in his master's work. Trained by Wycliffe himself to seek after perfect accuracy, so far as it could be obtained, this learned and conscientious man set himself to the work of clearing away the more glaring errors and endeavouring to render more intelligible many of the darker sentences of his great predecessor. Uncouth words, rugged verses, and, in some instances, doubtful passages were changed without ceremony, and replaced by others which Purvey considered, in his honest judgment, to be more seemly, appropriate and correct. Singularly enough, we can see exactly where changes were made by Purvey, and judge for ourselves how much he did to render Wycliffe's translation more easily understood by the people. In the library of Trinity College, Dublin, may be seen Purvey's copy of Wycliffe's original translation of the New Testament; and yet more, there is in Purvey's own handwriting a description of the plan which he observed in correcting and improving the original work attached to Wycliffe's manuscript.

To show how thoroughly honest and independent Purvey was, and how anxious to set forth as God's Word only what upon strictest search and most mature consideration he deemed to be such, it may not be amiss to give here the rules he laid down for himself in carrying out his cherished design. 'First, there was to be a collection of as many old manuscript Latin Bibles as could possibly be obtained; then a gathering of commentaries, of notes and interpretations of learned men of old. Then there was to be a careful comparison of what all these various authorities delivered with what was before him as Wycliffe's work. Again, there was to be a consultation of old grammarians and divines how certain difficult passages had been understood by them; and, at last, with the help of many learned and cunning men, there was to be made from the materials before them as clear and forcible a translation as possible. Some idea of the sort of man Purvey was, and of his qualification for dealing with the text of Holy Scripture, may be formed from these two sentences in his preface, 'A translator hath grate nede to studie well the sentence, both before and after.' 'He hath nede to lyve a clene life, and be ful devout in preiers, and have not his wit occupied about worldli things, that the Holie Spiryt, Author of all wisedome and cunnynghe and truth, dress him in his work, and suffer him not to err.'

It would appear that great store was set upon these English manuscript Bibles, as revised by Purvey, for in spite of their condemnation by archbishops, and all the accidents of time and wear, more than one hundred have come down in a fair state of preservation to the present day, some of which have been the property of persons of highest rank, as King Henry VI., Richard III., Henry VII., Edward VI., Queen Elizabeth, and Bishop Bonner. This corrected translation has been printed at various times, as, for instance, by Lewis, in A.D. 1731, by Baber, in 1810, and by Messrs. Bagster (erroneously as Wycliffe's), in the English Hexapla, A.D. 1841.

These were the more important contributions towards the foundation of an English Bible. There were lesser works of various individuals, whose names have not come down to us, which appeared from time to time, but whose circulation was within a very limited sphere. There were, for example, 'The Harmony of the Gospels,' 'A Compendium of St. Paul's Epistles,' 'An Epitome of the Old Testament,' the Catholic Epistles at full length, and numerous other smaller works of the same kind, the manuscripts of which, at present, are very rare. There can be no mistake in our thinking that the time was now fully come when the English people desired with an intense longing the truths of God in their native tongue; a desire which was rather bluntly expressed by John of Gaunt, 'We will not be the dregs of all, seeing other nations have the law of God, which is the law of our faith, written in their own language.'

It is to be hoped that in thus striving to convey a knowledge of the steps which have been taken in succeeding generations to secure the manifest advantage of possessing a Bible in our own native tongue, the necessary details will not become wearisome.

A knowledge, minute and particular it is, which alone will enable us to esteem, as we ought, these godly men who, at infinite pains and self-sacrifice, have gladly struggled on and spent their lives in this work of translation. If a thought should cross the mind that perhaps in these days there is rather too keen a desire to learn precisely the very point of time when each of these various stages of the great work has been performed, and in what circumstances, let it be answered by the assurance that when truth is honestly sought, the seeking is not wrong, the seekers will not go unrewarded. The days are past—let us hope for ever—when ‘if a man speak, surely he shall be swallowed up.’ (Job xxxvii. 20). Brighter times are ours, when even with gratitude we can observe the earnestness which is exhibited in sifting truth from fiction, and when we can acknowledge, without fear or shame, that through the labours of these manifold workers we are permitted to see words which we reverence in some new light, under some fresh and more instructive aspect.

---

## *Rose Hardy's Home.*

### CHAPTER I.

 ELL! this is Christmas weather sure enough,” Farmer Hawthorne said, as he entered his house one snowy Christmas morning, “and a fine Christmas fire you’ve got, old lady,” he added, as he stretched out his hands to the glowing heap of logs piled up in the old fire-place. The snow was deep outside, and there were long icicles on the overhanging eaves and on the bare rose branches, but inside all looked snug and warm in the light of the fire which glittered on the breakfast things spread on the table, and on the little corner cupboard which was Mrs. Hawthorne’s special pride, for there stood some china that had been her mother’s and her grandmother’s before her.

Forty-five Christmases had Master Hawthorne seen in that old farm-house, and his wife had passed all her life there, for her father and mother had lived there, and, when she married Hawthorne, he had come there instead of finding a new home. Five-and-forty Christmases had passed since then, some gay and bright, some quiet and sad, but all warm with the strong love between them, which had not grown less with their increasing years, nor feeble with their failing strength. They could recall them all,—the first Christmas after their wedding when the old folk were still alive, and the next when they were gone, but there was a cradle filling the void at the fire-side, and then came Christmases, merry with children’s voices and happy laughter, and there was one Christmas the memory of which was very near Mrs. Hawthorne’s heart, when there was a little coffin upstairs, and the angel of death was their Christmas guest. That was many years ago, and the little children who laughed and played are grown up anxious men and women, with children and homes of their own all

far away, all but that little one who is a baby still, as she was forty years ago, and lies in Hinton churchyard. They are lonely old people now, and have had many a quiet Christmas alone together, and they are quite content as long as they are together.

People seeing Hinton Mill in summer time would say, "what a pretty old place," and so indeed it looked, as you stood on the bridge of planks across the Maddon and saw it before you. It had once been a mill, for the wheel stood there still, and the old mill buildings, but as long as anyone could remember it had been a farm, and the mill rooms used for store rooms and cattle sheds. These were covered with ivy, and the long low house beside it was nearly covered with vines and roses. From the bridge you could not see the rickyard which lay on the other side, but you could see a neatly kept garden, and between the garden and the bridge and ford was the paddock where the old gray mare used to graze; and past it all ran the river, clear and wide, with willows and tall rushes and blue forget-me-nots clustering on the banks, and white and yellow water-lilies rocking on its breast. Very picturesque, as people said.

"Very miserable and desolate," people said, if they happened to see it in winter, with the paddock and fields round flooded, and the Maddon rushing by a swollen and muddy torrent, with the willows standing up gaunt and black in it, and the bare branches tossing in the wind. Lonely enough it was, for the village lay nearly a mile the other side of the river, and the winding lane, so pretty and shady in summer, was often almost impassable in the winter, but it never seemed dreary or melancholy to the old couple, for it was their home, and they loved it, and, "after all," the old man would say, "a blazing fire will keep off cold and damp, and as for company, me and my old woman don't want better company than one another, eh, missus?"

This Christmas, however, they had other company, for a nephew of Master Hawthorne's and his wife and baby had come down to keep Christmas at the mill, and there they were all sitting together at their breakfast, with the baby asleep in its cot by the fire.

After the meal was over, the old farmer went out to see to his beasts. "Come, Tom," said he, "come and lend a hand with the pigs, for I told Partridge he needn't come down this morning." When the men came in again, the sound of the church bells came in with them.

"You'll not be thinking of church, old lady," said Hawthorne, "the snow is powerful deep in the lane, and we shall have some more afore long, so you and Marianne had best bide at home and take care of the baby and the dinner, and Tom and me will get to church as best we can."

So the two men set off across the paddock in the snow, and the wives watched them off and then sat down to read the Service together. They were neither of them very good scholars, but the old lady knew it pretty well by heart, and they felt the glad tidings of great joy, which came first to the poor shepherds, as well as cleverer, better-educated people might have done, for there were tears in Mrs. Hawthorne's kind old eyes, as

she closed the book, and said, "Dear heart! but it's terrible good, and just to think as there was no room in the inn;" and the younger woman looked across to her baby sleeping so warm, and sighed to think of that Mother so long ago who had only a stable to shelter her baby, and He, the great God himself.

"Heaven help them as has no shelter to-day," she said.

Mrs. Hawthorne went to the window and looked across to a cottage just visible between the snowy trees, the only house but the farm on that side of the river. "I wonder how the Hardys are faring to-day. I meant to have stepped across yesterday, but it slipped my memory. Hardy's in gaol. Mr. Markham gave him three months. John was very loath to have him up, just for his wife's sake, poor soul! but he was always thieving first from one and then another, so Master Field came to John and asks if he'd join with him to put a stop to it, and so he got three months; and sure it's no loss to his wife, for he's a bad fellow and drinks more than he earns. But I'd like to know if they've got anything to keep Christmas with to-day."

"Ah! here's Tom and Uncle," said the other, who had joined her at the window, "you'll be nearly perished!" she said, as they came in stamping the snow off their feet.

"Pretty near," the old farmer said, "but I say, Betsy, haven't you got something as I could take round to the Hardy's. I thought of them in church, and I feared as how it might be a cold Christmas with them with that rascally father of theirs in gaol."

"There, now! if Marianne and me wasn't just talking of them, and if you don't mind stepping round, I think as we can find something to send. Here's this bit of cold roast pork and a heap of cold potatoes as will fry up nicely, and we can spare some of them mince pies for the children, poor lambs."

A basket was soon ready, and the farmer filled up all the corners with rosy-cheeked apples, and Mrs. Hawthorne added two little parcels of tea and sugar, which she knew would gladden Mrs. Hardy's heart as much as anything. This basket the old farmer took on his arm and set off bravely through the snow which was now falling fast. He was gone some time, and Mrs. Hawthorne was beginning to look anxiously at the goose, and hope that the master would be in soon, when the door opened and they heard his cheery voice calling out, "Well! missus, here I be, and I've brought a guest to eat our Christmas dinner with us," and then he came into the room leading by the hand a little girl.

She was a child about ten; her ragged bonnet had fallen back, and the snow lay on her hair, which hung loosely round her neck.

There was an unchildlike look about the little mouth and great blue eyes, for she had seen sad sights in her short life, such sights as take the brightness out of a child's face and out of her life; a drunken father, an ill-treated, wretched mother, a miserable home; and she had gone hand in hand with cold and hunger and poverty all along the pathway of her childhood, as many little children have to do, God pity them.

"Why, it's little Rose Hardy!" exclaimed Dame Hawthorne.

"Yes, to be sure," the farmer answered; "she's come to keep



"I'VE BROUGHT A GUEST TO EAT OUR CHRISTMAS DINNER WITH US."

Christmas with us, aren't you, child?" and then he gave her over to the two women, who took her upstairs; and it was quite a different looking little girl that came downstairs, such wonders had soap and warm water, and a comb and an old clean pins afore worked. She was very shy and silent, and kept her eyes fixed on the great blazing fire, but then, as the farmer said, "she's not set eyes on such a fire afore, poor little soul."

When dinner was ready, Rose's chair was drawn close by the farmer's, and you may be sure that he saw that she was well supplied. And the goose was done to a turn, and the pies were the best Mrs. Hawthorne had ever made, at least so the farmer said, and as he had said the same every Christmas for forty-five years, I think they must have been very good indeed.

By the time dinner was done the early dusk was falling, and they all drew their chairs round the fire and sat in the fire-light talking of Christmases long past, and little Rose sat on a stool before the fire, busy with the apples and chestnuts in her lap, till her pale cheeks caught some of the warm glow, which was already melting her poor little chilled heart into love for the kind old farmer and his wife. And the darkness crept on outside as they sat talking by the fire till the Farmer exclaimed, "Why, missus, if it isn't tea-time! and there's the little one fast asleep!" And sure enough the child was asleep, with her head against the old lady's knee, where many a child's head had nestled before. She woke as they looked at her, and gazed round with a frightened, anxious look, but was happy enough a few minutes after, helping to get tea, and trotting about after Mrs. Hawthorne, pleased to be of use.

"And after tea," the farmer said, "you and me, Rosey, must go home." But after tea, when they looked out, they found the snow several feet deep and still falling fast, and not a star to be seen.

"Well, what's to be done?" Master Hawthorne asked, "it would be a pretty job if we misseed our way and had a bath in the river. What do you say, missus, can you find her a bed?"

"Yes, to be sure," was the answer, "will you stop, child, and go home to mother to-morrow?"

And for all answer Rose put her hand in the old woman's, and the two went up together, and soon there was a little sleeper in a small, warm bed, and the happiest Christmas-day Rose Hardy had ever spent was over.

## CHAPTER II.

The next day passed, and still Rose was at the farm. Her mother, a pale, sorrow-stricken woman had come to fetch her home the next morning, but the Hawthernes had asked her to leave her with them for a day or two, as she was "a help to the missus, and terrible useful to Marianne and the baby," and Rose looked so warm and well-fed, that the poor mother agreed, and made her way home through the snow with a lighter heart. But the "day or two" passed, and John and Marianne and the baby went back to London, and still little Rose stopped at the mill, growing happier and rosier and more child-like, and making a

## *Rose Hardy's Home.*

---

useful little maid to the old couple, who grew to love the sound of her step on the stairs and her voice in the old quiet house.

She had been with them for a month, stopping on for a few days more and more till Christmas was a month past, when one evening, after the child was in bed, the old farmer told his wife a thought that had been in his head for some days.

"Look'ye here now," he said. "Wife, why need the child go home at all? She's happy here, and it's not as though her home was comfortable, and we'll miss her terribly if she goes now."

"Yes, yes," the old woman answered, "that we shall, but we're getting old folks, master, and do you think we can do for her as a mother would?"

"She has a terrible bad home, missus," he answered, "and we can but do our best, and no one can do more."

And so the old couple talked it over and settled it to their satisfaction, and as they went up to bed they went into the child's room, and stood by the bed where she lay, smiling in her sleep. There were tears in the kind old eyes as they looked at her.

"Poor little lamb," Mrs. Hawthorne said, softly, "God keep her from sin and sorrow."

"Amen," the farmer returned, "they shan't come near her if we can help it, and little Rose Hardy's new home shall be a happy one. God bless her."

And so the old mill became Rose Hardy's home, and a very happy one it was to her. Her mother was willing enough to leave her in such kind hands, and as time passed on the old people grew as fond of her as if she had been a child of their own.

"A handy little maid," old Mrs. Hawthorne would say, as Rose bustled about in the morning, cleaning and dusting. "She'll be a neat little sewer in time," she would say, when she put on her spectacles to inspect a row of little, black, uneven stitches that to any less kindly eyes might have appeared unpromising. This was of an afternoon when Rose was sitting by Mrs. Hawthorne's side, when everything was tidy and the kettle was filled for tea. In the evening she did her lessons with the farmer. "Was there ever such a little dunce?" he would say at first, and then he would pat her on the head and bid her never mind and try again. She was not quick with her book, but the old man thought her progress wonderful, and when at last she was able to read a chapter without many spellings or stumbling, the farmer's face was radiant with pride.

But you must not think that Rose was always indoors; her little sunbonnet was constantly to be seen by the farmer's side as he walked through his meadows or inspected his crops.

On Sunday she walked to church by the farmer's side, and I am afraid thought a good deal of her Sunday frock and her hat with a blue ribbon round it, as she sat by his side in the old, narrow, high-backed pew.

When Hardy came out of gaol, he and his family left the cottage by the bridge, and went in search of work to Medington, a town about six miles distant, so it was not often that Rose saw her mother, and only now and then the poor shabby figure would be seen coming across the paddock, baby in arms, having walked the

dusty six miles just to see how her Rose was doing, and Mrs. Hawthorne would welcome her heartily, and over a cup of tea she would pour out some of her troubles, and ease her overburdened heart a little, and she would go home feeling lighter and happier, and not empty handed either, for Mrs. Hawthorne always found something to send to the children.

### CHAPTER III.

More than two years passed away, and Rose was a tall slip of a girl of thirteen, and had grown quite the right hand of Mrs. Hawthorne, who took more and more to her easy chair and her knitting, and left the more active work to Rose, and she did it capitally, only needing a word or two from the old woman now and then, to set her right.

Master Hawthorne was as active as ever, and was about his farm and seeing after his men from morning till night, but his wife had grown more feeble in those two years, and could not even get to church on fine Sundays, unless the farmer harnessed the gray mare into the gig and drove her there, and this they were both loath to do, as they liked the poor beasts to enjoy the day of rest as well as themselves.

One April morning, as the three sat over their early breakfast, Mrs. Hawthorne said, "Master, I think Rose and me would like a treat to-day, and I was thinking, if you weren't wanting the mare, as we'd drive into Medington and take a look at the shops."

The farmer looked up surprised. "Why, missus," he answered, "this is something new. You're growing young again to wish for a bit of fun. Why you've never been into town this last three years. You can have the mare sure enough, but I never thought you'd take to gadding at your time of life." Mrs. Hawthorne laughed, "Well, master, I don't see why Rose and I shouldn't have our gadding as well as anyone, so we'll start as soon as dinner's done, and get back to tea."

So, after dinner, the farmer helped his wife into the gig, and Rose jumped up by her side, and they moved slowly off. At first, their way lay through winding lanes. Birds were singing in the spring sunshine, and Rose chattered as gaily as the birds sang, as the mare jogged along. Then they came out on to the London road, and the mare mended her pace, and soon they are rattling over the stones in the streets, and are pulling up at the Marquis of Granby, which the mare knows well as the resting-place.

"And now, Rosey, we'll have a good look at the shops, and then I've a call to make on an old friend of mine."

Mrs. Hawthorne could hardly get Rose away from before a toy-shop, and when they went into the linen-draper's, and she was allowed to choose a new ribbon for her hat, her delight knew no bounds. It was sorely against Rose's will when Mrs. Hawthorne at last turned away from the High Street, and made her way to a quiet street with large houses on each side. She stopped before a door with a plate on it, and Rose read "Doctor Windsor."

"Is he a doctor?" she asked, looking up at Mrs. Hawthorne.

"Yes, child," was the answer; "I knew him when he was your age. We were great friends then, and now he's grown a big gentleman, and folks say is thought a vast deal of for doctoring."

The man that opened the door showed them into a waiting-room, where two or three people were waiting, and here they remained for half an hour, during which time the other people were called out, one by one, and Mrs. Hawthorne and Rose were left alone. Rose was happy enough, for there was a cage of canaries in one corner, and she was quite content to stand and watch them. At last the servant came in. "Dr. Windsor will see you now, ma'am," and the old lady rose. "Stop here, child," she said, and Rose was left alone. It seemed a long time to her, for she got tired of watching the birds and of looking at the pictures; but after a while the servant returned. "This way, please," he said, and she followed him into another room, where she saw Mrs. Hawthorne talking to a kind looking gentleman.

She was pinning on her shawl, and Rose ran up to her, "Oh, I thought you'd gone without me," she said, and then she was silent suddenly, for she caught a glimpse of her mistress's face, and it reminded her of the look she had seen on it in church when she had peeped up at her sometimes in the prayers.

"This is not one of your own, Mrs. Hawthorne," said the gentleman, patting Rose's cheek. "Where did you get such roses?" he asked, smiling. But Rose could not answer or get over the feeling that she ought to fold her hands and close her eyes, and be ready to say "Amen."

"Well, I am very glad to have seen you," said the doctor to the old lady as she rose to go, "though more sorry than I can tell you, at what brought you here; and remember, if ever you think that I can do you any good, send me word, and I'll be with you as soon as possible. Good bye," he said, "keep a brave heart and God help you."

"God bless you, master George, Good bye."

And then they were in the streets again, and making their way to the Marquis of Granby, and the mare was put in, and they turned their faces homeward. Rose had found her tongue again, and did not notice that her mistress was more than usually silent.

The farmer had set the paddock-gate open for them, so the mare was soon standing before the little wicket. Rose jumped down. "Well," she said, "it's been very pleasant, but I'm a bit tired, and it's well to be home;" and as she helped her mistress down she heard her echo the same words softly, "Yes, it's been very pleasant, but I'm a bit tired, and it's well to be home;" but her words seemed to mean something different from Rose's, and Rose looked quickly up into her face and saw the same look, and again felt the same feeling of awe.

"Here, child, call one of the lads to see to the mare, and make haste, for the master will be wanting his tea." And Rose shook off the strange feeling, and ran off. She could not help taking another look at her ribbon when she was upstairs taking off her hat, and while she had it spread out before her, Mrs. Hawthorne came in and sat down on the bed.

"There, child," she said, "I'd best tell you, for you must know

## *Hearty Hints to Lay Officers of the Church.*

---

it soon. I thought as I'd something wrong with me, and doctor says as it's what they calls a cancer coming under my arm, and as nothing can be done to save me. It's terrible painful they say, and oh! I'm loath to leave the master."

The ribbon dropped from Rose's hand, and she stood as if rooted to the ground.

"There, child, don't look so scared, it's none so dreadful," and the old lady smiled as she spoke. "I'm an old woman, dear, and sometimes I feel a bit tired, and as if I'd like to lie by. And I've such a many waiting for me over yonder, that I shan't feel strange till the master comes, and that maybe won't be long. Come, Rose, there's the master, be quick." And she went down, leaving Rose standing there. She hardly understood what it meant. Was her old friend going to die? But she said it was nothing dreadful, and death, Rose thought, was something very dreadful. She had seen a funeral once, people all in black clothes and crying, and the black coffin put into the dark, cold grave in the churchyard. No, it couldn't be that, or she would never have smiled and talked in that way, and then there was the master laughing downstairs. And Rose picked up the ribbon and ran downstairs and soon forgot the mystery as she told of all the sights and doings in Medington.

In the evening, when Rose had been busy upstairs for some time and came down, she found a silence in the room, and the old people sitting hand in hand, and she knew Mrs. Hawthorne had been telling the strange news; but though tears stood in the wife's eyes and the master's lips trembled, they were neither looking very sad, for the stream of death, which in youth seems so terribly broad, now seemed narrow, and they could see the other side plainly, where, as the old lady had said, there were many waiting for them, and the parting from each other could not be for long. So they looked beyond the pain and the parting and the dark valley, to the meeting and the joy, and they were comforted.

Thus the old mistress entered on the path of suffering that God in His wisdom had chosen for her, and no one but He who gave it and she who bore it, knew how great that suffering was. Outwardly everything went on as before, but Rose grew to know that when the hot flush rose on the kind old face, the pain was very bad, and when the old lady stole away and locked herself into her own room, it was that the master might not see the suffering that was almost more than the brave heart could bear.

*(To be continued.)*

---

## **Hearty Hints to Lay Officers of the Church.**

BY GEORGE VENABLES, S.C.L., VICAR OF S. MATTHEW'S, LEICESTER.

DAY SCHOOL TEACHERS, AND PUPIL TEACHERS.

 SCIENCE and machinery have accomplished wonders since we learned A B C, but the art of teaching has outstript everything else. What a change has been wrought through agencies within yonder well-ordered parochial school, whose roofs and gables almost rival the Church itself in their proportions, in contrast with the by no

means forgotten day when a cleanly old dame of nigh three score years and ten, neatly appareled in blue gown and formidable white cap, and aided by a far more formidable birch, fool's-cap, and penance-stool, assumed the position of teacher to the village, under patronage of the Squire, the smile of the Squire's wife, and the general assistance of the Parson !

And yet, how many admirable scholastic institutions have been mismanaged, badly reformed, and sometimes utterly lost ! How much good is still being done through some of them that remain ! And —marvellous to be spoken—how small, after all, is the return made to the Church and to religion from all our universities, collegiate establishments, public schools, and cathedral corporations put together ! They ought to have produced results far greater and more precious to the Church and to religion than they have.

The canons of the English Church used to require, and indeed still require, that a schoolmaster shall be licensed by the bishop, and that preference be given in choosing a schoolmaster to the curate of the parish, and all schoolmasters were to teach the catechism, and to take care that on holy and festival days their scholars attend to the sermon and be examined therein. Also the scholars are “to be trained up with sentences of Holy Scripture.” Very wise suggestions, perhaps rather impracticable for the present times, although indicating the line to be taken again, ere long, if we would save the world from being given over to mere infidelity.

Amidst all our troubles, it is delightful to know that during the last few years has arisen up a noble band of men and women, trained as Church Christians to be true Church Christians in their characters and in their teaching in the Church's day-schools ; and this band will not be easily destroyed.

Our hearty hints to those teachers and pupil teachers are :—

I.—Remember that you have high and holy work to do. You are to teach and train immortals, whose bodies will die and rise again, but who themselves must live for ever. Their future unceasing condition as well as their prosperity here on earth may probably much depend upon the manner in which you discharge your duty as teachers. It is in vain to say that you have to do only with secular teaching, because were this unhappily true, the nature of even that teaching and the way in which it is taught have much to do with the formation of character. The quality of our bread depends upon the quality of the flour, and the flour upon the corn, and the corn upon the tillage. We all know this, and it is the same with teaching. Whatever you teach, teach it as a religious person. You are dealing with immortals, and even if your training were wholly secular, it would affect their condition for ever. *Everything that affects the mind affects the morals, be it secular or wholly religious.*

II.—Do all you do prayerfully, as Christians and as Church-folk. In whatever business we may be engaged, we should act worthily of our high calling as members of Christ's Church.

III.—Do your work thoroughly. Aim at the *how*, rather than at the *how much*. Endeavour to make your scholars master every subject as they proceed.

IV.—Do all you do from religious motives and in a religious manner. It is my privilege to know teachers, who I believe have become teachers solely from a desire to do good. Such teachers will be sure to do all they do in a religious manner. No forbidding of religion in their school could restrain the quiet influence of their deportment. Religion cannot be banished (however much desired by some) where the teacher is religious. Religion will have little influence where taught merely as one of the lessons of the day, especially if the teacher at other times cares nothing for it. A religiously-minded person will *always* do good.

V.—Aim at unity of purpose amongst the scholars, their parents, the parish priest and yourself. There cannot easily be rival interests amongst such classes, and there ought not to be.

But let me add a few words for the pupil teachers, whose position has its peculiar advantages and its peculiar difficulties also.

1.—You are both learning, and teaching. You are both teacher and scholar. The characteristics of both learner and teacher ought to be seen in you. You need the docility, the readiness to acquire, and the willingness to be taught, which mark every good scholar; and you need also somewhat of the decision, firmness, and aptness for teaching which mark every good teacher. Seek to possess all these qualifications; and as one most important step towards success herein, seek the grace of true humility.

2.—Be very careful of your morals and manners—these go much together. Some one has said, and truly, that “good manners are good morals.” “Manners maketh man,” was the motto of the famous William of Wykeham (born in 1324, in poverty, but who raised himself to become bishop of Winchester and Chancellor of England, and who founded New College in Oxford, and Winchester College), and truly, nothing assists more in the cultivation of morals than really good manners; and nothing secures good manners so much as good morals.

3.—Possibly you are compelled to lodge, during your period of apprenticeship, with persons who are comparatively strangers to you. Wherever you lodge try to secure a quiet home with those who will try to take the place of your parents. Be not anxious to have overmuch liberty, and be very guarded in making acquaintance. “Keep such company as God keeps.”

4.—Be careful how you spend the Lord’s Day. Be diligent in your attendance at Church, and at catechising, and (if confirmed) at the Table of your Lord. Live the life of a decided Christian, with all humility but without wavering.

5.—Gladly secure, if possible, the interest of your parish priest in your welfare, and if unfortunately you have to be away from your home, maintain frank and frequent intercourse by letter with your parents and friends there.

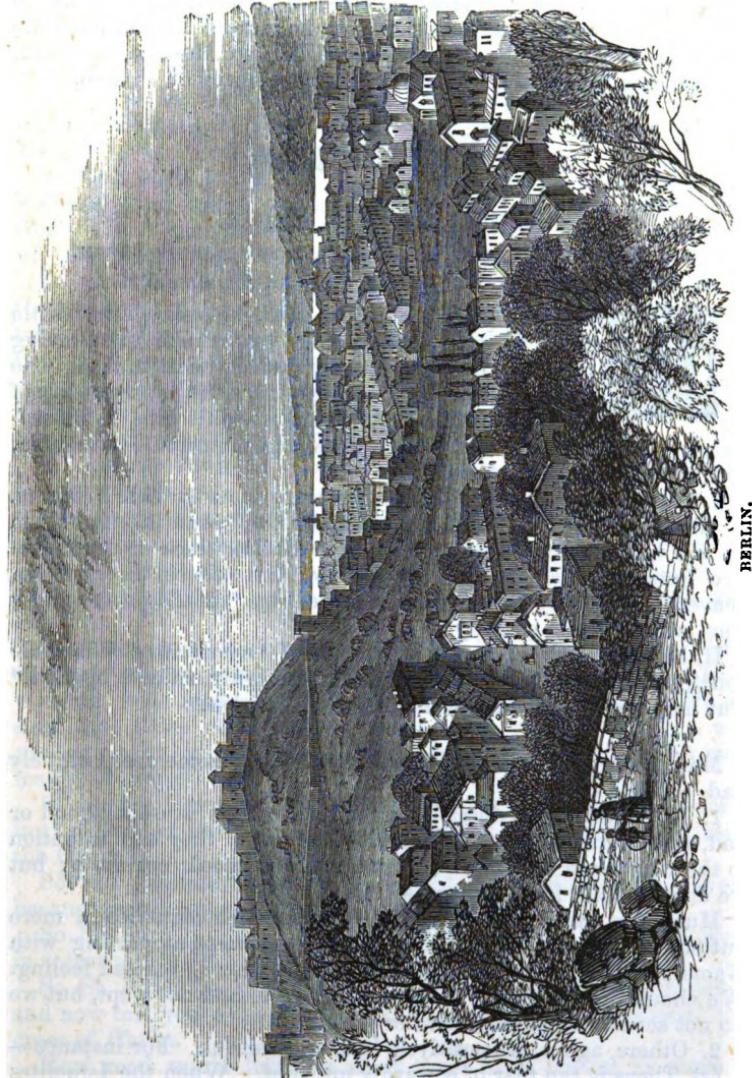
6.—Let your whole behaviour afford a good example to the many young folks who, to some extent, are entrusted to your care.

I conclude by saying to all day-school-teachers and pupil-teachers, who may read these hints, be true-hearted Christian Churchmen and Churchwomen, and be not afraid of your principles, for hearty Church principles will endure when all else fails

## Berlin.

**B**ERLIN, the capital of the Prussian States, is situate on the Spree, in the middle mark of Brandenburg, and one hundred miles from Dresden, the capital of Saxony.

The circumference of the walls and palisades of Berlin is about eleven English miles, and it is entered through sixteen gateways. Most of the streets are broad and straight, and



BERLIN.

the squares regular and spacious. The city owes its chief attractions to the celebrated Frederick II., who, between A.D. 1762 and the time of his death in 1786, spent yearly large sums of money on its improvement. Berlin is distinguished for the external beauty of its many public buildings, not only those devoted to imperial,

*Short Sermon.*

political, and commercial uses, but also those which are the centres of religious, benevolent, educational, and scientific effort.

Berlin has a population of about half a million; it has considerable manufactures, and an active commerce, especially in wool.

The city was taken by the Austrians and Russians in 1760, and was occupied by the Emperor Napoleon I. in 1806, after the battle of Jena. On October 21st of that year he entered it, and until the complete failure of the French expedition to Moscow, in 1812, Prussia was forced to acknowledge the supremacy of France.

*Short Sermon.*

*Tears, not all Bitter.*

BY WILLIAM KAY, D.D., RECTOR OF GREAT LEIGE, ESSEX.

*Psalm lvi. 8. ‘Put my tears into thy bottle.’*

1. HEN David came before God, he spoke like a little child opening out its joys and griefs to a loving parent. He laid bare his whole heart to God. He believed that God ‘took pleasure in the prosperity of His servant,’ and sympathised with him in his sufferings; and so he rejoiced before Him, and mourned before Him, with equal simplicity of faith.

2. The expressions in the text almost startle us by their boldness.—‘Put my tears,’ he says, ‘into Thy bottle;’ that is, store them up in a bottle or phial, as men do their choice wines or perfumes. Are human tears, then, cared for by Him whose throne is in heaven? Are they prized and treasured by ‘the High and Lofty One, who inhabits eternity’?

If, like David’s, they are the produce of ‘a contrite and humble spirit,’ assuredly they are observed and highly valued by God.\* But here we must make an important distinction.

I.

Many tears are of no worth at all spiritually; some are positively bad. Thus—

1. We should not describe an infant’s tears as either good or bad, in a moral sense. They invite our pity; they call attention to the wants and cravings of infancy, and bespeak our help; but we do not claim for them any spiritual value.

Much the same may be said of tears which signalise a mere outburst of natural affection. When Orpah wept at parting with Naomi,† her tears were simply the welting over of excited feeling. We should have thought worse of her if she had not wept, but we do not set any high value on her tears.

2. Others, again, are positively bad,—are sinful.

(a) There is the tear of cowardly unbelief. When the Israelites listened to the ‘evil report of the land,’ they ‘lifted up their voice and wept.’‡ Those tears were bitter in the shedding, and led to very bitter consequences. They cost the people forty years’ wandering in the wilderness.

\* Isa. lvii. 15; lxvi. 2.

† Ruth i. 9, 14.

‡ Numb. xiii. 1.

(b) And there is the tear of wounded pride. When Esau 'lifted up his voice and wept,' \* you knew how soon those tears were followed by hot, murderous, self-revenge. They were wholly unblest. They belonged to 'the sorrow of the world, which worketh death;' which, if it be not turned out of its course by the grace of God, rolls down into the dark gulf of despair.

II.

But now let us turn to the happier side, and think of tears which 'in the sight of God are of great price.' They are of many kinds:—

1. First, there is the tear of patient meekness; when one who is suffering from injustice or calumny commits himself confidingly to God's care. Such were David's tears, when he 'went up the ascent of Olivet, and wept as he went.' †

In most families there are, I fear, but too many occasions for the exercise of this high virtue. Well, then, if ever you are so tried, pray God that you may not be wanting to your duty as a Christian, and thank Him if, in the moment of temptation, a gentle, loving tear or two rise to your eye. Those are of the kind which He prizes, which He will 'put into His phial; a richer treasure of fragrance than mountains of frankincense.'

2. And there are the tears of repentance,—tears over which the angels rejoice.

Such were those shed by Peter, when the Master, whom he had thrice denied, 'looked on him;' and 'he went out and wept bitterly.' ‡ Bitter tears they were, but yet salutary and medicinal; a tincture of that 'godly sorrow which works repentance unto salvation.'

Such, too, were the tears of her 'that had been a sinner,' who, as Jesus sat at meat, came and 'stood at His feet behind Him, weeping, and began to wash His feet with her tears.' § We are sure that those penitent tears were held precious by Him who pronounced over them the absolving word—'Her sins, which were many, are forgiven her.'

3. Again; there is the tear wept by holy grief over the abounding iniquity of the world, or over the scandals that exist inside the Church.

So the Psalmist ||—'Streams of water run down mine eyes: because men keep not Thy law.'

So Jeremiah ¶—'But if ye will not hear it, my soul shall weep in secret places for your pride.'

So St. Paul \*\*—'Many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ.'

How good would it be for us, if there were among us more of that fervent zeal for God's honour, that tender love for men's souls.

4. Then there is the tear of earnest prayer, persevering amidst darkness.

\* Gen. xxvii. 38, 41. † 2 Sam. xv. 30. ‡ St. Matt. xxvi. 75. § St. Luke vii. 38.  
|| Ps. cxix. 136. ¶ Jer. xiii. 17. \*\* Phil. iii. 18.

So Jacob, in that night of woeful anxiety, ‘wept and made supplication unto the angel,’\* who wrestled with him at Peniel.

So our Saviour—in that mysterious agony, when the powers of evil commenced their last assault upon Him—‘offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears to Him who was able to save Him from death.’†

Happy they who in His strength have so wrestled and so prevailed.

5. Again; there is the tear of loving sympathy.

Was not that the character of the tears which Jesus shed at the tomb of Lazarus?

Very striking is that history. Our Blessed Lord knew what He Himself meant to do. He knew that before long the lost one would be restored; yet when He saw Mary and her friends weeping, ‘Jesus wept;’‡ thereby assuring every group of Christian mourners to the end of time of His ever-ready sympathy, and teaching all His followers to ‘weep with them that weep.’

6. These, then, may stand as instances of tears which are blest by God. Only as instances; for I have said nothing about the tear of generous anxiety for another’s safety,§ the tear of reconciliation after estrangement,|| the tear of struggling faith,¶ the tear of gratitude,\*\* and others no less precious.

7. All these are happy, sacred, tears; drawn forth from our hard hearts by the power of Him who ‘turned the rock into a pool of waters, the flint-stone into a spring of waters.’†† Incomparably better is such weeping than the very best of this world’s mirth.

Be not afraid, then, of that which is so highly prized by God Himself.

Remember—

How often the tear of patient meekness has been turned into a lens, through which the sufferer has had glimpses of the crown of eternal glory.

How many times a flood of tears has (through Christ’s mercy) been to the penitent as a fresh baptism,—a renewed sealing of the remission of sins,—a restoration of the joy of God’s presence.

How the tears of God’s faithful servants have prevailed to the conversion of the careless and ungodly.

How the tears of resolute, persevering, supplication have been followed by an eminent degree of Divine blessing.

How the tear of sympathy has fallen like healing balm on the wounds of our suffering humanity.

Remember all this; and, if your appointed line of pilgrimage take you at any time through a ‘valley of weeping,’ be of good courage. Your Master passed along the way before you, and has sanctified it. Be not afraid; the tears you drop will not be lost. He will bless them; for in His kingdom that old prophecy has been, and is, an established law,—

‘THEY WHO SOW IN TEARS SHALL REAP IN JOY.’

\* Hos. xii. 4.      † Heb. v. 7.      ‡ St. John xi. 35.      § Acts xxi. 13.  
|| Gen. xlvi. 1, 2.    ¶ St. Mark ix. 24.    \*\* Acts ix. 39.      †† Psa. cxiv. 8.



**“Ten a Penny Walnuts!”**

## "Walnuts, Ten a Penny."

MENSE quantities of nuts of various kinds are imported into England. They are to be found in every poor shop in all large towns, they are to be seen on every street-stall in every country village, at every fair and out-door gathering of the people; indeed, it has been calculated that seven-eighths of the nuts imported into Great Britain are sold in the open air.

The chief supply for English markets comes from Tarragona in Spain, from which place the quantity exported year by year is little short of 8,000 tons. Travellers have described the prattle and laughter of the Spanish girls who gather and sort the nuts in their own country, but this has no parallel amongst the London girls who sell the nuts in the streets; they are mostly of the very poorest class of street traders. One of them said to Mr. Mayhew, when he was making his inquiries about London poor, "It's the worst living of all on nuts!"

Nut-selling, like orange-selling, is much in the hands of the Irish poor. By the outlay of a single shilling an Irish woman can send out her two or three children with nuts, and still keep some for herself to sell.

The ripe or dry walnuts sold in the streets come principally from Bordeaux. They are sold at public sales in barrels of three bushels each, realising about twenty shillings a barrel, and are then retailed at from eight to twenty a penny; they are sold by all classes of street traders, and yield a few hard-earned but honest pence to many poor boys and girls, who sometimes thus keep their families out of the workhouse; while at other times their parents send them out to sell, and they dare not go home if they have not earned enough to satisfy an idle father or a drunken mother.

---

## On the Origin and History of the English Bible.

BY DENHAM ROWE NORMAN, VICAR OF MIDDLETON BY  
WIRKSWORTH.

A.D. 1430—1536.

HE translations of the Bible into English made by Wycliffe, Nicholas de Hereford, and John Purvey, were copied by various friendly hands, and distributed amongst eager purchasers in divers parts of the country.

The diligent study of Holy Scripture thus encouraged by having God's word in a familiar tongue, did much to mature men's minds for the important changes which were coming upon them in rapid succession. Bitter opposition was offered to the circulation of these manuscript English Bibles; so bitter, indeed, that it was dangerous to possess them; but still all the zeal which opponents could display, was not sufficient to destroy every copy, or tread out the sparks of spiritual life which had been kindled by their perusal.

One great hindrance to the spread of Scripture in the native tongue was, of course, the labour which was required to produce fresh copies by handwriting. Now, however, that element of success was no longer to be lacking. Just at this special period, the art of printing was discovered. First, wood carving, then wood engraving, then impressions obtained by friction from sta-

## *Origin and History of the English Bible.*

---

tionary types, then moveable wooden types, and eventually metallic types, as clearer in outline and more durable—these were the progressive steps in the perfecting that wonderful art, which more, perhaps, than any other has caused such merciful changes in the world. What strikes us as a most favourable omen in connection with the discovery of printing is this, that the very first complete volume which it supplied to the world was a Latin Bible, called, by way of distinction, "The Mazarin Bible," whose date is about the year A.D. 1450.

This new handmaid to religious truth was soon called upon to do service to the church. Within a very few years, copies of the Bible were printed in several of the countries of Europe. France, Italy, Spain, Holland, Germany, had received the blessing of a printed Bible in their own languages before the year A.D. 1500. But these translations, welcome as they were amongst faithful and religious people, were of less value than that which was hereafter to be given to England. These foreign translations, like Wycliffe's, were made from the Latin manuscript Bibles, which, in many instances, were faulty and imperfect. This country had yet to wait with patience. England's time was not yet come; but in waiting, as we shall find, she had her rich reward.

Another remarkable event (which, when it happened, seemed without one redeeming ray of hope for the Christian world in Europe) must not go unmentioned. In the year A.D. 1453, Constantinople was taken by the Turks. Up to this time, Greek manuscripts of any kind were extremely scarce; and those of Holy Scripture were particularly rare. After the taking of their city by hostile armies, Greek scholars, and those who possessed manuscripts, hastened away from the misery of a foreign rule, to find refuge and quiet in distant lands. Numbers flocked to the various centres of learning in Europe and settled there. Somehow, however, it was years before these manuscripts were made use of. Scholars seem to have shrunk from the task of causing this language to appear in print. The Old Testament Scriptures in Hebrew found editors and printers, and appeared in a complete form at Soncino, A.D. 1488, but the Greek New Testament was less fortunate. There were feeble and isolated endeavours made now and again. In 1486, for instance, there was produced at Vienna, Luke i. 68, 79, The Song of Zacharias. In 1504, the celebrated printer, Aldus, gave to the world the first six chapters of the Gospel according to St. John. It was, however, full seventy years from the discovery of printing (1445—1516) before there appeared in public an entire copy of the Greek New Testament Scriptures.

Cardinal Ximenes, Archbishop of Toledo, at length gave his attention to this important and difficult task. As early as 1504, Ximenes had begun to collect manuscripts of the Greek New Testament, and to examine them carefully, and to compare them with the Latin Scriptures. By the aid of many learned helpers, this industrious man was enabled, in the year 1514, to give into the hands of the printers one of the most valuable volumes which has ever issued from the press—a polyglot edition of the entire Bible—that is, a copy of the Holy Scriptures, in several languages,

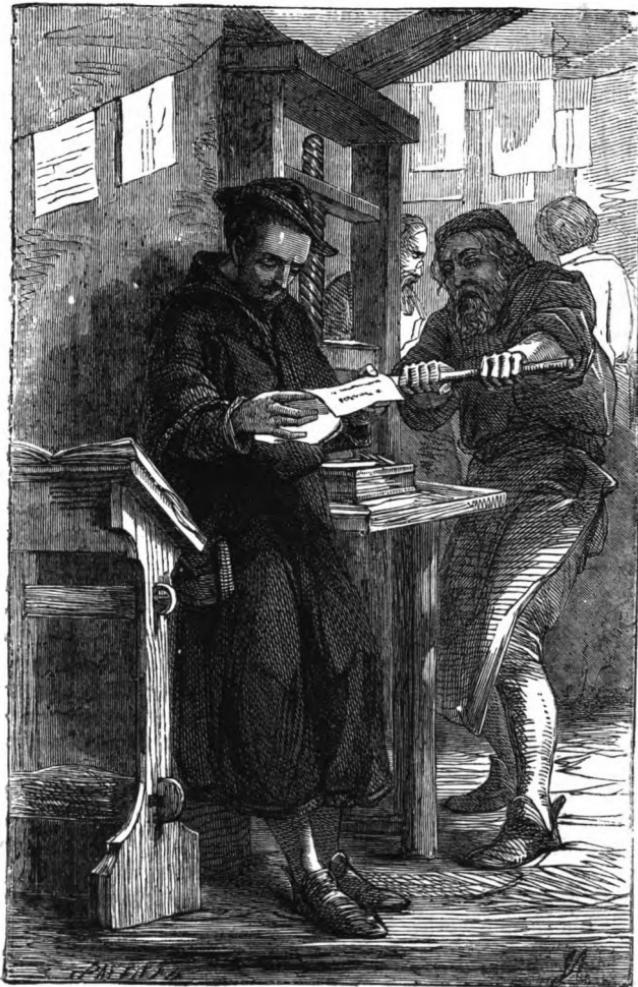
arranged in parallel columns. This Bible, which goes by the name of the "Complutensian Edition," contains words and sentences, and even verses—"Readings," as they are technically called—extremely important, taken as they were from manuscripts then under review, but which since have perished. Printed off in 1514—this edition of the Bible could not, for want of authority from Rome, be published till the year 1522, shortly after the death of its learned and competent author. About forty years ago £500 was paid by the authorities of the British Museum for a single copy of this polyglot of Ximenes.

Nearly about the same time, another eminent scholar was giving his mind to the same task. Erasmus, professor of Greek at Cambridge, A.D. 1509—1514, prepared for the press, from a very few manuscripts at his command, an edition of the Greek New Testament, which he published at Basle, in 1516. This work, in many respects worthy of regard, is not, after all, so very important, as it was the result of a comparison of but few manuscripts, and those of recent transcribers. As a justification of this remark, it is a well-known fact, that Erasmus, or Desiderius, as he was called in Latin, had no complete manuscript of the Revelation at hand, and failing in this, he translated from his Latin copies into Greek the parts which were wanting. Before his death, this unwearying divine sent forth four succeeding editions of his work, each more accurate than its predecessor, and a witness that, amidst the most distracting labours and cares, he desired to do his utmost for the Greek text of the New Testament. We can hardly entertain any but the deepest respect for a man who, living in such trying times, could write this sentence—"I would that the husbandman at the plough and the weaver at the loom should sing something from hence."

England's day was now at hand! The Hebrew Old Testament had been published in A.D. 1488. The Greek New Testament was published in A.D. 1516. Hebrew and Greek manuscripts were also to be had. The materials for a translation into English, from the original languages direct, were now within reach. The man equal to the work and willing to undertake it was not long wanting. William Tyndale, born in Gloucestershire, educated at Oxford, and a disciple of Erasmus, at Cambridge, was so fully alive to the need of an English translation of the Scriptures that it was the one desire of his life to supply that need. It was little favour that his design met with, from those whose aid and influence he sought. Tunstall, Bishop of London, to whom he resorted about the year 1522, could afford no shelter for such a worker; and in a very few months, Tyndale discovered that there was no place in all England where he might translate the New Testament. Forced into exile, Tyndale travels to Hamburg in the early part of the year 1524, where he resided for some months; spending his time, as it would appear, in the great work of his life. Soon he gave to the world his translation of St. Matthew's Gospel—then that of St. Mark, which shortly afterwards reached England, and produced a favourable impression.

In the later months of 1524, Tyndale journeyed on to Cologne; and having completed his translation of the whole of the books of

the New Testament from the original Greek, he puts it into the hands of the printers. The type was set up, some of the sheets even were struck off, when a threatened seizure compelled Tyndale to escape with his sheets and blocks to the more congenial



city of Worms. Arrived there, no time was lost in carrying on the work; and soon a large edition was ready for transport into England. In spite of the most vigilant watch along the coast, numerous copies of Tyndale's translation reached the hands of English readers, and were sought after by men of every degree.

For the next four or five years there was no further contribution to the future work published. Tyndale, however, was not idle. Living in a city where there was a large Jewish population, he improved the opportunity by mastering the sacred tongue of the Old Testa-

ment. In the year 1530 he had completed a translation from the Hebrew of the Books of Genesis and Deuteronomy, which were so highly approved of, that in the following year he was ready with the remaining three Books of Moses. These books of the Old Testament in their translation bear evident marks of care and patience in their formation, and the various notes and interpretations given with the text show signs of an acute and original and painstaking scholarship.

From various causes, the numerous copies of the New Testament in English, which Tyndale had sent into England in 1525-1527, had become scarce. They were bought up, and publicly burned at the gate of St. Paul's Cathedral, on Sunday, February 11, 1526, in the presence of Cardinal Wolsey and his clergy. They were privately destroyed to avoid persecution; indeed, so effectual were the means used to get rid of these books, that only a fragment of one edition has come down to our times, to tell us what Tyndale's first labours were like. In 1534, Tyndale again devoted himself to the New Testament, and was careful now in this thorough revision to remove all errors and faults which had been pointed out to him by able and observant critics, friendly and unfriendly. Watched and distrusted as he was, Tyndale yet found time to improve his work and take out of the text any unfit word or harsh rendering which marred its rhythm and simplicity. This further edition shows many marks of improvement on the earlier attempts, as if the translator was not at all afraid of owning to errors, even if they had been pointed out to him by one who refused him hospitality and assistance.

Another special portion of Holy Scripture now gained favour in Tyndale's sight: namely, these chapters and verses from various books of the Old Testament and Apocrypha which were in use, as Epistles in the Salisbury Book of Rites for several holy days in the Christian year. These Epistles he translates direct from the original Hebrew language, and appends them to his revised edition of the New Testament. In such of these Epistles as are taken from the Pentateuch (and there are six), there are several alterations made from the copies of those books printed and published in 1531. In the three years 1531-1534, Tyndale had become much more intimately acquainted with Hebrew idioms, and better able to translate them into his native tongue; and this increased knowledge he turns to account in correcting the minor errors which he had fallen into in his earlier works.

In the months which intervened before his martyrdom at Vilvorde, in October 1536, Tyndale was very busy in going again through his whole work, revising and correcting the latest edition with the most earnest zeal. In this final revision he introduced some novel helps to the reader. In a former edition he had marked off the portions which were read publicly in church; he now gives the tables of contents at the head of the several chapters, to facilitate the study of the text. Everything which could be done, in order to make known the Truth in its most simple form, that Tyndale did. It seems hard to have to state that this man, who from early middle life had been living in exile, who had had to

### *"My Seat, Sir."*

encounter perils by his own countrymen, perils of robbers, perils on the sea, should receive as his reward for his unwearying exertions to secure a printed English Bible, translated from Hebrew and Greek originals, a cruel and a bloody death—that he should have to close his earthly labours with the earnest cry, “Lord! open the King of England’s eyes!”

Another and most important translation of the Bible made its appearance within the period 1430-1536. This work, undertaken, as it is supposed at the request of Thomas Cromwell, Secretary of State to Henry VIII., was ready to be printed some time in the year 1534, but delay of some sort caused it to be a year later in publication. In October, 1535, it appeared, bearing the name of Miles Coverdale. This was the very first entire English Bible which had been seen in print, and is on this account remarkable. Tyndale’s New Testament, Book of Jonah, and Pentateuch, with perhaps three or four other books of the Old Testament, were to be had; but Miles Coverdale, in one volume, gave to the English people for the first time God’s Word complete in their native tongue. Where this Bible of Coverdale’s translation was printed is a matter of doubt; but that it was in some foreign town, and not in England, it is now generally agreed. It is well to observe that Coverdale does not conceal the sources from which he derived his translation. Though a friend and fellow-worker with Tyndale, he was not gifted with the ability of that remarkable man, nor skilled in those ancient languages which Tyndale so faithfully reproduced. Coverdale tells us in his preface that he took his English from “the Douche and the Latin,” that is, in other words, from the Latin Vulgate, and Luther’s translation of it.

This period now treated of was one of vast progress in every respect; but in no one branch of knowledge was there a more perceptible advance than in that of Biblical learning. Looking at what was brought about by the energy and patience of these holy men who struggled on with their lives in their hands, we may well conclude that they esteemed the riches and honours of the world lightly, and that their single aim was to bring light where there had been darkness, hope where there had been despair, joy where there had been misery and sorrow. And speaking more especially of those engaged in translating Holy Writ, we may read their simple words with much profit and edification, and in the spirit which can say—

“We too may grasp your arrows bright;  
Even to this hour we combat in your mail,  
And with no doubtful end—we combat and prevail!”

---

### *“My Seat, Sir.”*

 ONE Sunday evening a young man entered a Place of Worship in London and took his seat. Presently the lady to whom the pew belonged came in. She said to the young man harshly, “This is my pew; you have no business here.” The young man took up his hat and walked out, resolving never to enter a place of worship again. In a week after he was dead.

J. EWING RITCHIE.

## Rose Hardy's Home.

### CHAPTER IV.

To casual lookers-on the farm seemed much the same as it had ever been, still the same order and neatness everywhere, and still the same kindly welcome to all from the old farmer and his wife; but by degrees it got about among the neighbours that Mrs. Hawthorne was failing, and there was not one who did not feel the sadder for the thought; and many a "How's the missus?" and warm grasp of the hand did the farmer get on market day from men whose one idea you would have thought was making a good bargain; for there is a great deal of real kind-heartedness in the world, if we would but see it.

And so spring passed, and summer came, and harvest turned the fields into gold, and autumn was coming on quickly, and still the old lady crept down to her arm-chair and had a welcome for the master when he came in from the fields.

Rose had grown into quite a woman, and was a great comfort to them both. The Medington doctor came over once or twice in the summer, but there was very little he could do to relieve the suffering, though his visits cheered and pleased his old friend. People noticed how aged the farmer grew to look during that summer, for the grief told on him sorely, but the autumn brought another trial which was nearly as hard to bear. Master Hawthorne had lost the sight of one eye in early life, but the sight of the other was so good that he had not felt much inconvenience from it.

One afternoon in September, Mrs. Hawthorne had been very bad, and her pain was past all concealing, and the farmer was quite overcome and went out, and when Rose followed him out she found him leaning against the doorpost, fairly sobbing.

"Ah, Rosey," he answered, "my girl, I can't abear to see it," And then she cried too, and he comforted her, and got cheerful himself as he did so. "There, lassie, cheer up. Look yonder at the red sunset, we shall have a fine day to-morrow."

"Now go in, child, and comfort the missus, and cheer her up a bit, and I'll go and give a few peas to them pigs, and make them stop their hollering."

Rose stood watching him as he fetched the peas from the granary, and went to the gate. The pigs crowded round him, and he came back to fetch a stick from the row of pea sticks to drive them back. The sticks being fixed deep in the earth came up with a jerk, and then Rose heard a cry and saw the measure of peas and the stick fall to the ground, and the old man stagger back with his hands to his face. She ran to him, and led him into the house, and the old mistress forgot her pain in tending his. But skill and tenderness could do no good, God had taken back His great gift of sight; "I can't abear to see her pain," he had said, and indeed he never saw it again.

Reader, it makes me sad to write of this, and maybe you to read it, so I will not stop to tell of those last few weeks of the old mistress's life. There is always much comfort mixed with good people's troubles, great and overwhelming as they may seem to us, and so it was with them.

When Mrs. Hawthorne's pain was over, and she was laid to rest, everyone said that the old man would not be long in following

## *Rose Hardy's Home.*

---

her, but it was not God's will to call him yet, and in time he roused up from the heaviness of his grief, and was once more the same genial old man as formerly, only with something gone from and something added to the look of his face and the tone of his voice, as of one whose heart was in heaven.

More than one of his children offered him a home with them, and pressed it on him, but he said that an old tree is ill to transplant, and he would rather stay at Hinton Mill for the little time he had left. He and Rose would get on well enough together. A nephew of his, Joe Hawthorne, who lived in Hinton, was to help in the management of the farm, and do all the overseeing work, while the farmer gave the money and advice, and in this way it was settled, and things soon fell into a regular way again.

Joe Hawthorne was a plain, hardworking man, with a wife and children of his own, and his cottage lay quite the other side of Hinton. Except at dinner, which he had at the mill with the farmer and Rose, and during which they talked over farm matters, they did not see much of him, as he was out and about the farm, so, in the house, Rose had pretty much her own way. A difficult position for a young girl left alone with an old blind man, but the mistress's teachings had laid a good foundation, and she made a brave manager in most things. The old man was quite dependent upon her for everything, so her time was fully employed, and he used to say that she was both eyes and right hand to him. She felt the mistress's loss terribly, day after day something would stir up the bitter sense of loneliness and loss, and often she felt ready to give it all up, and not try to fill the place of her who was gone. But the patience of the old man made her ashamed of these feelings, not a word or murmur ever escaped him in the long days of idleness and darkness which must have been so trying to an active man like him. Joe Hawthorne would drive him into market sometimes, and Rose led him about the fields, and to Church on Sunday, but who can count the long hours when he must sit in his chair with nothing to do, and with the sad feeling of uselessness.

That first winter was very long to both of them, but Spring came at last, and the grass grew green on the old mistress's grave, and people ceased to glance aside at the plain white stone which told how Elizabeth, wife of John Hawthorne, rested there "till the day break, and the shadows flee away." Her place knew her no more; Rose's step was light again, and her song gay, as she went about her work; only in the old farmer's heart the image of 'the missus' lived as freshly as if she was still by his side.

And so time passed on, weeks, months, and years, bringing many changes to Rose, turning her from a child to a young woman, making her taller, stronger, and a little wiser. And time made her prettier too, as her bedroom glass told, and many a one looked at her as she walked by the blind man's side on Sunday to Church, and said that Rose Hardy would be the beauty of Hinton.

And time brought a Confirmation to Hinton, and Rose, just turned sixteen, was one of those confirmed. Mr. Parker, the rector, had classes to prepare the candidates, and Rose and Master

Hawthorne had many serious talks in the long evenings. She was child-like in many things, though she was such a tall girl, and the quiet farm life had kept her simple and innocent, but she learnt and thought much at that time with the old man's help and prayers.

But time did not only bring blessings to Rose; it also brought temptations, as it does to all. Carelessness, vanity, and deceit were her chief temptations, now that the kind motherly eye was gone that had detected the seeds of them in the little child. The old man had sometimes thought his wife over strict and fidgetty, when the carelessly done work had to be done all over again in spite of a cloud on the child's face, or a tear in the blue eyes; or when the gay ribbon was put aside, and a more sober one chosen for her hat, in spite of longing eyes or evident discontent. But time, and the little cracked glass, and her own foolish heart made Rose a very vain girl. It was well for the old man that he could not see what she looked like sometimes, and that he could not see how folks looked at her, and how the good sober mothers, with girls of their own, shook their heads and said, "They never did see good come of girls making themselves so smart."

And, in truth, Rose's head was quite turned, and even in church, her thoughts wandered away to how the clergyman's wife had her bonnet trimmed, or how the young ladies at the Hall dressed their hair. It led her too into deceiving her kind old master, and she would tell him that she wanted a new gown, as her old one was "that shabby, she was quite ashamed," when her conscience told her that she might well make the old one do. "Why it seems only t'other day as you had it," he would say.

"Oh! master, it was ever so long ago, and the rain last Sunday has spoiled it terrible."

But time even in youth brings wisdom; and little by little Rose began to see that she really looked better when she had not taken such pains to be smart. Her very vanity taught her that she looked better in her print dress with her neatly plaited hair than in her most successful attempt to imitate the Squire's daughters. She was wise enough to see that the real thing is better than the very best imitation, and that as she never could, take what pains she might, look like a young lady, the next best thing was to look what she was, and dress accordingly. And so at nineteen there was little enough fault to find outwardly with Rose Hardy. The girls said she was growing quite old-maidish, but I think there was more than one young man in Hinton who would not let her be an old maid if he could help it.

And the time that brought so many changes to Rose and passed so quickly with her—for her hands were busy and her heart was light—seemed to stand still with Master Hawthorne, teaching him gently that hard lesson of patience; and the old farmer was learning to serve God even in that enforced idleness, for "they also serve who stand and wait," and he was waiting in the dark ante-chamber till "through the grave and gate of death" he should "pass to a joyful resurrection."

CHAPTER V.

"MASTER, it's quite warm in the sun, and I've been thinking, if you like, I'll take your arm-chair to the river-side, and we'd sit there while I finish this bit of sewing."

The old man was very helpless. Having lost his sight so late in life, he had none of those fine instincts that sometimes partly make up to the blind for the loss of God's great gift; he could scarcely grope his way across the room without help, and his rough labour-hardened hands could help him little by their sense of touch. But he could still feel the warm sun, whose light made no difference to his continual night, and on this beautiful afternoon he sat by the river, drawing in with pleasure the sweet smells and balmy air of Spring. Rose sat on a stool at his side, busy with her work.

Hinton Mill looks very pretty in spring, and so thought a young man who had just reached the bridge and stood looking at the scene before him, not the least pretty part of it being the old man's venerable form with his white hair and bowed head, and the girl by his side under the waving willow's shadow. But he did not stop long looking at the scene, but crossed the meadow towards them, the thickly springing young grass making his footsteps so silent that when he was close to them and spoke he made the old man start, and the colour flush into Rose's cheeks.

"I think I'm speaking to Master Hawthorne of Hinton Mill," he said.

"Ay, ay, sir," the old man answered, "there's not much mistaking the old blind farmer. At your service, sir."

"It's about the fishing I've come. Sir John said that I might try my luck, and he says, 'Go to Master Hawthorne,' says he, 'he knows more of it than I do.'"

"Ay! that I used to do," answered the farmer, "before I got blind, but I'm a poor guide now, however; but anyhow, you're welcome to all that I know. Might I ask your name?"

"Miles Welch," answered the man. "My father rents one of Sir John's farms over the other side of Medington. I daresay, now, you've heard tell of him at market."

The young man stood before the farmer, a tall, well-grown young fellow of two or three and twenty.

"Rosey, fetch a chair for Mr. Welch," the old man said.

"No, no, I'll sit on the grass, if I may stop and have a bit of chat."

So he sat down on the grass, and Rose took her seat again and went on with her sewing. The old man was pleased enough to describe his fishing adventures.

"And may I ask, if I may be so bold, what business it is that brings you to these parts?"

"Well, I hadn't anything much to do this spring, so I'd a mind to try the fishing here for a while, and I've taken a room at the 'Green Man'. The fact is I've not settled down yet to business; my brother John has taken to the farming, and I want to look about a bit before I settle. I don't see why I need be in a hurry as long as my father can give me a mount in the hunting season, and a little shooting and fishing to fill up with."

The old man was silent.

"Ah, now," the young man went on, "I see you think me a terrible idle chap, don't you, farmer?"

There was a pleasant genial ring in his voice that was very taking, and it warmed the old man's heart to him.

"No, no, lad, I'll not be judging you, but when I was your age, leastways what I guess it from your voice, I'd been hard at work for several years."

"And you've worked hard ever since, I'll be bound," Miles answered, "and havn't had no time to take your pleasure or enjoy yourself. Ah, Master! I'm the wisest, after all. I'll have a bit of fun while I'm young and strong, with a firm seat in the saddle and a light hand on the bridle, now or never to go across country. Time enough to jog along the high road when care jumps up on the crupper, as they say he will sooner or later."

The old man shook his head thoughtfully. "There's the difference in looking forwards and backwards. Seems to me looking back as if work and happiness went hand in hand. My busiest days have been my happiest. Why, now, as I sit here or crawl up to bed at nights, I think sometimes that one of the pleasantest things I mind was coming in downright tired with work, hard work, lad, in the hay-field or at harvest. But there, what a tiresome old man I be, going talking on. Rosey, Master Welch would take a dish of tea with us, maybe."

The young man readily agreed, and Rose, getting up, folded her work and went away to the house, Miles following her with his eyes as she crossed the meadow in the sunshine.

Presently the old man got up, and, with the young man's help, made his way to the house, where Rose had spread the tea.

"It's not often as we have company, me and my little girl. It's a bit dull for the child to see nobody but an old blind man from week's end to week's end. Maybe, if you're fishing about here, you'd come in now and then, and cheer us up a bit."

This was Miles Welch's first visit to Hinton Mill; but it was by no means the last. Scarcely a day passed without bringing him to the Mill, first of all with some excuse, something to ask, something to tell, a line for Rose to mend, or a fish for the farmer's supper; but as the days passed on no excuse was needed, and the old farmer listened for his step on the path, or his whistle down by the river, and Rose set a cup and saucer for him at tea-time as regularly as for her master and herself. By the time the apple-blossom had fallen, Miles was no longer a stranger, but part of the life in Hinton Mill. The farmer took a great liking to him, and was never tired of his company or of singing his praises when he was absent, and Rose would listen with the colour coming and going in her cheeks, and only answering in short words, till the farmer grew to fancy that she did not like the young man, and vexed himself with thinking that he had kept his little girl so shut up that she had got shy and too much wrapt up in the quiet home. And Rose thought of nothing at first except that she was happy, that the days were full of sunshine and flowers, and she did not stop to ask what made it all so bright and sweet to her. But this unconsciousness could not

last; there is no pure, lasting happiness on earth. A day when Miles did not come, it was the first of June, opened her eyes suddenly to the cause of her happiness. To listen all day for a step that did not come, to watch for a distant figure by the river and not to see it, to feel dull and cross and irritable, all told her the truth. The next day, indeed, he was there again, and she was happy, but with a mixture of pain. June, with roses and honeysuckles and bright hot days. There were quiet walks home from evening



service between hedges sweet with honeysuckles and wild roses, lingerings by the wicket, rambles by the winding river.

"Go and find the lad," Master Hawthorne would say, "and bid him come to tea."

And she would go across the meadows to the river and stand among the tall green rushes under the willows, watching Miles's float, sleeping in the shadows or dancing on the current, and the minutes would slip away, and the farmer would wonder and think Miles was hard to find. Then came the haymaking, and the old farmer sat out under the big elm, and Miles worked with a will,

### *'Stand like an Anvil.'*

and won the hearts of the rough Hinton labourers by his open, pleasant manners.

But eyes were not wanting in quiet Hinton to see even among the rushes and under the willows, nor ears to hear even soft whispers in the hayfields or in the lonely lanes; and some eyes are cruel, and some tongues sharp, and Rose was soon made to feel what people thought of her.

Turned away eyes, and tossed heads, and half words just loud enough for her to catch, "Well! I never see good come of it yet;" "Fine gentleman lovers;" "Well for him he's blind;" "Pride goes before a fall." She grew to hate going to the shop, and to dread the meeting of the neighbours in the churchyard on Sunday. "Why should she be ashamed?" she asked herself; "she had done nothing wrong. What harm was there in being happy?" And yet the treacherous blood rushed up into her cheeks at the words, and her eyes sank beneath the glances of the Hinton people. And then came a new fear. What if they should put some of this hateful nonsense into the old master's head, and trouble him and make him trouble her with suspicions. She would be more careful in future to hide her happiness. And so, little by little, the veil of secrecy was thrown over the liking that had been so innocently open; and she found that to cover it all, deceit had often to be used. First of all it was silence that deceived the old man. She would not say if Miles had been, unless Master Hawthorne asked her; she would not say who had been her companion on her walk to the village, or on her way from home, from church; and she would meet Miles under the willows rather than ask him into the parlour, where the old man sat dozing away the hot July days.

Then the harvest came, and the farmer was out a good deal with Joe, and Rose was left to herself sometimes for long days. What harm was there in asking Miles in? She did it sometimes when the master was at home, and why not now? And when the farmer came in, and pitied her for having been lonely and dull all day, she did not mention that Miles had been there most of the time, and had only left, perhaps, when the sound of the gig coming along the lane had broken in on their pleasant talk.

(To be continued.)

### *'Stand like an Anvil.'*

(*The Message of Ignatius to Polycarp.\**)

'STAND like an anvil,' when the stroke  
Of stalwart men falls fierce and fast;  
Storms but more deeply root the oak,  
Whose brawny arms embrace the blast.

'Stand like an anvil,' when the sparks  
Fly far and wide, a fiery shower;  
Virtue and truth must still be marks,  
Where malice proves its want of power.

'Stand like an anvil,' when the bar  
Lies, red and glowing, on its breast;  
Duty shall be Life's leading star,  
And conscious innocence, its rest.

'Stand like an anvil,' when the sound  
Of ponderous hammers pains the ear,  
Thine but the still and stern rebound  
Of the great heart that cannot fear.

'Stand like an anvil,' noise and heat  
Are born of earth, and die with time;  
The soul, like God, its Source and Seat,  
Is solemn, still, serene, sublime. BISHOP DOANE.

\* Both the giver and receiver of this Message fulfilled the injunction, and died the death of martyrs.

## Hearty Hints to Lay Officers of the Church.

BY GEORGE VENABLES, S.C.L., VICAR OF ST. MATTHEW'S, LEICESTER.

### SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

**D**URING the last ten or twenty years, exaggerated claims have been made for what Sunday Schools ought to do, and have done; and as a consequence we may not wonder that these claims have been attacked, and that the whole system of Sunday Schools has come under rather severe criticism.

We say as a 'hearty hint' to Sunday School Teachers, therefore, Neither be disheartened by severe criticisms, nor yet by any means disregard them. They are not wholly uncalled for. God will not honour His people when they boast. A boasting Church is sure to become humbled or else humiliated. We trust that Sunday Schools, being on the whole approved of God, are being only humbled, not humiliated.

They are no longer used and talked about as if they were substitutes for Baptism, or Confirmation, or Church Services, but as real auxiliaries and handmaids of the Church. This is a grand step in the right direction.

But this is only a step. More is wanting. It will do much for the utility of Sunday Schools, if we apprehend their true scope and bearing. In this particular they assume the twofold aspect of being great religious aids to parents, and to the Clergy.

Sunday Schools assume that parents, as a whole, really desire the spiritual welfare of their offspring, even although too often their example and behaviour is hardly consistent with this hope.

They assume also that the Clergy desire in every possible way to train up the young for glory as members of Christ, as children of God, and as inheritors of the Kingdom of Heaven.

They offer to aid both. To the Clergy, they say, We desire to aid you in your arduous duties, far too manifold for your single exertions. We will work with you heartily; we will try to train these classes for your Confirmation classes; we will try to teach these older ones for your Bible classes; and altogether we wish to work thoroughly with you and to aid you. To the parents they do *not* say, with fulsome falseness, Send your children to us and we shall be much obliged to you. This would be untrue, and would put the thing in a wrong light. But they say, We wish to assist you in your earnest endeavour to do that which is your great privilege and great duty, *viz.*, to train your children for Heaven. We cannot remove your responsibility. This is neither possible nor proper. We cheerfully offer our assistance to you, and we affectionately desire that you and we and our Clergy may co-operate heartily in this work of training and teaching the young.

Then we say to Teachers:—

I. Throughout your work, keep the Saviour's commission before your mind; which tells His Church to go into all the world, to make disciples of all nations, baptising them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, and to teach them to observe all things that He hath commanded. Teach them to "observe," *i.e.* teach them to know, and train them to do, what He hath commanded.

## *Hearty Hints to Lay Officers of the Church.*

---

II. Try to work with the parents of the Scholars. Do not be satisfied with anything short of setting up a thoroughly good understanding between yourself and the parents of every Scholar of your Class. Here probably lies more than half of the means for good in Sunday Schools.

III. We advise that the same Scholars and Teachers should meet at a Sunday School once only every Sunday. Have a Sunday School every morning, every afternoon, every evening of the Lord's Day, if desirable, but neither Scholars nor Teachers ought to attend, we think, oftener than once every day. They will learn more, and will enjoy School more, than by going twice every Sunday. But this is only a hint applicable to new schools.

IV. We would also say to Teachers and Superintendents: Do not exceed nine scholars on the books of each class. A teacher may do much with seven to nine scholars, while very little can be done to a larger class, and the parents (*vide* Hint No. II.) will be neglected. Far better is it to have a small number of scholars and to do good to them, than a large number who shall only hinder one another.

V. The grand way of teaching, whatever your lesson may be about, is by catechising. It is a wonderful art, but when acquired it is invaluable. We would also strongly advise the thorough learning by every scholar of one well-selected text of God's Holy Word every Sunday, to be repeated on the Sunday following.

VI. All the classes (except the very young) ought to be thoroughly grounded in the Church-Catechism. Numerous manuals are provided to assist in this. Properly taught, it will be found that the Church-Catechism affords a scope for teaching all the first principles of true religion and of the Church. Amongst very many excellent manuals, may be mentioned the well-known "Leeds Catechism." There are many others also of great value.

VII. The main object of a Sunday School ought to be to train and teach young (baptised) persons in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; but there is nothing in the least degree inconsistent with this object (nay, it is a part of the work), if you devote a few minutes every Sunday to an inculcation of Church-principles, such as the value of Baptism, the importance of Confirmation, the preciousness of the Holy Communion, of a form of prayer, of Episcopacy, and of the general agreement of the whole Church Polity with that of the New Testament.

VIII. Do not imagine that you will succeed as a Teacher, unless you prepare your lesson beforehand. Do not think to prosper without simple, faithful prayer, or without a calm confidence that your labour will not be in vain, if it be done in the Lord, i.e., to His glory, and in dependence on His grace.

Diligence, prayer and humility will give a confidence, arising out of strength derived from the Holy Spirit, which cannot fail.

IX. If your Parish Priest is willing, try to promote a weekly or monthly meeting between him and yourselves. This can be done after evensong in Church (as experience proves) very profitably, but it ought to be done in some way whenever possible.

X. It is too much to expect that Teachers can render themselves

## *Dr. Franklin's Way of Lending Money.*

---

proficient. We greatly need Diocesan inspection, by which immense results would be secured. And why not have a Teacher of Teachers? Our happily numerous Parochial Choirs club together, and secure an occasional lesson of great usefulness from a skilful Choir-master. A Teacher who should go about a Diocese, (under Episcopal approval), to give model lessons to Teachers and instruct them in the management of a class, would soon greatly add to the powers of usefulness of that able band of Sunday School Teachers which the Church possesses.

XI. There is no doubt that the youngest classes require some of the very best and most accomplished Teachers of the Sunday School. "Take heed that ye despise not any of these little ones."

XII. Rejoice in ever recollecting that when all has been done that the Church can do (and this has hardly been fully attempted yet), "it is not of him that willetteth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy." That "He worketh in us to will and to do of His own good pleasure." We can "plant and we can water." We ought to do so—it is our privilege to do so; and these cannot be done in vain, because God alone can, and God will, give an increase.

Let us not only recollect this fact, but be encouraged by it.

Therefore we will conclude by saying, with all possible respect and affection to the Sunday School Teachers of the Church throughout the world, by whom these pages may be read:—

Dear friends, you have a grand and glorious work before you, if only you will do it aright. Be Christians, be Churchmen, in every part of your Sunday School work. Let nothing short of true piety be your aim. And let all your means be those that are thoroughly worthy of Christian Churchmen. None are so well calculated for the benefit of the young; none are so well calculated for the benefit of the adult, as those which the Church provides.

As Christians, and as thoroughly honest earnest Christian Churchmen, you can be—and our parting prayer is that you may be—"Hearty Sunday School Teachers."



## **Dr. Franklin's Way of Lending Money.**



"SEND you, herewith, a bill of ten Louis d'ors. I do not pretend to give much; I only lend it to you. When you return to your country, you cannot fail of getting into some business that will in time enable you to pay all your debts. In that case, when you meet another honest man in similar distress, you will pay me, by lending this money to him, enforcing him to discharge the debt by a like operation when he shall be able, and shall meet with such another opportunity. I hope it may thus pass through many hands before it meets a knave to stop its progress. This is a trick of mine to do a great deal of good with little money. I am not rich enough to afford much in good works, and so am obliged to be cunning, and make the most out of little."

## "No Englishman is he."

AN OLD SONG.

THOUGH Liberty has tried her best, since first the world began,  
The noblest of her handiworks is, still, an Englishman!  
And though, where'er the name is known, 'twill not be soon forgot,  
'Tis well the world should know, for once, who Englishmen are *not*.  
The man that scorns the Bible, and makes a mock at Kings,  
That in the pride of power forgets the Source from whence it springs,  
Who, with his heart's whole loyalty, says not on bended knee,  
"God save the QUEEN of England!" no Englishman is he.

### II.

The man that calls a blush of shame upon a woman's cheek,  
Who sides with the oppressor, or who sides not with the weak,  
Who sternly bids the widow and the orphan from his door,  
I say he is a coward and a churl—if nothing more.  
He that can tamely hear a man traduce an absent friend,  
Who stoops to use unworthy means to gain whatever end,  
Who holds that he his plighted word to break or keep is free.  
I care not what he calls himself, no Englishman is he.

### III.

The man that turns his back upon an even-handed foe,  
Who coolly gives an insult and yet calmly takes a blow,  
Gives currency to calumny, seeks shelter in a lie,  
Call him who will an Englishman—for one, so will not I.  
The man who feels it shame to own the sire from whom he sprung,  
Who in old age despises her upon whose breast he hung,  
Who will not scowl the man that does—I care not though he be  
The proudest Peer in Christendom—no Englishman is he.

### IV.

The man that marts his birthright is a base and sordid slave;  
He who would sell his country is a double traitor knave;  
But he who urges indigence to anarchy and blood  
Is a felon-hearted hound, for whom the gallows is too good.  
I say that every Englishman may, if he will, maintain,  
Through ill report and good report, unsullied by a stain,  
His faith, his truth, his loyalty, his self-respect; and he  
Who barters any one of them, no Englishman is he.

---

## Reflections.

BY JAMES HILDYARD, B.D., RECTOR OF INGOLDSBY.

### ON SOME FLOWERS SEEN BY DAYLIGHT AND CANDLELIGHT.

#### I.



BROUGHT home some pansies with me yesterday from a neighbouring florist, who is a great fancier of this humble flower, though I cannot say I set much store by it myself. Amongst them was one called Victoria, in honour, I presume, of our most gracious Queen; and truly it was a rare specimen of its kind, the ground being a pale yellow, with a fine black eye in the centre, and one dark spot on the outer edge of each petal. Another, which was much praised by some, but in which, for all its sounding title, I saw very little to admire, was called the King of the Whites; to me it seemed that the so-called white was nothing but a dirty yellow, and its only or chief recommendation appeared to consist in its unusual size and the exact roundness of its form.

At night, however, looking at them by candlelight, the yellow both in the King and the Queen seemed a pure white, and they each of them commanded universal admiration, especially the King; whilst some smaller and darker flowers, of the same sort, which in the morning had looked pretty enough, now showed but meanly, and were little regarded.

How truly, methought, is this an image of what passes in the world! Walking by the dim taper-light of this life, we pursue and covet eagerly some object for an imaginary excellence, which, when subjected to the test of truth, proves little else than a delusion and a sham.

Many a middle-aged dame, under the flaming light of a ball-room, will exhibit a skin of snowy purity, which, when seen by the morning's sunshine, is as yellow as the gloves she wore for white the previous evening; while many an unpretending maiden, wholly overlooked under the glaring chandeliers of an assembly, is possessed of *virtues* which might adorn a throne, and render happy and cheerful a husband's hearth. Be this a lesson to me to judge not too hastily, either of men or things; and to remember always that there are three hundred and sixty-five days as well as three hundred and sixty-six nights in a year.

## II.

### ON THE DELICACY OF A MOLE'S EAR, AND ITS QUICK SENSE OF HEARING.

 WAS making a collection of animals' skulls with a view to illustrate comparative phrenology. Thus the head of the fox exhibits remarkably the organ of secretiveness, that of the magpie the organ of acquisitiveness, that of the bull terrier combativeness, and so forth. Amongst other skulls, I fell upon that of the mole; and, while studying what might be its peculiar phrenological development, my attention was arrested by the extreme fineness and delicacy of the ear.

I had not noticed the like in any previous animal, out of many hundreds that I had macerated for my purpose.

The fibrous texture of the foramen, as it entered the brain, was beautifully white, almost to transparency, and yet extremely strong; it took the form of a long tube, carefully disposed in such a manner as to prevent the earth, in which the creature is continually grubbing, from entering.

A sufficient explanation was thus at once given of the remarkably acute sense of hearing possessed by this singular animal; a sense, which, though the creature has eyes, is sufficient of itself to warn it of any approaching danger, while busily employed in its subterranean operations.

Let us learn from this rare specimen of God's handiwork to be careful how we infer the incapacity of any individual in all points, because he may seem remarkably defective in one. The proba-

bility is, on the contrary, that the just law of compensation will exactly make up for his defect in one quarter by an extra supply in another.

The mole was supposed once to be actually blind, so much so that the poet speaks of the *oculis capti talpæ*; the structure of its ear would now seem to place it at the head of all creation in the keen sense of hearing.

The various gifts of God are so distributed, whether in the human, animal, or vegetable kingdom, as to be some special advantage to each, while all are alike intended to promote His



MOLES.

honour and glory. The shame, if any, rests with those, not who are deficient in some particular gift, but, who abuse or do not rightly employ that they assuredly have.

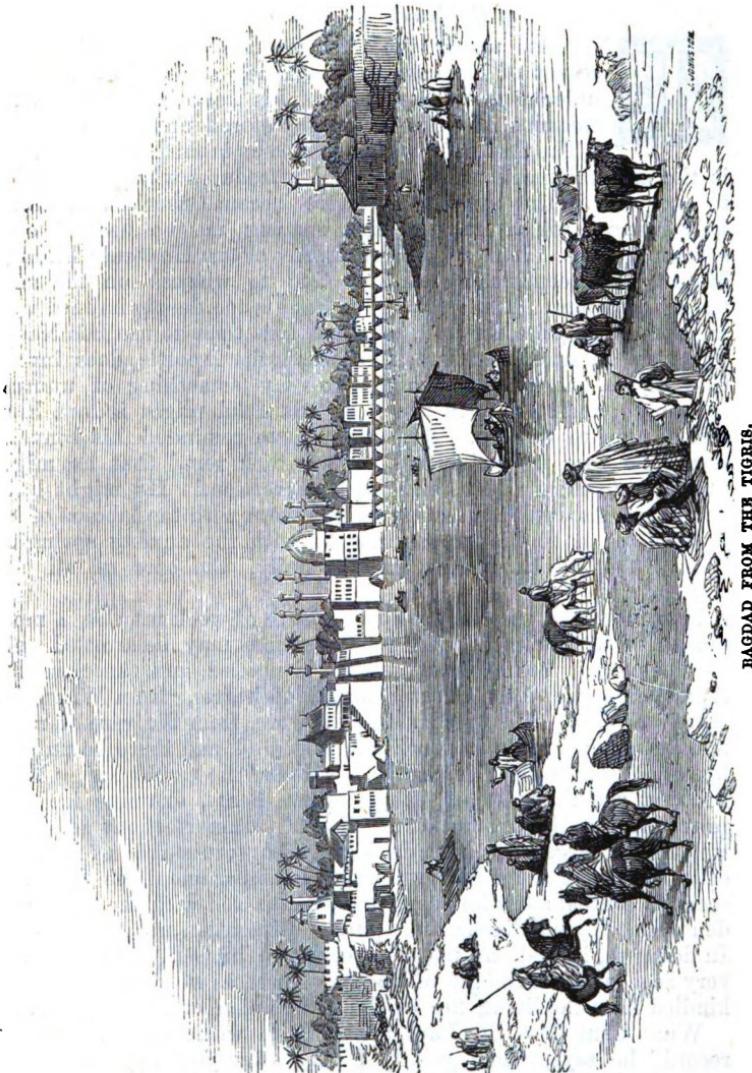
---

### *Bagdad.*

**B**HE city of Bagdad, in Asiatic Turkey, stands on the Tigris, two hundred miles above its junction with the Euphrates. It is surrounded by a forest of date trees, and the domes and minarets of its hundred mosques, glittering above and among them, have a striking and picturesque effect at a distance. On a nearer approach, however, the meanness of the houses, which are mostly of brick and but one storey high, dispels any idea of beauty which the traveller formed from the distant view. The streets are dirty and unpaved, and so narrow that two horsemen can scarcely pass each other abreast. The houses of the rich, however, are handsome, have windows of Venetian glass, ornamental ceilings, and a courtyard in front, with small plantations of orange-trees.

## *Bagdad.*

In the ninth century, the famous Haroun-al-Raschid reigned in Bagdad. In a burial-ground, outside the walls of the town, there is a tomb erected to the memory of Zobeide, the wife of this caliph, and the famous lady of "the Thousand and One Nights."



BAGDAD FROM THE TIGRIS.

Tradition has it that the tomb of the Jewish prophet, Ezekiel, is in this burial-ground.

Bagdad has undergone many revolutions, and was nearly destroyed, in 1630, by Amurath IV., to whom it surrendered; since then it has been nominally subject to the Porte.

# Short Sermon.

## The Foundation of Ministerial Work.

BY W. BAIRD, M.A., VICAR OF ST. BARNABAS, HOMERTON.

Phil. i. 8.—“*For God is my record how greatly I long after you all in the bowels of Jesus Christ.*”



N these words the Apostle lets us into the great secret of his success in winning souls to Christ. He unlocks to us the door of his heart, and reveals the treasure of living sympathy stored up within it.

The first point which strikes us in this wonderful verse is the solemnity with which St. Paul introduces what he is going to say. It is the more remarkable because there is in him a holy reserve, which makes him sparing in the use of such solemn appeals. Men who think lightly of our Heavenly Father's Majesty, are continually ‘calling God to witness’ on the most trivial occasions. The spirit of St. Paul is too deeply imbued with an awful reverence for God, to allow him thus to use His Name. We may be sure, therefore, that when the Apostle does invoke God as his witness, he is about to say something of unusual solemnity; and so it is in the text. St. Paul might indeed have called men to witness. He might have reminded his converts how ‘he rose up early, and so late took rest,’ that he might preach unto them ‘Jesus and the Resurrection.’ He might have pointed to his own frame, wearied and worn with the labours of his Apostolate; or to his brow furrowed with the anxiety springing from ‘that which cometh on him daily, the care of all the churches!’

Man, however, may be deceived. Love of work may be a mere matter of temperament, and good emotions may be aroused only to die away. Some better witness is needed, and therefore the Apostle appeals to the Great Searcher of hearts, ‘from Whom no secrets are hid. He withdraws, as it were, from the gaze of men, and kneels apart in a calm solitude with God, and there he unfolds his whole soul to the Divine Eye. ‘Thou,’ he would say, ‘Who knowest the thoughts of every human heart, examine me and prove me, try the ground of my heart.’ Imperfections St. Paul well knows there have been in his ministry; mistakes of impetuosity, springing from his own natural temperament, he does not seek to conceal; but he opens his heart to God with the full confidence that He will discern there purity of intention and love of souls. In doing so, indeed, he takes no credit to himself, for is not that very zeal for souls the gift of God? Is it not, as we shall see, a coal kindled from the living fire of the compassion of Jesus Christ?

What then does St. Paul ask God to witness? ‘God is my record,’ he says, ‘how greatly I long after you all.’ The last part of the verse contains the real pith of the Apostle’s teaching; but I would just pause for a moment here to point out how completely these words reveal to us St. Paul’s love of individual souls. There is rather a tendency in the present day to do things on a gigantic scale, and this tendency has told to a certain extent upon our spiritual work. We are content too often to deal with souls in the mass, rather than to make the soul of each one the subject of

our special prayers and exhortations. Now the teaching of the Apostle would correct this. He 'longs' indeed 'after all.' The whole Philippian Church is dear to him; and yet each individual soul shares his prayers, and is the object of his earnest watching. This is not mere human care or human watchfulness, for he goes on further to tell us, that this longing for souls is 'in the bowels of Jesus Christ.' The expression 'bowels' is often used both in the Old and New Testaments to indicate stirrings of the deepest emotions of affection and compassion.\* In this place the expression undoubtedly means 'in the compassion of Jesus Christ,' and therefore we feel that St. Paul is saying a wonderful thing.

It is related of an eminent servant of God, that once while visiting a sick parishioner, who was in great bodily pain, he prayed (what was certainly not a wise petition) that he might feel as much sympathy for his pain as our Lord Jesus Christ Himself would feel; and his biographer goes on to tell us that he was utterly stupefied by the manner in which he felt the most acute sympathy with him, and 'sat down' as one 'astonished,' until he asked God to relieve him from the burden, which he had simply but unwisely asked that he might feel.† Now, St. Paul's aim was to feel the spiritual sympathy or 'compassion' of our Blessed Saviour for souls. His prayer was wise and understanding, and yet oftentimes, when the petition was granted, the Apostle must have prayed 'with strong crying and tears,' faintly, yet still really, shadowing the Agony of the Garden, and 'filling up that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ.' St. Paul seems marvellously to have gathered into one the universal and the personal love of our Blessed Lord for souls. The yearning of his heart was 'for you all,' and yet there was the deep love for individual souls, so that no tempted or troubled one was unremembered when the Apostle bowed his 'knees before the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.' In this very spirit of the 'compassion of Jesus Christ,' St. Paul seemed to realise the value of the soul, its need of the Atonement wrought out for it, and the infinite capacities of Atoning Love to apply itself to the wants of each soul. Let us think of the ways in which St. Paul longed 'after all in the bowels of Jesus Christ.'

I. The Apostle felt in some sense, though of course in a far less degree, as our Blessed Saviour felt, the value of each soul. He saw the fearful issue at stake, and he had an intense longing to help, so far as he could, all who were engaged in the contest for life. It is a grand thing for any one to get this true estimate of the value of an immortal soul. If we could only regard one soul at its true value, an impulse would be given to our Home and Foreign Missions which would far exceed the enthusiastic dreams of their most earnest supporters. Only let us get the true value of the soul written upon the hearts of our fellow-churchmen, and we shall hear no more of lack of funds, or want of helpers.

\* Compare Gen. xliii. 30; Canticles v. 4; Isaiah lxiii. 15; 2 Cor. vi. 12; Phil. ii. 1; Col. iii. 12; Philemon 7, 12, 20; 1 John iii. 17. These references, if carefully looked out, will sufficiently illustrate the meaning of the expression.

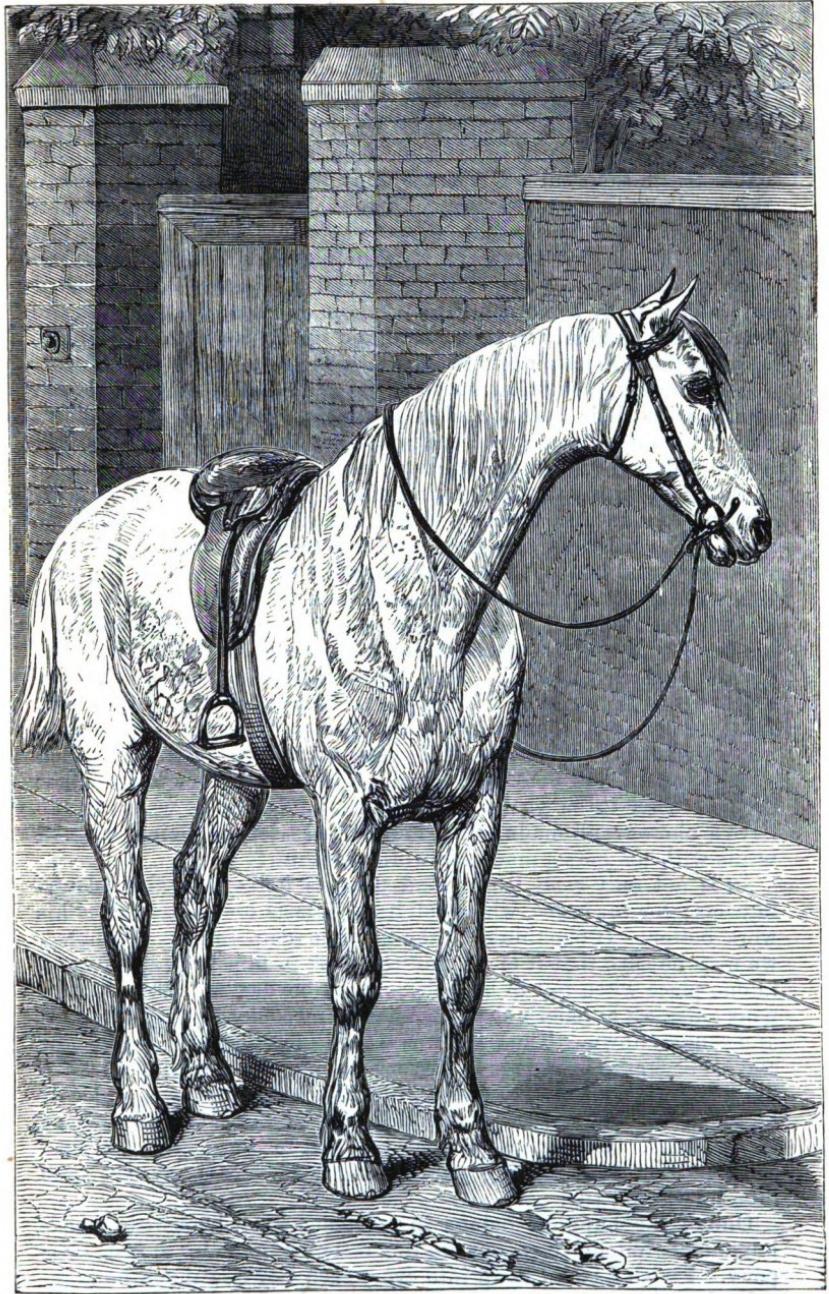
† Fletcher of Madeley.

Sometimes people seem to talk as if no effort for God were of any value, unless a large number of souls could at once be influenced by it; but surely this is not in accordance with the spirit of our Blessed Saviour's teaching. Each soul is of infinite value in the sight of the Father, who created it, the Son who redeemed it, and the Holy Spirit who longs to sanctify it. The same God, who said by the mouth of Ezekiel, 'Behold all souls are Mine,'\* has written the same truth upon the heart of the Church in all time since. It was in this spirit then that St. Paul watched the struggles and prayed against the temptations of each one, whose spiritual history he knew. Our Lord seemed to gather up into His own sympathy the special need of each soul. He proposed an apparently stern ordeal to prove the ambitious request of the sons of Zebedee ; He had a word of infinite sympathy for the penitent Magdalene ; and a look of reproachful love for the Apostle who in a moment of weakness had denied Him. In short, He had ways of dealing with individual souls only consistent with His perfect knowledge as God of the wants of those souls. St. Paul, in his measure, though of course at an infinite distance, tried to catch this spirit, and hence his power of adaptation to the wants of individual souls, and his ready ministry to their special necessities.

II. This keen appreciation of the value of each soul did not lessen the Apostle's zeal for dealing with men in the mass. His ministry combined at once the special treatment of individuals and the universal proclamation of 'the good news of God.' Care for individuals did not cramp his ministry, or diminish its breadth in any way, nor did his ever-growing love for souls, widening as it naturally did, the sphere of his action, lessen his interest in the soul of each one to whom he ministered.

In this twofold spirit we seem to have the grand principle of Christian work set out by the Apostle. The mission of the Minister of Christ is to *each soul*, and yet it is to the *whole world*. That Ministry must have sympathy for each, and yet it knows no bounds to that sympathy. It is not mere 'fellow-feeling,' no mere genial kindness, which springs out of a heart loving by nature ; but it is the offspring of grace, and the outflow of a heart constrained by the love of Christ, and quickened by the spirit of His Compassion. In this spirit surely we ought to ask God that we, whether Clergy or Laity, may work. We must not undervalue the importance of great and united efforts, such as organised assaults on the kingdom of Satan ; neither, on the other hand, can we afford to despise the detailed dealing with souls for Christ's glory. Each has its place in the ministry alike of the Clergy and their lay Helpers. What we all need, and what each of us should strive after, is the spirit of Christ-like love to *all souls*, and the spirit of Christ-like sympathy for *each soul*. So when the last great in-gathering comes, as we behold souls gathered for ever into the peace of God, and the unending praise of Heaven, each yearning shall be satisfied, all longings shall be fulfilled, and we shall know in Heaven, as we never knew on earth, the meaning of that expression, 'the compassion of Jesus Christ !'

\* Ezekiel xviii. 4.



SKETCHED FROM LIFE, BY F. W. KEYL.

### The Butcher's Horse.

xii.—11.

1

## The Butcher's Horse.

 HENEVER I take my few minutes' stroll, before setting down to work, I am amused and interested by watching the horses and their drivers in the service of the various tradespeople who supply the daily wants of our neighbourhood. Sometimes I am pleased, often I am vexed, according to the way in which I see men and boys treat the animals entrusted to their care. When I think how much we depend upon the good nature and forbearance of animals, so much stronger than ourselves, I feel angry with those who drive a willing horse too fast. A boy is apt to forget how helpless he would feel if the pony which he is cruelly driving beyond its pace (being assisted in lashing it by some companion whom he has picked up on the road), were suddenly to turn round and upset the cart. In single harness there is nothing to prevent a horse from doing so.

I am happy to say that most of the men I meet are kind and gentle with their horses, and it is pleasant to see the recognition with which the latter greet each other, as they meet day after day at the different houses of the customers.

Butchers who ride are getting scarce now, as it is more convenient to man and horse to travel about in a light cart with the meat. Nevertheless, sometimes a return to the old fashion becomes necessary, and hence it was that I saw the old grey of our illustration waiting all by himself for his master. He stood there as stolid as Old Time. All of a sudden his ears were pricked forward, and his head bent round towards the well-known and evidently welcome footsteps which he heard. As I approached him I said to the man a few words in praise of his horse, and hoped he was kind to him, feeling convinced beforehand that such was the case. "He would not wait for me as he does, if I were not," was the reply, which proved what I had before surmised. The man further told me that he had been three years in the place, and that he was going to have a photograph made of his four-footed friend. Being on good terms with his horse, made his work pleasant to both.

It is not only *right* to be kind to one's horse, but also *advantageous*; for the horse, when well treated, lasts longer, and does his work better. If one thinks of the nervous temperament of a horse, we may be sure that it is no trifling effort to him to keep still and in one place when left to himself. I was one day watching a small pony outside a butcher's shop, in a lively and somewhat narrow street of a country town. The pony was waiting for the little boy in blue and his basket to be got ready. Every passing object seemed to make his whole nervous system quiver, but he would not move, and only betrayed his uneasiness by the twitching of his ears and shaking of his head. His greatest trial seemed to be when the rival butcher-boy came trotting past on his old white pony, yet even then he did not stir.

One of the happiest beings in existence must be a little, good-humoured butcher-boy, out in the morning sun on a fast little pony. I wish I could instil into every such boy how much he is indebted to the willing animal which carries him, and that he should not make so free with spur and whip on an animal that will bear it, and to remember how frightened he would be on a resolute horse, which a child could *not* ride. There is a little urchin, on

whom I keep my eye, who has managed with his one spur and little whip to make a very tidy pony a confirmed jibber. I foretold him how it would be, and there are now half a dozen turns in his beat where he has to get help and have the pony led round.

---

## On the Origin and History of the English Bible.

BY DENHAM ROWE NORMAN, VICAR OF MIDDLETON-BY-WIRKSWORTH.

A.D. 1536—1660.

 T was in the extremely unsettled days of the reign of Henry VIII. that such surprising advances were made in the work of supplying the English people with copies of the word of God in their own tongue. It was hardly to be expected, that a monarch who had begun his career as a staunch supporter of Roman pretensions would eventually be so thoroughly altered in his sentiments as to permit a free circulation of the Holy Scripture throughout his dominions ; and yet that change was effected.

Coverdale had undertaken a translation of the Old and New Testament, and had brought his labours to a successful issue, delivering to his countrymen the first complete Bible in English. The demand for this valuable treasure was so eager and sustained, that not many months had passed over before the edition was completely exhausted. In many respects inaccurate, in many passages at fault, the first batch of Coverdale's Bible readily found purchasers, even at a comparatively exorbitant price, and in the face of a keen opposition to its sale offered by the bishops and clergy.

In the year A.D. 1537, two fresh editions of Coverdale's Bible were brought out which were "overseen and corrected by James Nycolson, in Southwarke." In these volumes occur for the first time the words "set forth with the king's most gracious license." There had been in preceding years an unwritten sanction to circulate the Bible in English, but now a bolder step is taken, and what may be called the first "Authorised Version" was put forth and commended to the clergy in a Royal injunction, which required that before "Aug. 1 next coming every parson or proprietor of any parish church within this realm shall provide the whole Bible in Latin, and also in English, and lay the same in the quire for every man that will to look and read therein."

This translation of Coverdale, as the author himself contemplated, was soon followed by another from the hands of men who had devoted much time and money to its completion. Various former translations were made use of by John Rogers and T. Matthew in executing their task, Tyndale's and Coverdale's especially ; so that this large folio edition, though bearing the name of Matthew, must be regarded merely as an attempt to improve the work of others rather than an original work of the joint labourers. This Bible, dedicated to the king, appeared in the year A.D. 1537, and soon created a favourable impression on the mind of Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, who made no secret of his despair of any translation ever proceeding from the bishops of England, writing

## *Origin and History of the English Bible.*

---

thus—that he hoped this edition of Matthew may be allowed in use “until such time as we bishops shall set forth a better translation, which I think will not be till a day after doomsday.”

There was now taken one further step with this translation of Matthew. Coverdale’s Bible had been issued under the license and with the approval of the King, but now this of Matthew and Rogers was allowed to be “bought and read within this realm.” All pains and penalties were now removed, and for the first time the Holy Scriptures were permitted to the use of all who were disposed to obtain them. This fresh-gained liberty on behalf of lay readers soon manifested itself in the rapid disappearance of the first edition, which had been brought out under the auspices of Grafton and Whitchurch, merchants, and subsequently book publishers. What tended to make this translation popular was the large body of notes and comments with which the margin was studded, many of which were of a homely and striking kind.

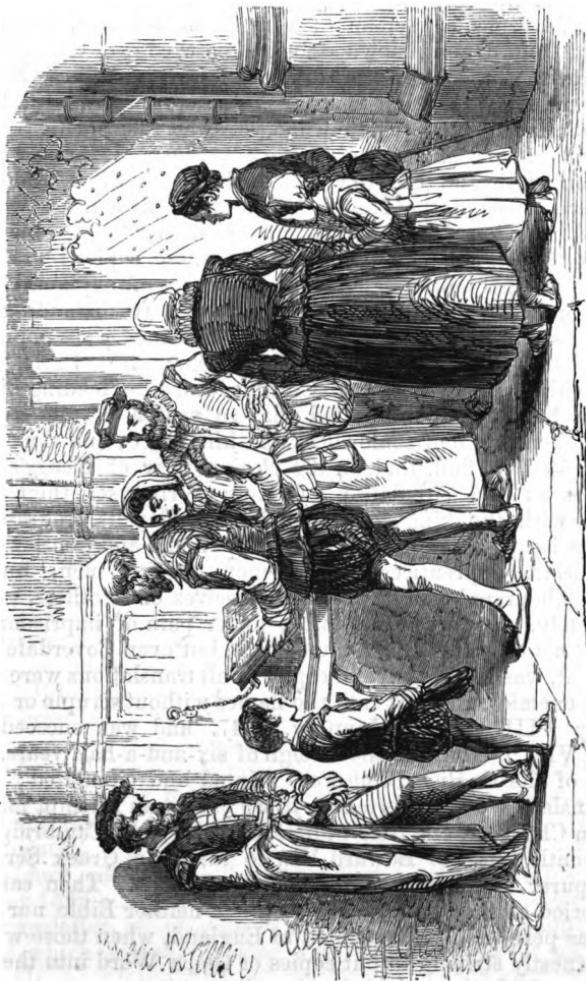
Even now, with these several translations before them, there was in the minds of many an increasing desire to possess another, and, if possible, a more perfect and trustworthy copy of Holy Writ than any that had yet appeared. The more highly educated and more influential portion of the people were not content with Tyndale, or Coverdale, or Matthew and Rogers, and demanded another translation which should be more strictly in accordance with the original writings. In the early part of 1538, Cromwell, the King’s secretary, who took a lively interest in the work of translation and spread of Holy Writ, prevailed on Coverdale, who had been improving his knowledge of Hebrew and Greek, and other languages, to undertake another English edition of Scripture.

Entrusted with such a work by a man in so high a position as Cromwell, Coverdale went about his task in a most determined manner. As it was impossible to produce a Bible worthy of the time, with the materials found in England, Coverdale travelled to Paris, taking with him Grafton, the publisher. The earlier translations were diligently compared with the Hebrew and Greek, and with those versions which had been recently made by Luther and others in the German and French languages. Numerous alterations and improvements were introduced, and the work was rapidly advancing to completion under the license of Francis, the King of France, when an order from the Inquisitor-general was received, demanding an instant cessation of the work. Fortunately the greater part of the sheets on their issue from the press had been sent by Bishop Bonner to England and thus escaped from harm; and not long after the receipt of the Jesuit interdict, presses, types, and printers were brought over to England. This translation, completed about the month of April, 1539, is sometimes called “Cranmer’s Bible,” but more generally goes under the name of “The Great Bible.”

This translation appeared in a little while after—in the year 1540—with a preface, which had been written by Cranmer specially for it; and subsequent editions have also intimations that they had been “overseen and perused by Tunstall and Heath.” So great was the demand for this edition of Holy Scripture that it was found almost impossible to supply it in the quantities required. The utmost

## *Origin and History of the English Bible.*

powers of the press were strained in order to satisfy this craving for Scripture truth, which, as Cranmer wrote in his preface, "the Holy Spirit hath so ordered and attempered, that in them, as well publicans, fishers and shepherds may find their edification, as great doctors their erudition."



[READING THE CHAINED BIBLE IN CHURCH.]

Indeed, the desire to read or listen to the words of Holy Writ in the native tongue became so intense that crowds would often gather round one who was able to read from the large Bibles set up and often chained to a pillar in churches, and patiently hearken unto what they were told by royal authority to regard as "the undoubted will, law, and commandment of Almighty God, the only and straight mean to know the goodness and benefits of God towards us, and the true duty of every Christian man to serve Him accordingly." Even Bishop Bonner was so moved by the popular

wish as “to set up in certain convenient places in St. Paul’s Church six large Bibles,” so that the people may come there and learn for themselves humbly and reverently their duties and privileges as Christians.

Besides those editions hitherto described, there was another of lesser importance which made its appearance about the year 1539. Richard Taverner, a layman of very eminent talent, formerly a student of Oxford, and renowned for his knowledge of Greek, undertook to revise the former translations of Coverdale and Matthew and Rogers, and to present to English readers a more faithful copy of Holy Scripture than any that had yet been furnished.

Various editions of Taverner’s work were completed and put in circulation; folio and quarto copies of the entire Bible, and quarto and octavo copies of the New Testament. This edition was also dedicated to King Henry VIII., in whose service, as one of the clerks of the signet, Taverner was. In these copies there was a table of principal matters and numerous notes of explanation, and short comments on difficult passages; but notwithstanding these advantages, Taverner’s translation never obtained wide popularity, and was soon displaced by copies of the “Great Bible,” which carried with them the sanction of Cranmer and other leading bishops.

It was hardly to be expected that so vast a change could be brought about without some check and hindrance; and thus we are not surprised to find, that, in the closing year of Henry’s reign, opponents of the circulation of Holy Writ used their utmost influence with the king to induce him to stop its progress. An order was issued that “no woman (except noble and gentlewomen), no artificers, apprentices, journeymen, serving men, husbandmen, or labourers, should read to themselves or to others, publicly or privately, any part of the Bible under pain of imprisonment.” In 1546, not only Tyndale’s translation, but even Coverdale’s New Testament, was forbidden, and copies of all translations were sought after by enemies, and cast into the flames without scruple or fear.

Henry VIII. died in January, 1547, and was succeeded by Edward VI. During his short reign of six-and-a-half years, many editions of the English Bible were printed and circulated; but no new translation was undertaken, if we except an attempt made by Sir John Cheke, at one time professor of Greek at Cambridge, and subsequently tutor to Edward VI., to turn the Greek Scriptures into a purer English than former translations. Then came the dark period of the reign of Mary, when neither Bible nor Testament was permitted to be printed in England, when those who had been earnestly striving to put copies of God’s Word into the hands of the people, had to yield up their lives at the stake, or hasten from their native country to foreign cities for refuge.

Amongst those who were thus forced into exile were Coverdale, Whittingham, Goodman, and Sampson, and these found a temporary home at Geneva. These earnest men, now free to pursue their labours on Holy Scripture, diligently set about the work of producing another English translation which should be more free from blemishes than either Tyndale’s or the Great Bible. For “two years and more, day and night,” these learned and pious

## *Origin and History of the English Bible.*

---

men were engaged in this arduous task ; comparing former translations with the original tongues, and searching through the many Greek and Hebrew manuscripts then at Geneva, in order to detect any errors which might have accidentally been allowed to creep in. As early as the year 1557, an edition of the New Testament was printed by Conrad Badius. But this instalment was only the fore-runner of a much more complete and satisfactory volume, a new translation of the entire Bible, with many very important additions and improvements, which appeared in the year 1560, and was dedicated to Queen Elizabeth.

This translation, which commonly goes by the name of the "Geneva Bible," was well received by the people, and soon gained a high reputation amongst all classes of readers. One change was a great gain, namely, the size. The Great Bible appeared in a cumbrous folio volume, but now the Genevan Bible might be had in a small quarto, which was a much more convenient size. Another improvement was in the type. Instead of the old fashioned black letter\* which had been used in every former edition, there now appeared for the first time a Bible in what is called Roman type, which is much more easily learned and used. Yet another advantage was supplied in this work. Hitherto the text had been printed in a continuous line without break, but now, following a device which had been partially used in a Greek Testament by Robert Stephens, and in some Hebrew Old Testaments, the editors divided the text into verses, which is a great assistance to those who are constantly referring to particular words of a prophet or evangelist. Many editions of this Genevan Bible were printed and published between the years 1560-1611, some of which contained notes and comments of a very sensible kind, and a Bible Dictionary, which was of very great use to students of Holy Writ.

For some reason, the "Great Bible" of Coverdale was the only translation authorised to be used in churches, and though the Geneva Bible was in many respects manifestly superior, it was never permitted to be set up for public reading. In the year 1564, Parker, who was the Archbishop of Canterbury, and a man of considerable ability and learning, designed a new translation which could go forth with the full authority of Church and State for the public and private use of every individual in the realm. The work of translation was undertaken by eight bishops, and seven other learned men, and these, after about four years' labour, presented in the year 1568 a large folio volume as the result of their labours. This translation, which goes by the name of "The Bishops' Bible," and of which several editions were published, never gained any very wide acceptance amongst scholars or general readers, though it was the only volume allowed for public reading in Church. In

\* "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth : but the word of our God shall stand for ever."—*Isaiah xl. 8.*

"The word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart."—*Hebrews iv. 12.*

this edition many wood engravings were introduced, and some maps, and some genealogical tables; but with all these accessories "The Bishops' Bible" met with but a small measure of success.

There is yet another translation which issued from the press during the period indicated above, which must not be forgotten. Those who clung to the Unreformed Church were lavish in their condemnation of all English translations, and found fault with both the matter and manner of the various translators. At length, however, some of their number who were living in exile at Rheims undertook to bring out a translation which might be used with safety by the faithful. In the year 1582 the New Testament appeared at Rheims, and in the year 1609 the Old Testament was printed and published at Douay. This translation never obtained much circulation, its many errors and eccentricities proved fatal to its acceptance amongst men who had been accustomed to the plainer and simpler words of earlier translations.

In this brief description of the various translations which were made in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, many most interesting details have been necessarily omitted; but still most of the important facts have been named, and each step in the onward progress has been plainly marked. It is to be hoped that many who glance over this rough outline of Bible History may be led to enter more carefully on the profitable study of this subject; and find amongst the abundance of information ready to hand some fresh reason for valuing highly "the great and wonderful work" of an English Bible, which has been given into their hands by men who carried on their labours "with fear and trembling."

---

## *Rose Hardy's Home.*

### CHAPTER VI.

THE harvest passed, and the fields were bare where the golden corn had stood so thickly; the apples were turning red and rosy on the old tree, under which Rose had stood that sweet April day when Miles came first; and the apricots, on the south side of the mill, were blushing in the hot August sun, and the Hinton people were still talking of Rose and her fine lover all the more, because she tried to escape their eyes and tongues; and the old farmer wondered why Miles came so seldom.

One day, it was market day in Medington, the last week in August, Joe Hawthorne had started early, with the old master, driving in the gig, and Rose was not to expect them back till late in the evening. "Take care of yourself, little one," were the kind old man's last words to her. "Yes, yes," she answered, gaily, "I'll not be dull, for I've plenty to do."

There was no fear of her being dull, for it was not long before Miles was there, and the days were never dull that brought him.

It had been a sultry, dusty day, and the old man was tired and worn out, and troubled too, so Joe brought him back earlier than Rose expected. She had laid tea for Miles and herself, and they were just ready to sit down, when a shadow slowly passed the window, and the old man's hand opened the latch, and he

stood in the doorway. Rose turned pale, and the laughter faded out of her eyes, and Miles looked awkward, and stood silent.

"I thought I heard voices," Master Hawthorne said, "are you here, Rose?"

"Yes," she said, clearing her voice with difficulty, "you're early, master."

"Yes, I'm tired. Are you alone?"

Miles, in the meantime, had recovered his presence of mind, and made a sign to Rose to say nothing of his presence.

"I was just sitting down to tea," she said, quickly, getting hot and red, and trying not to look at Miles, who seemed amused at what was so painful to her.

"The old man went on, "Has Miles been here to-day?"

Miles signed to her to say "No," and she said it, with a feeling as if the word would choke her.

The old man seemed to be satisfied.

"That's right, my child; and now I want my tea, for I'm terrible tired." He was going to sit down in his arm-chair, close to where Miles was standing, and Rose began nervously clinking the china together; but just as he reached his seat, he stopped, "I'd better go up and put on my other coat, he said, "and wash some of this dust away. I reckon, I'm pretty well covered."

"Yes, you are." Rose answered, eagerly, and was at his side directly, guiding him towards the staircase, and up into his room.

"There, that will do, Rosey. I can manage well enough;" and she was gone down the narrow stairs and into the kitchen, where Miles still stood laughing at her burning, miserable face.

"Go," she said, "go at once. Oh! I am so ashamed and sorry."

"I've half a mind," he said, "to stop and have a silent tea, and hear how you and the master speak against me."

"Don't laugh," she said, "but only go now before he comes down;" and she laid her hand on his shoulder as if to push him out; he took her hand in his, but she snatched it from his grasp, and covered up her face with it, and he left her so, as the farmer came groping his way downstairs.

That was a silent tea and evening; both were thinking, and neither of them pleasantly, but neither noticed the other's silence, so wrapt up were they in their own thoughts. The old man was thinking of a story that had been poured into his unwilling ears, that day, by a farmer's wife, who lived the other side of Hinton, a woman with a rough tongue and a coarse mind, who prided herself upon calling a spade a spade, and telling the truth to every one, be the truth never so bitter and black and heart-breaking, and the hearer never so feeble and shrinking, and weak-hearted. She had taken his Rose's name, his own sweet flower, and dragged it through the mud and trampled on it. The old man had listened for a time with the courtesy he showed to all women, listened till the colour mounted to his sunburnt brow, and his hands shook, but at last he said, "Silence, it is not true; I know it is not true."

She was beginning a loud, indignant outburst, but he stopped her by a motion of his hand, and there was a simple dignity in

## *Rose Hardy's Home.*

---

his figure as he stood before her, old, blind and helpless as he was, that kept her silent while he spoke.

"I know that it isn't true; but I believe that you meant kindly in what you have said, and I thank you. You've daughters of your own, ma'am; good, virtuous maidens every one, but think of them another time before you take away a poor girl's character, and learn to show pity to others, for, maybe, the time may come, though God forbid it, when your own may have need of pity too."

And so he left her and came home tired and troubled to Hinton Mill. It was not true, but still he had not taken care enough of his little girl, nor thought how pretty and unprotected she was with only an old blind man, and he had let slander breathe on her and evil tongues blacken her fair fame. He was thinking of this as they sat alone together in the evening, and unconsciously he spoke aloud what was in his mind; "but I'm so helpless now, Betsy's gone."

Rose had been on thorns all the evening, accusing herself bitterly for her ingratitude and deceit, and when he spoke those words, she came and sat down on the low stool, at his feet where she used to sit as a child. "Oh, master," she said, "dear master, I've been a bad girl," and then she told him all, how she liked Miles, and, maybe, he didn't dislike her, and how folk would talk and make such a deal of things, and how she'd got ashamed of saying how he came after her even to the kind old master, and tried to hide it, and what a bad, deceitful girl she'd got to be, getting worse and worse till that very evening, when Miles was there, when he came in, and they had made use of the master's blindness, to deceive him, and she had told a downright lie too. All this was told with sobs and many interruptions. Could he ever forgive her, or think well of her again? The old man only stroked her head and said, "Poor little Rose, poor little maiden! Forgive? it was he who needed forgiveness for taking such poor care of his little girl. Trust? who could he trust after God, but her?" Then he told her a little of what he had heard to-day, and then he spoke of Miles: "And had he asked his Rosey to marry him?" she answered, "No, not just that. He says he can't think of marrying yet, for he has only what his father gives him to live upon, but he says that he never means to marry anyone else."

"And does he think it right," said Hawthorne, "to come about the mill and make all the folks talk of my little girl, and yet not have a home to offer her? I'll not be saying anything against the lad, but it seems to me a poor love, that doesn't love a girl's good name as well as herself, and a poor man indeed as lives on another man's earnings."

The girl was silent, and the old man went on, "There, deary, you don't like my saying it, but I like the lad too well to wish him to waste his life. And you and I are going to speak our minds to one another now, and trust each other out and out. And to-morrow I shall have a talk with Welch, and I shall tell him that till he can offer my little girl a home, and an honest husband, he must go away, and not come setting folk's tongues wagging in Hinton. Will that be very hard on him, Rosey?"

And so it was settled, and the next morning, when Rose caught sight of Miles on the bridge, a farm-boy was sent to ask him to come in, and the farmer met him at the door, and taking his arm, walked with him up and down the meadow path, while Rose sat at her bed-room window, watching the two, and trying to guess what they were saying, from the glimpses she got of their faces. I think she hoped, from the look of them, that all would be settled, and that the farmer would bring in Miles with him, and that all would go on in the usual pleasant, happy way, only pleasanter from the master knowing all about it, and from there being no concealment, but instead of this, she saw them stop at last near the door, and Miles take the old man's hand, and shake it heartily, and she heard him say, "Good-bye, then, sir; and thank you very much. I shan't forget your words in a hurry," and the farmer said, "Good-bye, my lad, and God bless you," and then Miles went away across the paddock without even a glance at the window where she stood, with tearful eyes and beating heart, half behind the curtain.

"The lad has gone," the farmer said, when she came down, "and he has done well."

And so Rose's summer passed, and the sunshine was gone, and he had not even said, "good-bye," or shaken hands, and at their last parting, she had bid him go, roughly, and had pushed him away, and covered up her face, and now, maybe, she should never see him again.

#### CHAPTER VII.

As the autumn passed and the signs of winter crept on, as the days grew shorter and the leaves fell in showers on the damp ground, as the mists hung heavily over the river and the smell of decay was in the air all around, Rose's small patience ebbed away, and a heavy weariness and discontent settled down on her. She did not neglect her duties, but she went listlessly about them. She grew weary of her work, weary of the quiet round of duties, weary even of the kind old master, who noticed the change in her step and voice, but, guessing the cause, he never spoke of it, but grieved in his kind old heart at his child's trouble. He noticed, too, that the hand that guided him, and the voice that answered him, were not always so gentle as of old, but it only vexed him as being the sign of a sore, fretting heart in his little girl.

One evening in November, they had been sitting long silent. It was a dreary, wet night, constant rain all day, and now the wind was getting up, and moaned round the old mill, driving the rain with a gust against the window. The fire burnt dull, and all added to the weight of the impatient girl's heart, which was aching for news of Miles Welch. Old Hawthorne asked her to read a chapter of the Bible to him, and she did so, laying aside her work and her thoughts, sad as they were, unwillingly. The old man sat with his face turned to her, and bent forward, as if he were drinking in the words she read.

As she finished, she closed the book, and some of the disquiet and discontent came to her lips, and she spoke, "Ay, where's the

use of it all? Where's the good of asking God for this or that? Heaven's such a long way off, and how can He know or care if this one is glad or that one sorry?"

The old man was silent, and she went on, "There's such a many, you see; why, think of all the folk in Hinton, and that's a small place to some others; and there's Medington and London, too, and lots of towns and villages as we've never heard the names of even; and there's kings and rich people in plenty, and how can God have time or care to know what poor folk want?"

"Such a many," the old man answered, "rich and poor, high and low, all nations and countries, and yet every hair of their heads is numbered; and then think of all the other things, the beasts who seek their food from God, and the birds too, for not a sparrow falls to the ground without Him. Ay! it's passing wonderful, and more than we can understand. But it's not hard to believe, for sometimes God seems so near. He has seemed nearer ever since He took my sight. Deary, when I sit here sometimes and pray, it don't seem like praying to a great God up in heaven, but as if I was speaking to a friend close at hand, and telling him what I want, and how I feel."

"If He hears them, He can't be so merciful, for He don't heed. If I'd the power to spare such a lot of trouble and suffering, I'd not look on and see it all."

"Hush, Rosey, hush! you don't know what you are saying."

"Ay! maybe, it's very wicked, but I can't help seeing it. There was mother, I mind well when I was a little bit of a child, how she used to pray that father mightn't come home drunk and beat her. And then, don't I know how you, ay, and many a one too, prayed that the old missus mightn't be took; and she, too, didn't she pray as your sight might come back, if it were never such a little? and yet, and yet—." Her voice broke into a sob. The thought of the kind old mistress softened and touched the sore, impatient heart of the girl, and her mind went back to old days when the mill had seemed the gladdest, happiest home, and she the most fortunate girl in being there; and then her thoughts came back to their constant resting-place that last summer, and its joys and hopes. And the old man sat silent awhile; and then, rising from his seat, he felt for his stick, and stretching his other hand towards the maiden, he said, "Come, Rosey, I want to go along the path by the river, as far as the bridge."

"Why, are you dreaming, master? it's pitch dark, and raining heavy, and the water's over the path in half a dozen places. We should be in the river and drowned before we got half-way."

Then the old man sat down again. "There, Rosey, that's where it is. I don't think you don't hear, or don't heed, or don't love me, because you won't do what I ask. I only know that you can see, and I can't, and so you know best. That's where it is with praying; we set our hearts on something, and think it terrible hard if we don't get it, forgetting what poor blind creatures we are, and that, maybe, all the time God sees that what we're longing for is dangerous. But don't be afraid to ask, deary, and tell Him what's in your heart, for He'd a deal rather you asked, even if He

thinks it better not to give, only ask Him to do what's best for you. I mind the time well when I couldn't bear that prayer as comes at the end of the service. After pretty near breaking one's heart praying, maybe, in the Litany, it came like something cold



[“SHE HID HER FACE IN ITS ROUGH MANE.”]

to me to ask only for what is “expedient for us;” but I’ve lived long enough to know better, and to feel that, as long as we have in this world knowledge of His truth, and in the world to come life everlasting, all the rest don’t much signify, and the dear Lord taught us Himself to say, ‘Thy will be done,’ before ever we asked even for our daily bread. Some day, maybe, you and me, and the old missus, may be looking back together, and see it all plain; but we must be patient, it won’t be here, but over yonder, where the day breaks, and the shadows flee away. Come, deary, let’s go to bed.”

When Rose was alone in her room, the old man’s words still

rung in her ears, some of his earnest, lively faith in God's presence and love seemed to have entered her own heart. She went to the window, and putting back the little curtain, and opening the lattice, she leant out into the darkness. The rain had ceased, but the rose leaves were still dripping, and cool drops fell on her hot forehead; and then, kneeling by the window, she spoke out what was in her heart, and asked God to give her back Miles Welch; and as she asked, the clouds broke, and a ray of moonlight came through, as if in token that her prayer was heard.

The same moonlight, passing through the other window, fell on the old man's white head as he prayed. His heart was yearning to be at rest, but still he left it to God's good pleasure. "Gather me to Thy rest, O Lord, when Thou wilt, and as Thou wilt, only without sin and shame."

*He* prayed that God's will—*she*, that her own will might be done; but both prayed, not merely said their prayers, and before we judge her, let us look back on our own cold, heartless words, and there are few, indeed, who need not say with a good man of old, "Lord, pardon our prayers."

#### CHAPTER VIII.

THE next morning Rose awoke with a pleasant feeling at her heart, that she had not known for long, and she went about her work with a lighter heart, and found herself singing quite gaily, as she tossed the barley to the hungry fowls, who came flying and running to the old wicket. The farmer, too, seemed more lively, and cheerful, and they sat at breakfast in a very pleasant humour. They were talking of a day they had long planned in Medington, when Rose was to drive the old mare, and they were to go and see a friend of the master's who lived there. They were talking of this, when suddenly the words faded off Rose's lips, for a step she knew well was coming up the path. Then came a hasty knock, and before either could say, "Come in," Miles Welch was there.

"I daresay you thought I was never coming back, Master Hawthorne," Miles said, "but my plans are a good bit altered since I was here, and I thought I would look in and talk matters over with you."

"Always glad to see you, lad, whenever you like to come. But we thought you'd forgotten old friends, didn't we, Rosey?"

"Ay, that we did," the girl answered, blushing as she spoke; "we'd have forgotten you too, maybe, soon."

"Ay, that's the way with absent friends," Miles said, "but, Rose," he went on, more earnestly, "I've something to talk to the master of, and, maybe, you're busy, so, if you'll let me and him have a chat together, it will be best."

Rose got up quickly. "I've plenty to do, never fear," she said; "it's not likely I'd stop here wasting my time listening to gossip."

She tossed her head, and tried to make as if she did not care, but she was vexed and angry with him; he had been away so long, and yet he almost bid her go away the minute he came.

"Saturday is a busy day," she said, "so, maybe, I shan't see you again before you go, so I'll say good-bye to you, Master Welch."

But Miles was not taken in by her little pretence; he looked up in her face with a smile that sent all her vexation and dignity out of her in a minute.

"I've a deal to say to you too, Rosey, by-and-bye."

She did not seem so busy as she had said, when she went upstairs, for she sat there idle, with hands clasped in her lap, listening to the two voices downstairs, the old feeble one, and the young strong one ; she could hear the tones, though not the words. How could she work, with the thought of the "deal to say" that Miles had in store for her. At last the talk seemed to be at an end, and she heard Master Hawthorne's voice calling her. She would not answer at first, that they might think her busy, but when at last she came to the head of the stairs, and answered, he bid her put on her bonnet and walk a little way with Miles, "and don't be long, for he has to catch the train."

When in a few minutes the two set out, they walked on side by side for some time in silence, till they were at the stile leading into the lane. Then Miles stopped, told her that old Master Hawthorne's words about his wasting his life in idleness had touched him up, and made him uncomfortable, and that he had made up his mind to find something to do, and to do it, and that just as he was looking about, an uncle of his, a sheep-farmer in Australia, had written to ask him to come out and help him. "It's a fine opening, Rosey, and he's making a mint of money, and then, in his letter, he says, 'if you bring out a wife with you, so much the better,' says he. And I'm going, Rose, as soon as I can get ready, and I've come to ask you to come with me?" And then he painted their life out there in a new country ; they two-together, working their way on, and meeting joys and troubles always hand in hand. And Rose stood silent, listening with shining eyes and parted lips, as if she could see the scene that he laid before her. Surely the temptation was great, to turn her back on all that was dull and wearisome and vexatious in the old life, and go forth with Miles to new, bright scenes, where his love and presence would make endless summer.

"I've been careless and idle, Rosey, but, with such a wife, I'll be another fellow altogether. And the master says as you may come, for I asked him first, and he told me to settle it all with you this morning. So you've only to say 'yes,' and it's all settled."

Still she was silent, and he stopped waiting for her answer, and looking on her face, on which a trouble and perplexity had taken the place of the glad, wondering interest of a minute ago. For a moment she was silent. Then she turned from him, and looked across to the old mill. "No, Miles," she said, "I mustn't leave the old master who's been so good to me."

He tried coaxing first, she had always been easy to talk round, and he thought it would not be hard now, but she stuck to her resolution. "He's been so good to me, I can't leave him." Then he got angry, and accused her of not caring for him, of playing fast and loose with him, and she stood silent, with clasped hands.

### *A Practical Example.*

---

and trembling lips, but still she shook her head in answer to all his entreaties. Then he spoke of the long journey, of the uncertainty of life, and of its being unlikely that, if he went, they should ever meet again, to see each other's faces, and hear each other's voices. His voice was low and gentle, as he spoke, but though the tears gathered in the girl's eyes, she shook her head.

At last his patience seemed gone. "Oh, well, if you don't care to go, and had rather stop here, it's no use talking, and I shall lose my train, if I stop here much longer; so good-bye, Rose, and I hope you'll be happy." He got over the stile, as he spoke.

She could not believe he would leave her so, but when she had brushed away the blinding tears, and looked up, he was crossing the wooden bridge, and the next moment was out of sight. He was gone, and gone in anger, and she had sent him away. She stood looking after him, feeling as if her very life had gone with him. The old mare came up and rubbed its nose against her arm, and touched by the dumb creature's sympathy, she put her arms round its neck, and hid her face in its rough mane.

"Did you think I was gone, Rosey?" a voice said close by; and Miles was by her side again. "You're the best little soul that ever lived, that you are, and I was a brute to vex you. There, there, don't cry. You were right, and I was wrong; and I don't like you any the less for being so true to the old farmer. But do you think you can be as true to me, Rosey?"

"True? Ay! that I will, Miles, all my life."

"You need be strong to do it," he said, "for, maybe, it will be years before I come back; but I'll be true to you, and work for you early and late, and when I can, I'll come home and fetch you."

A few moments more, and they parted, and then Rose turned back to the old home, saying to herself, "What does it matter as long as we're true?"

In the kitchen the old farmer sat waiting, and he turned his face to her as she came in. "Well, Rosey?"

She came and sat down on the little stool at his feet as she used to do when she first came to the farm.

"Miles has gone," she said. "He bid me say good-bye to you, for he'll be too busy to come here again before he sails."

"And so my little girl has chosen to stay with the old man. God bless you. I think you've chosen right, and you'll not regret it."

(*To be continued.*)

---

### *A Practical Example.*

MAN who had received a field as an inheritance, neglected to cultivate it, he left it untilled, and it was soon covered with thorns. Some time after, this proprietor, wishing to restore it to its real value, said to his son,

"Go and till that piece of ground." The son went and found it so full of thistles that, losing all hope of ever being able to get to the end of it, he said to himself, "When shall I ever be able to root up and clean all this?" Then lying down on the ground, he went to sleep. He continued to do the same thing for

### *The Death of a Christian.*

several days successively. The father, coming to visit the field, and seeing it just as he had left it, said to his son, "How is it that you have not done anything yet?" "Father," he replied, "every time that I have come to work, this great quantity of thorns has so frightened and discouraged me, that instead of working, I have thrown myself on the ground and gone to sleep;" upon which, his father replied, "Weed every day as large a space as your body covers when you are thus lying upon the ground, and your work thus advancing by degrees, you will no longer be discouraged." The son obeyed, and in a short time the field was weeded.

Let us root out one by one, each bad habit, each selfish thought, and the field which God gave us at the day of our birth will, in due season, be covered with flowers and fruits.

J. F. C.



### *The Death of a Christian.*

CALM on the bosom of thy God,  
Fair Spirit, rest thee now!  
E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod,  
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath!  
Soul, to its place on high!  
They that have seen thy look in dea'h,  
No more may fear to die.

MRS. HEMANS.

17

## Life's Battle with Old Time.

His life was one grand battle with Old Time;  
From morn to noon, from noon to weary night—  
Ever he fought, as only strong men fight.  
And so he passed out of his golden prime  
Into grim, hoary manhood; and he knew  
No rest from that great conflict, till he grew  
Feeble and old, ere years could make him so.  
Then on a bed of pain he laid his head,  
As one sore spent with labour and with woe;  
“ Rest comes at last, I thank thee, God,” he said.  
Death came, upon his brow laid chilly hands,  
And whispered, “ Vanquished !” but he gasped out “ No;  
I am the victor now, for unto lands  
Where Time's dark shadow cannot fall I go.”

---

## The Night Watchman's Song.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Hark, while I sing ! our village clock  
The hour of *Eight*, good sirs, has struck.  
*Eight* souls alone from death were kept,  
When God the earth with deluge swept.  
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,  
Man wakes and watches all in vain.  
Lord, through Thine all-prevailing  
might,  
Do Thou vouchsafe us a good night !

Hark, while I sing ! our village clock  
The hour of *Nine*, good sirs, has struck.  
*Nine* lopers cleansed returned not :  
Be not thy blessings, man, forgot !  
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,  
Man wakes and watches all in vain.  
Lord, through Thine all-prevailing  
might,  
Do Thou vouchsafe us a good night !

Hark, while I sing ! our village clock  
The hour of *Ten*, good sirs, has struck.  
*Ten* precepts show God's holy will :  
Oh, may we prove obedient still !  
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,  
Man wakes and watches all in vain.  
Lord, through Thine all-prevailing  
might,  
Do Thou vouchsafe us a good night !

Hark, while I sing ! our village clock  
The hour of *Eleven*, good sirs, has struck.  
*Eleven* apostles remained true ;  
May we be like that faithful few !  
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,  
Man wakes and watches all in vain.  
Lord, through Thine all-prevailing  
might,  
Do Thou vouchsafe us a good night !

Hark, while I sing ! our village clock  
The hour of *Four*, good sirs, has struck.  
*Four* seasons crown the farmer's care ;  
Thy heart with equal toil prepare.  
Up ! up ! awake, nor slumber on ;  
The morn approaches, night is gone !  
Thank God, who, by His power and might,  
Has watched and kept us through the night !

Hark, while I sing ! our village clock  
The hour of *Twelve*, good sirs, has struck.  
*Twelve* is of Time the boundary :  
Man, think upon Eternity !  
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,  
Man wakes and watches all in vain.  
Lord, through Thine all-prevailing  
might,  
Do Thou vouchsafe us a good night !

Hark, while I sing ! our village clock  
The hour of *One*, good sirs, has struck.  
*One* God alone reigns over all ;  
Nought can without His will befall.  
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,  
Man wakes and watches all in vain.  
Lord, through Thine all-prevailing  
might,  
Do Thou vouchsafe us a good night !

Hark, while I sing ! our village clock  
The hour of *Two*, good sirs, has struck.  
*Two* ways to walk has man been given ;  
Teach me the right—the path to heaven !  
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,  
Man wakes and watches all in vain.  
Lord, through Thine all-prevailing  
might,  
Do Thou vouchsafe us a good night !

Hark, while I sing ! our village clock  
The hour of *Three*, good sirs, has struck.  
The *Three* in one, exalted most—  
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.  
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,  
Man wakes and watches all in vain.  
Lord, through Thine all-prevailing  
might,  
Do Thou vouchsafe us a good night !

## Hearty Hints to Lay Officers of the Church.

BY GEORGE VENABLES, S.C.L., VICAR OF ST. MATTHEW'S, LEICESTER.

### VISITORS.



LTHOUGH our next and final paper, by embracing lay agency in general, may be said to include Visitors—whether District Visitors or visitors for specific purposes and upon unusual occasions—it seems well to devote one-paper more especially to them.

For, in past times, they did good service when the vast portion of church members were inert and careless. They still do a great work in many localities. And it is not unlikely that under a more complete system of organization than has commonly obtained amongst them, they would prove an even more valuable auxillary in church-work than heretofore.

I reflect, with much gratitude and pleasure, upon the great good effected by district visitors in two parishes wherein (in the one case, I was curate, and in the other, I was vicar), they worked very cheerfully and well. But experience tells me, also, that the circumstances and surroundings of some parishes may render the use of visitors almost impossible. Wherever it is otherwise, a faithful band of true-hearted visitors is a cause of great blessing, and much strengthens the pastor's work.

Visitors ought, of course, to be regular worshippers and communicants, and generally at the church within whose district they serve. But these remarks are obviously so necessary as to scarcely need offering to the reader.

Visitors, in common with the clergy themselves, and in common with all who try to do good, have difficulties and temptations peculiar to their office. They must not be offended if I, most heartily wishing them every success and blessing, venture to point out what their especial dangers are.

There is a danger of the visit becoming a mere affair of gossip. Mrs. Garrulous is in many respects a decent body, and attends church at least every Sunday afternoon, but unhappily she knows her neighbours affairs better than she knows her prayer-book, and being clever, with her way of putting things, she contrives to interest her kind, well-meaning visitor so much in her story about Widow Watchford, and about the goings on down at the Winkwells, that, quite without suspecting it or intending it, the visit has become a mere empty talk about anything and anybody except Christianity or themselves! We all are in some danger here, but none more so than the district visitor.

There is, also, the very easy, and very natural, danger of favouritism. Favouritism is very easily acquired, and it is very natural withal, but it puts an end to all usefulness, if permitted. Those who know what visiting is, know very well the difference between the reception one meets with at (suppose) No. 45 and No. 73, and that one would rather go a dozen times to the former house than once to the latter. What so natural as to prefer calling where you are met with a smile and a welcome, to calling at that other dwelling, where the barely civil manner, short, stumpy voice, and general bearing of the inmate assure you, beyond doubt, that you are certainly not wanted there?

## *Hearty Hints to Lay Officers of the Church.*

---

And let me say, even here, there are limits to the perseverance with which you continue to call at such a house. I do not remember above four houses at which I have ceased to call, and I apprehend that we should be very careful not too readily to "give up" anyone, however roughly we may be treated.

At the same time, we have no right or authority to invade the dwelling of any man, poor or rich; and the poor ought certainly to be treated with the same manners as the rich. Only the danger to the visitor is, lest easily ceasing to call upon those who are not very attractive at first, a system of favouritism towards others gets set up, which works much ill feeling in the mind.

These are two of the great dangers and difficulties of the visitor. Let me offer a few hearty hints of another kind.

In dealing with the poor, I mean the needy, it is useless to talk to them about spiritual mercies while they are starving. Jesus ever showed sympathy with the visible evil, and sought to relieve it, even though He came to deal with evil in its higher and more spiritual forms.

A tract to a hungry man is of little use. Nay, it may do harm. On the other hand, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor." Much indiscriminate giving is positively harmful. If you so give as to encourage a habit of dependence and a want of self-reliance, and if you crush out, instead of foster, a spirit of self-help, you are doing great harm; you are pauperising the person; you are making beggars; and you are doing a positive injury to them and to the whole community.

"Consider" the poor. Try to assist them to help themselves. Aid them in an emergency; but endeavour to put them in a position to prevent emergencies arising.

It is kind to assist the poor in their distress, but it is better to put them into a way of keeping out of distress.

I should be very sorry to say one unkind word against a man, because he is poor or "down."

There are many genuine cases of very sad suffering and distress which demand our sympathy and deserve our assistance. But with all this, I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that vice and want go very much together, and that in very many instances (though with distinct and numerous exceptions) the distress and the poverty are plainly caused only by the immorality of the sufferers.

This is a great matter for the contemplation of visitors.

Then, I would hint, also, that visitors should have a definite aim, and should work to secure it. In one case it is to persuade J. T. to cease his drunken habits. Here, it is to bring C. D. to church. And here, to show that steady fellow, B. R., that he is much in the wrong for not attending the Holy Communion, as His own loved Saviour hath invited him, asked him, and advised him to do!

Do all prayerfully. Make your visits a subject of prayer ere you leave home, make them the subject of prayer on your return. Get, also, early to Church, and there plead with God for any special cases to whom your heart has been peculiarly drawn out.

Remember that you are working in a good cause, and for One

*Short Sermon.*

---

Who will not let your labour fail of good results. Therefore, do not act feebly, as though a "perhaps" hung about all you do. Act as a thoroughly hearty, earnest member of the church, who is working for the glory of his God and the benefit of his fellow creatures. Go at your work as to a reality, for reality it is. Treat it as a work which embraces the unceasing Future as well as the Present in its influences, and you will, I think, be, what I earnestly trust you may be, "Hearty Visitors."

---

## *Short Sermon.*

### *Overcoming the World.*

BY T. C. WHITEHEAD, M.A., HEAD MASTER OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE,  
FINCHLEY.

1 S. John v. 4.—“*This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.*”

ROM this text let me take occasion to set forth three points:—

- I. What is meant by ‘the world?’
- II. What is meant by ‘overcoming the world?’
- III. By what means this is to be done.

I. What is meant by the expression, ‘the world?’ The phrase has many significations, but it is used in the text in the sense in which it is a source of danger to the Christian’s soul. People sometimes use the expression ‘the world,’ intending by it to describe the society of ungodly people, in contrast to that of the servants of God. But it is impossible to draw a line which will clearly separate the two classes. Doubtless, in some cases, the distinction is plain enough. There are some few servants of God of whose characters none can doubt. There are some enemies to God and religion of whose characters none can doubt, as well. But, in the outward and visible Church in general, the wheat and the tares grow together, not distinguished by human eye. Amongst the Twelve was a Judas, evidently undetected by the other Apostles; and when Elijah complained that he only was left, God surprised him with the answer, that He had seven thousand left in Israel who had not bowed the knee to Baal.

In the same town—in the same congregation—in the same family—the spiritually dead and the spiritually alive are mixed—nay, even in the same heart, the heart of every Christian man, there is to the last something left of the spirit of the world, not wholly driven out by the Spirit of Christ. We cannot therefore now call any set of people ‘the world,’ and any other set ‘the company of the people of God.’ By-and-bye, the reapers will come to make the separation, but at present the Lord of the harvest has issued His command, ‘let them both grow together.’

What, then, is ‘the world,’ spoken of in the text? Simply, the

things that are seen and temporal, as opposed to the things that are unseen and eternal.

And it is often called 'this wicked world,' because of the wickedness which it produces, by ministering to the sinful lusts within us, and inclining us to forget the interests of our souls, and to worship the creature rather than the Creator.

How clearly is this the case! How easily are we drawn aside from the service of God, not only by things lawful, but even by things necessary. The money that we use—the business to which the Bible bids us attend—the recreation needful for our health and spirits—our food, and raiment, and sleep—nay, our very homes (intended to be the types of the harmony and peace of the eternal Home above), even these needful things may and do minister to sin by withdrawing our affections from things above. It is this which makes the battle we have to fight the life-long struggle that it is. The religious life were easy, if it consisted in the avoidance of certain well-known people, and certain well-defined places and practices. But closely mingled as are the world and the church, the Christian soldier must be ever on the watch. Wherever he may go—into the deepest retirement—into the very sanctuary of God itself—he has with him the battle-field and the contending forces, the battle-field, his own heart, the contending forces, the spirit of self and the spirit of God.

Such, then, is the enemy of which the text warns us, so subtle, so continually about us and within us, so hard to detect, so difficult to overcome.

II. Let us ask next, then, what is meant by overcoming it?

*Not flight.* There are some particular temptations from which we may flee, and must flee, if we can; but there are many, again, which meet us every day, and all day, which must be manfully met, fought with, and overcome. Would it be possible to say that a general had overcome his enemy (though he had not lost a soldier), if he had never met him? He might be wise in avoiding him for a season, that he might gather strength or better choose the place of conflict. But to 'overcome' him, he must meet him, fight him, and subdue him. Hence the mistake which they commit, who imagine that a life of cloistered seclusion gives opportunity for the growth of a higher and a loftier Christian character. Not so. The Christian's strength is shown, not in blind ignorance of evil, but in deliberate preference of good. A Christian's duty lies, therefore, not in forsaking his place in the business and intercourse of the world, not in quitting the friendly gathering and the family circle, but in glorifying God in them, in showing how His Holy Spirit can make him an example of integrity, of purity and humility, of self-denial, and of charity—it lies in mastering the special temptations incident to each man's own particular position and calling—it lies in proving to the world, not only that every duty of life is best discharged by the servant of Christ, but also that God's world of natural duty is the fittest, as it is the appointed, training-ground to prepare His saints for His heaven and for His presence.

This is what Christ meant, when, not long before His departure from them, He prayed for His disciples, not that God should take

them out of the world, but that He should keep them from the evil that was in the world.

While therefore we may say that certain practices are sinful, and that certain people who do not make even a profession of godliness are ungodly, it is as undesirable, as it would be impossible, to point with the finger and say, ‘the world is here,’ or ‘the world is there.’ To attempt to do so would be doubly hurtful, ministering, on the one hand, to spiritual pride and conceit, and depriving, on the other, the careless and the godless of the quiet, but oftentimes powerful, influence of Christian example.

To overcome the world, then, is not to go out of it, but in it to keep oneself unspotted from it—to do its business, but not in its spirit—to mingle with its intercourse, but not with its motives—to abstain from excess even in things lawful—to remember the danger even in things needful—to have our conversation in heaven and our affection set on things above, while our time is spent among things below—to be content to live and work for Christ, but willing, when God calls us, to die and be with Christ—this is to overcome the world—this is (like our Master) not to shun the encounter, but to meet the enemy on the appointed field, there to fight him, and there to foil him.

### III. And how is this to be accomplished?

The text tells us by ‘faith.’ ‘This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.’

And the Apostle gives us a definition of faith, viz., ‘the evidence of things not seen, the substance of things hoped for.’ In other words, it makes things unseen evident, as though they were seen. It makes things only ‘hoped for’ before, as much enjoyed as though they were substantial.

Bearing in mind this definition, it is not hard to understand how faith enables the believer to overcome the world. Without faith we know nothing *but* of the things of this world. It is thus that the Saviour describes the natural man.

When speaking of the coming judgment, and when likening the careless state in which men would be found, then, to the state in which they were found when the flood overtook them in the days of Noah, He says of the latter, they ate, they drank, they bought, they sold, they married and were given in marriage—things belonging solely to the world of sight and sense.

By which Christ meant to say, that they had *no other thoughts*, they lived *no higher life*, the things temporal were the *only* things they saw, and things earthly the *only* things they hoped for.

And is not this our state by nature? How many people now live for nothing but the things of time and sense! What an aimless state! Its only end, if we look to no Future, the echo of the words, as we stand over the coffin that is lowered into the grave, ‘ashes to ashes, dust to dust.’ But if there be a Future, an offended God, and a judgment to come, a state how appalling!

Now in this, the natural state of man, the world is the victor.

But contrast this with the believer’s state. Put side by side the men of this world and the men of faith, and on which side, when they have met, has always lain the victory?

In the long struggle between Moses and Pharaoh, which throughout spoke with the voice of authority, and which finally had the mastery? When Ahab met Elijah on Carmel and in Naboth's vineyard, on which side were the calmness and the courage?

When the prophet Daniel stood before Nebuchadnezzar, interpreted the writing to Belshazzar, or answered King Darius from the lions' den, on which side lay the dignity? Or when Paul, the prisoner, was brought bound into the presence of Felix on the judgment-seat, was it the prisoner or the judge that trembled?

These are some of the victories which faith always gains over the world without, when the two meet in conflict, but they are not the victories that are the most difficult for the believer to win. He has enemies to fight in the world within him far more dangerous than any he can meet in the world without—sinful lusts, carnal appetites, earthly-mindedness, pride and conceit, ignorance of God, hardness and blindness of heart. Over all these faith gives the victory.

When the sinner has been convinced by the Holy Spirit of his sin and of the just anger of God, it leads him to the Saviour, and persuades him often, through many doubts and fears, that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. Through the same Spirit, it changes his heart from being, in the Bible language, 'earthly, sensual, devilish,' and makes it heavenly, spiritual, and partaker of the nature of God. Through the same Spirit, it leads him to the Word of God for direction in all his ways, and to seek the glory of God in all his works. It makes him dread to grieve, to vex, or possibly even to quench the inward workings of that heavenly friend and guide. And all this, faith accomplishes by so bringing into the soul the interests of a higher and a lasting world, that they dwarf to insignificance the passing interests of this. To his opened eyes, the world is ever full of the ministering spirits of the King of kings. For him, Death has no terrors, for he looks calmly on to scenes beyond the grave. He hears the trumpet sound, he sees the great white throne, the open books, the countless crowd of the rising dead, the multitude assembled before the judgment-seat, and, in the language of the Apostle, he cries, through faith in triumph, 'O Death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

May this experience be ours at those times when we all shall need its blessedness, at the hour of death and the day of judgment! We have all surely felt the strivings of God's Spirit within us against the power of this lower world. Let us beware how we resist these heavenly strivings. Let us ask God's help, that we may sit loose to the attractions of this world of sense. Let us make diligent, prayerful use of the means of grace, seeking especially through them the workings of God's Holy Spirit. Let us cultivate in the soul the unseen life that belongs to the unseen world, preparing now for the kingdom, where we hope to dwell for ever, and that we may be strengthened to maintain the Christian's fight and to win the Christian's crown; let us pray continually, 'Increase, O Lord, that faith in me, which alone can enable me to overcome the world.'



**"The Obsequious Beadle."**

## The Scandal of the Age.

BY LORD HOUGHTON. WRITTEN SEVERAL YEARS AGO.

I stood one Sunday morning  
Before a large Church-door:  
The congregation gathered,  
And carriages a score,—  
From one out-stepp'd a lady  
I oft had seen before.

Her hand was on a Prayer-book,  
And held a vinaigrette;  
The sign of man's redemption  
Clear on the book was set,  
But above the Cross there glisten'd  
A golden coronet.

For her the obsequious beadle  
The inner door flung wide;  
Lightly as up a ball-room  
Her footsteps seemed to glide.  
There might be good thoughts in her,  
For all her evil pride.

But after her a woman  
Peep'd wistfully within,  
On whose wan face was graven  
Life's hardest discipline,—  
The trace of the sad trinity  
Of weakness, pain, and sin.

The few free seats were crowded,—  
Where could she rest and pray?  
With her worn garb contrasted  
Each side in fair array.  
"God's house holds no poor sinners"  
She sighed, and went away.

Old heathendom's vast temples  
Held men of every fate:  
The steps of far Benares  
Commingle small and great;  
The dome of Saint Sophia  
Confounds all human state.

The aisles of blessed Peter  
Are open all the year,  
Throughout wide Christian Europe  
The Christian's right is clear  
To use God's house in freedom  
Each man the other's peer.

Save only in that England,  
Where this disgrace I saw,—  
England where no man crouches  
In tyranny's base awe,—  
England, where all are equal  
Beneath the eye of law!

There, too, each vast Cathedral  
Contracts its ample room,—  
No weary beggar resting  
Within the holy gloom,—  
No earnest student musing  
Beside the famous tomb.

Who shall relieve this scandal  
That desecrates our age,—  
An evil great as ever  
Iconoclastic rage,—  
Who to this Christian people  
Restore their heritage?

---

## On the Origin and History of the English Bible.

BY DENHAM ROWE NORMAN, VICAR OF MIDDLETON-BY-WIRKSWORTH.

Read, then, but first thyself prepare  
To read with zeal, and mark with care;  
And when thou read'st what here is writ,  
Let thy best practice second it.  
So twice each precept read shall be,  
First in the book and next in *thee*.

PETER HEYLIN.

A.D. 1600-1611.

N the later years of Queen Elizabeth's reign there were many very learned men devoting their time to Biblical studies. It would seem as if the religious fervour of the age could not be content with what had been already done by Tyndale, Coverdale, Rogers, or the Bishops. Individual scholars who could discern faults here and there in every revision which had been made, were not backward in pointing them out for correction in any future attempt at amendment. An increasing number of clergy in the Church of England, whose only authorised copy was the translation called the Bishops' Bible, were most anxious that further efforts should be made towards attaining an English translation of the Holy Scriptures which

## *Origin and History of the English Bible.*

---

should be free from many of those evident blemishes which were contained in their public copies.

On the accession of James I. to the throne, these private desires assumed a more urgent character. Those who felt them were bold enough to come forward publicly into the presence of the King at the Conference held at Hampton Court in January, 1604, and make known their wish for a fresh revision of the Scriptures by eminent and honest scholars. There was scarcely any opposition made to this reasonable request, as all who were present there must have been aware that the Bishops' Bible, or the Genevan Bible, or Coverdale's Great Bible, was here and there incorrect in its rendering from the original Hebrew and Greek Scriptures. A few scornful words from individuals could well be passed over as harmless, seeing that the long hoped for work was about to be undertaken by competent men under royal authority.

Not many months after this conference, the King had obtained a list of names of men well qualified for the task, and had entrusted to them the duty of thoroughly and efficiently reviewing and revising the text of the English Bible, and presenting to the people what to the best of their ability they considered the true Word of God in the English tongue. Andrews, Reynolds, Barlowe, Overall, Duport, Bedwell, names known far and wide as representatives of acute scholarship and deep learning—these were the hands unto which was committed the labour of satisfying the just wants of earnest and truth-loving people; and never perhaps did companies of scholars, divided into groups as these forty-seven were, work more harmoniously and satisfactorily together; the sense of responsibility would seem to have weighed upon the mind of each reviser, and constrained him to use his best endeavours for effecting a perceptible improvement on all former translations.

There was a certain number of instructions forwarded to the men who had been selected for the work, for their guidance; and on the receipt of them, it appears each individual gave himself up to the labour with a ready will. By the end of the year 1604, many of the revisers were fully occupied on the separate portions specially assigned to their care, searching out for every particle of information which might throw light on dark and difficult passages; and gleaning here and there scraps of wisdom, ancient and modern, which might serve to clear up points hitherto doubtful and unsettled. The wide field of Scriptural learning thus thrown open to industrious workers was travelled over again and again in quest of grains of truth, and no corner seems to have escaped the vigilant and practised eyes of these eminent and unselfish men.

The Bishops' Bible, issued in 1572, was to be the ground-work of the new version. This text found ready to hand was to be changed as little as possible, and was on no account to be altered unless the Hebrew or Greek was plainly mistranslated. Every available source of information might be freely used to perfect the text in existence; manuscripts might be collated; the writings of the old Church Fathers might be compared; the more recent vernacular versions in French, German, Italian, Spanish, might be investigated, scholars, native and foreign, might be consulted; in

fact, no one known channel of truth was to be left unexplored; there was now to be a most practical answer given to the unworthy remark, "If every man's humour were to be followed, there would be no end of translating."

The work thus virtually commenced under the king's authority in the year 1604 was carried on in the most quiet and unobtrusive manner by the revisers, for about three years; each as it would appear desiring to keep back the formal part of the task until full time had been given to mature and perfect the section he had received. In the year 1607, the groups of men, two at Oxford, two at Cambridge, and two at Westminster, began to meet for the purpose of settling and arranging the text according to the opinion of their members. A great deal of time was taken up in these necessary and important discussions, as no verse or word was permitted to stand unless its presence was supported by the strongest and best evidence. So careful were the revisers in their preliminary labours, that when they knew that a certain small word was a better equivalent for the original Hebrew or Greek than a longer, which was in the Bishops' Bible, they invariably made the change, their object evidently being to make the language of Holy Scripture as plain, clear, and simple as possible.

At the end of about three years, in the year 1610, copies of the Scriptures, as revised by each group of scholars, were handed over to a body of six of the most eminent of the labourers, two from Oxford, two from Cambridge, and two from Westminster, to be reviewed by them in consultation with certain other learned men chosen for the purpose. These picked men spent nine months in going over again what had been given to them with the most scrupulous care, one perchance reading whilst others would listen with Hebrew, or Greek, or Latin, or German, or French, or Italian versions before them. There was no shrinking from labour, no manifestation of undue haste, but a painstaking and conscientious desire to produce a version which might fairly challenge criticism and allay doubts and fears.

In the year 1611, there was prepared for the press the manuscript as finally corrected by Bishop Bilson and Dr. Miles Smith; and under their supervision the first edition of the Version, which goes by the name of the "Authorised Version," was *imprinted* at London by Robert Barker in the course of the same year. So great was the change for the better in many important passages, and so visible the improvement in the whole tone and character of the renderings, that the Revisers do not shrink from saying in the preface that their Version is "newly translated out of the original tongues, and with the former translations diligently compared and revised by his Majesty's special command."

Since the first edition was printed and published in the year 1611, this "Authorised Version," known by us, has gradually displaced all other translations, and won it sway quietly to the position which it now holds, as that of the Standard of Truth, for all who speak the English language. There are doubtless in this, as in all former, translations, trivial errors which greater acquaintance with the original tongues enables us to discern, yet still, considering the

## *Origin and History of the English Bible.*

---

age in which it was made, we may regard our present English Bible as a very marvel of perfection. Even those most diligent labourers who spent so much time and pains in its production did not claim for their work absolute freedom from fault: in their modesty, they prefixed these truthful remarks, "Truly, good Christian reader, we never thought from the beginning that we should need to make a new translation, nor yet to make of a bad one a good one, but to make a good one better . . . or out of many good ones one principal good one, not justly to be excepted against; that hath been our endeavour, that our mark. To that purpose there were many chosen that were greater in other men's eyes than in their own, and that sought the truth rather than their own praise. . . . Neither did we disdain to revise that which we had done, and to bring back to the anvil that which we had hammered; but having and using as great helps as were needful, and fearing no reproach for slowness, nor coveting praise for expedition, we have at the length, through the good hand of the Lord upon us, brought the work to that pass that you see."

It would be ungracious in the extreme to complain of a Version of Holy Scriptures which was brought out under the sanction of such profound scholarship, and has stood its ground under the most trying circumstances; and at the same time unwise to regard it as above all honest criticism. If, by the aid of a more advanced learning, any renderings can be made a more accurate interpretation of the original records; or if, by the help of more ancient and correct manuscripts, small points here and there may be made more intelligible, there should be no fear to accept these emendations, and to accept them in the most grateful spirit as special blessings to a later age. Literal accuracy is not to be scorned, though there stands out as a standing warning to idolaters of an exact text, "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life;" and any time, perseverance, or genius spent in securing for us the most perfect transcript of the Divine will to man, should receive our heartiest thanks.

In the slight sketch of the Origin and History of the English Bible which has been attempted in these pages during the year, there has necessarily been omitted several of those more graphic episodes which have occurred in the long period which has been treated of; it is to be hoped, however, that the fragments which have been communicated may quicken in the minds of many a strong and abiding desire to follow up the study of such an important subject with a more lively and intelligent interest. Abundant means for so doing have been furnished during the last few years by able and accomplished writers, whose names are a guarantee for solid learning and patient research. Archbishop Trench on the "Authorised Version," and Canon Westcott on the English Bible, supply ample materials for a much more extended enquiry than could possibly be carried on in these pages; and for an account of the earlier Wycliffe Versions, the splendid book of Forshall and Madden supplies every title of information which the most industrious learner can desire.

If we have seen, in this imperfect history, some slight indica-

## *Sunny Days in Winter.*

---

tions of a providential watching over the Word of God, some few traces of a higher hand protecting these treasures of wisdom from hurt or harm, let us not be afraid to avow our convictions ; or to allow our veneration to increase with every succeeding year of life. Death has been bravely faced, loss and imprisonment have been cheerfully borne by many a noble hero in defence of God's Written Word ; and much pain has been secretly endured by those who have striven to hand down undefiled the streams of Gospel Truth. The fixing of the Canon, the preservation of Manuscripts, the translations into other languages, the exclusion of interpolated verses, have not been easy tasks at various times, and thankful ought each reader of the English Bible to be that such a glorious heritage has been bequeathed to him.

Living in times of change, when anxious souls are again claiming a removal of the few imperfections which disfigure pages of the Sacred Book, let us not be afraid to commend the task unto the hands of ripe scholars and religious men. If the Divines of the age of James I. supposed that improvements could be made in the future, and looked upon their work as a temporary and not a final effort, let us not shrink from the task which is set by men craving for truth, but earnestly and willingly, with God's help, pursue it. Fear, there need be none. God's word to His people is still, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen." (Matt. xxviii. 20).

---

## *Sunny Days in Winter.*

SUMMER is a glorious season,  
Warm, and bright, and pleasant;  
But the Past is not a reason  
To despise the Present.  
So, while health can climb the mountain,  
And the log lights up the hall,  
There are sunny days in winter, after all.

Spring, no doubt, hath faded from us,  
Maiden-like in charms;  
Summer, too, with all the promise,  
Perish'd in our arms:  
But the memory of the vanish'd,  
Whom our hearts recall,  
Maketh sunny days in winter, after all !

True, there's scarce a flower that  
blooming—  
All the best are dead;  
But the wall-flower still perfumeth  
Yonder garden bed;  
And the arbutus, pearl-blossom'd,  
Hangs its coral ball :  
There are sunny days in winter, after all !

Summer trees are pretty—very,  
And I love them well;  
But this holly's glistering berry  
None of those excel.  
While the fir can warm the landscape,  
And the ivy clothes the wall,  
There are sunny days in winter, after all !

Sunny hours in every season  
Wait the innocent—  
Those who taste with love and reason  
What their God hath sent;  
Those who neither soar too highly,  
Nor too lowly fall,  
Feel the sunny days of winter, after all !

Then, although our darling treasures  
Vanish from the heart—  
Then, although our once loved pleasures,  
One by one depart—  
Though the tomb looms in the distance,  
And the mourning pall,  
There is sunshine, and no winter, after all !



## Hearty Hints to Lay Officers of the Church.

BY GEORGE VENABLES, S.C.L., VICAR OF ST. MATTHEW'S, LEICESTER.

### GUILDMEN.

 **S**a general and very great principle, we would say, at the outset, that we regard every baptized person, on arriving at a fit age, as bound by every consideration to be confirmed, and then to become a regular and a frequent communicant, and that every communicant is, by that very act, a member of the best, the greatest, the truest, and the grandest of Guilds, being bound as a member of Christ to do something, however small, however great, however insignificant, or however important, for the advancement of Christ's kingdom, and for the benefit of the family of fallen Adam, whom Jesus, the second Adam, hath redeemed. And we believe that this truth, long neglected and almost forgotten, cannot be too much insisted on. If practically recognised, it would raise up such a band of lay helpers in the church as would, with God's blessing, effect a mighty reformation amongst the people, and would do much to spread true religion. One great means towards producing this result is found in numerous associations, societies and guilds, with which the church is teeming now. It matters little by what name we term these associations, for in practice most of them mean nearly the same thing. Some think that "association" is the best term, while others think that the word has a very scientific ring about it; some fancy that the term "guild" smacks terribly of Popery, even as others, who have a sound and wholesome dread both of Popery and Romanism, consider the word as the most convenient and appropriate term that our vocabulary contains.

Dismissing such a question as a mere trifle amongst men in earnest, and a mere quibble amongst determined fault-finders, who will be neither silenced nor satisfied with any thing that earnest churchmen attempt to do, we rather throw our thoughts together upon the work to be done and the workers to do it. We hope the day is now quite near when permanent deacons will be ordained to minister within and outside the church; when unpaid sub-deacons (who will not thereby put aside their condition as laymen) will also be carefully selected and ordered for work also within, and, perhaps, without the church walls. There is great need for some such proceeding. It would give an impulse to church work which is still needed. But there is, and there ever will be, a work to be done by the Church, the full discharge of which demands the action of every member of the Church, just because he or she is a member of it (1 Cor. xii. 21, 22).

The principle is one, the practical applications numerous and not altogether easy to enumerate. The principle is clear enough. The Church consists of many members, under the one great head, Jesus Christ. Every member, *without exception*, has its functions to perform within the one united body, and no member is so unimportant that the most comely member can do without it. There is such a combination amongst all the members as renders it impossible for one member to say to another "*I have no need of thee.*" The great point of enquiry for every member of Christ's

Church, then, is, what is my function? What is that, in this great body of the Church of Christ, whereof I am a member, which I am called upon to perform?

It matters not whether you be poor or rich, learned or ignorant, blind or lame, or even bed-ridden. Every member of the Church of Christ can do something, as such, to the glory of his God and Saviour, and the good of his fellow-creatures. It is, therefore, at once your highest duty and your greatest privilege to feel that you have such a calling, and the point to be decided by you is, what is your peculiar calling within the Church, and consistently with due order?

In very many instances (especially where the Guild simply demands that you be a communicant, and that you promise to do something every week to the glory of God and the extension of His Church), you will find a Guild will afford you the very platform for usefulness you desire.

And let me say to all hearty Guildmen, do whatever you undertake with perseverance, life, and reality. Never attempt anything in connection with the Church with hesitation, or doubt, or uncertainty. Do it because it is right, because you ought to do it, and with a happy conviction that it is useless without the blessing of God, and withal that God will bless it and any work done in His name and in reliance upon His grace.

This is the last of the set of "Hearty Hints" to my fellow brethren of the Church. I have endeavoured to write them all under a sense of the responsibility entrusted to me, and I have sought so to write them as to make men feel an interest in them. I am sensible of many shortcomings, but I can say, with a heartfelt consciousness of truth, that I have earnestly wished to avoid hurting the feelings of any one, while seeking to be as practical as possible. If, however, I have failed in this particular, I beg to assure every reader that it would pain me greatly to give needless offence, and that I have never once done so intentionally. May it please God so to bless all the readers of my Hearty Hints, that though unknown to each other, we all may work heartily in the great Anglican communion of the Church Catholic of Christ, in whatever part of the world we may be.

And hereafter, when our work is over, "having served God in our day and generation" here, may we rejoice in His presence, and praise His grace and love which made us "Hearty Workers" in His Church on earth. Till then, let our motto be "Be not weary in well doing, our labour is not in vain in the Lord."

---

*Life.*

We live in deeds not years, in thoughts not breaths,  
In feelings not in figures on a dial.  
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

BAILEY.



## Rose Hardy's Home.

### CHAPTER IX.

AND so Miles Welch went away, far from quiet Hinton Mill, over the great sea to Australia, and left Rose Hardy behind him by her own choice; and as the old man told her, she did not regret it. I do not mean that she did not sometimes weary for the sound of Miles' cheery voice, and a sight of his kindly face, and find life very dull without him. Patience is a hard virtue for young blood; but few people have a better model before their eyes than Rose had. But I think even when her heart was most yearning and longing, if Miles had stood before her with his pleading face and voice, she would still have decided the same, and always when the old master spoke of Miles, which was very often, she would say, "but I'm glad I stayed with the Master and the dear old home."

One day, when she spoke thus, he said, "Ah, deary, I used to think a terrible deal of the old mill. Ah! and so I do now, only maybe not so much. I mind once when there was a talk of our leaving it and taking another farm, I felt as though it would nearly break my heart, it seemed as if it were just home and nowhere else could be; but since the old missus went, it has seemed different, somehow; it seems as if I was just biding here a little, 'strangers and sojourners,' as it says, and was just waiting to go home. There's a place for me up there in my Father's house, and my heart and treasure are there already, and it's light in the home there, deary, always light."

And so time passed on in the quiet mill till it was no longer yesterday, or last week, or last month, or even last year that Miles went away. They heard once or twice, and Rose replied, but they were neither of them good at writing, and Miles was very busy, so that after a time no letters came to or left the mill, but "what does it matter, as long as we're true?" Rose said. She did not mope or pine for her lover, but went cheerfully about her work like a brave-hearted girl as she was, and work passed the time, which might have crushed her with its weight if she had sat with folded hands. She tended the old man with constant watchful care, and he needed it more and more, for every month seemed to take something from his failing strength and bring him nearer the home he was seeking. The management of the farm had fallen almost entirely into Joe Hawthorne's hands, though he came in most days and told Master Hawthorne what was being done.

Then as time still passed on the old man's place at church was empty on Sunday, and at first it was only that the weather was bad, or Master Hawthorne had taken a cold; but as Sunday after Sunday passed and Rose took her place there alone, she felt that she should never again hear his voice joining in the prayers, or see his head bent so reverently, and that the time would not be long before he would no longer take part in the feeble praises of the Church militant here on earth, but would be joining in the glorious 'Hallelujahs' of the Church triumphant in heaven.

\* \* \* \* \*

Christmas Day again, fourteen years since my story began, and little Rose Hardy found her home in the old farm, ten years since the old mistress "crossed the flood," nearly six years since Miles came, and five since he went away.

"A happy Christmas to you, Master," Rose said as she opened his bedroom door. He was still able to get up and dress himself without help, and he was standing by the window waiting for her, for she always came to lead him downstairs. She rarely left him at all now, for he was very feeble and dependent on her for everything.

"It's fourteen years since you brought me here first. Do you mind the day? How cold and frosty it was, wasn't it? and what a poor little half-starved creature I was when you led me in. Do you mind it all, Master?"

"Ay, ay!" he answered, "fourteen years ago, and it seems but the other day."

As they sat at their breakfast, they talked of old times, and of that first Christmas, and the farmer went back to Christmases long ago before there was a Rose Hardy in the world.

"You and me must have service to ourselves, Master." Rose said as she began clearing away the things.

"No, deary, I won't keep you from Church. I'm a deal better to-day, and then if you set things handy for me I shall do well enough till you come home, and I know the service pretty near by heart. Eighty-five Christmas days have taught it me. Never fear, Rosey, but I shall do comfortable, and maybe I shall doze a bit now and then, and pass the time thinking of old times, for my life is as good as a story, deary, and I'll read it to myself."

She did not like leaving him, but he grew so worried by her staying that she agreed to go, doing all in her power to make him comfortable till her return, setting his armchair out of the draught, and making up a bright fire.

Then she went and put on her bonnet. As she came down stairs, she heard his voice speaking softly to himself, "Through the tender mercy of our God, whereby the Dayspring from on high hath visited us; to give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death: and to guide our feet into the way of peace."

"Master," she said, "the bells are ringing, do you hear?"

"Open the door, deary; my hearing's not so good as it has been. Ay! sure, there they are, 'glad tidings of great joy.'"

"Goodbye," she said from the door, "I'll not be long."

"Goodbye, Rosey. Don't forget I'm waiting for you at home."

And she closed the door and went. Her mind was full of him as she crossed the meadow, and she thought of all his gentleness and patience, and of all his great goodness to her. She was so taken up with her thoughts that she climbed the stile and went up the little lane without noticing a figure standing on the bridge, who had been watching her all the way from the mill.

"Where are you going, Miss Rose, in such a hurry, that you have left your eyes and your thoughts behind you, and can't even say 'good morning' to a friend you've not seen for years?"

Who was it that was standing there looking at her? Who took both her hands in his and kept them in his grasp? Her heart seemed to stand still, for it was Miles Welch, his very self, who stood there in the very place where she had seen him last, five years

before; and his voice was sounding with the Christmas bells in her happy ears.

What they said in those first minutes Rose could not recall, she remembered only that she made a movement as if she would have turned back to the mill, but Miles drew her hand under his arm and said, "Not yet, you and I, Rosey, will go to Church together, and then go and tell the old master."



And there they were, on their way to Church, with her hand resting on Miles' arm. She could not speak for something that rose in her throat that was very near a sob, and her eyes were more than once misty and dim. Miles, too, was silent, and only smiled and nodded to the groups of people who had a welcome to say to him or a Christmas greeting.

As they passed in at the churchyard gate Miles stooped and looked into Rose's downcast face, "And you haven't even said you're glad to see me, Rose."

And she made no answer, but looked up at him with damp eyes and quivering lips, and they passed in and knelt down side by side in the old seat. "What does it matter so long as we are true?" And they had been true, and the five years of waiting seemed to them but a few days for the love they bore one another.

After the service was over Miles found that he could not get away so easily from the neighbours, who pressed round him to bid him welcome or ask news of his return; but when at last he had made his way through them, and was clear, he turned to Rose and said, "Now, Rosey, for the old master."

And they set out at a quick pace for the farm. As they went their tongues were no longer silent, and he told her how he had got on slowly but steadily in Australia, where he found that fortunes were no more to be made in a day than they are in England. His uncle took a great fancy to him, and treated him as if he had been his own son; but as time passed on, the day when he could come home to fetch Rose seemed to come no nearer, and he was beginning to feel almost in despair, for "I couldn't quite forget you, Rosey, do what I would." Then not quite a year ago his uncle died and left him everything. "I might have been no end of a rich man if I had stopped and kept on with the sheep farm; but I found with my uncle's money I could get a snug little farm in old England, and so I sold everything and thought I'd come and see if there was still a blue-eyed girl at Hinton Mill. And you mustn't be so hard on a chap as you were five years ago, when you sent him off to the other end of the world, and did not mind a bit."

"Not a bit, Miles, not a bit." And she laughed with tears in her blue eyes, a laugh that was so pleasant in his ears that nothing he had heard in those five years came near to it in sweetness.

"And though you treated me so badly, I've been thinking and thinking to please you, and I'm thinking there might be room for me in the mill, and that maybe the master would let me take on the farm instead of him, so as we should all be together. What say you, Rosey?"

How short the way was. How soon they reached the mill. They seemed only this minute to have left the church, and here they were going up the garden path.

"It's not a bit changed," Miles said; "it's all just the same; it might be only yesterday when I left; and there's the white pigeons and the old dog and all."

As she unlocked the door she stopped and motioned him to be quiet.

"I will go in and tell him," she said. "Oh! he will be so pleased."

So Miles stopped in the porch, and she went in alone.

The fire was burning brightly, and the old man lay back in his elbow chair dozing, she thought, with one hand stretched out on the Bible, which he liked placed within his reach, though he could not read it.

"Master," she said, "Master, I've some news for you."

He did not answer, and she came nearer, and then she uttered a cry of terror, "Oh, Miles, Miles, come!" For like the poor

## *The Close of the Year.*

shepherds on that first Christmas, a great light had shone from heaven for the old man sitting in darkness, and he had gone to keep Christmas with the old mistress in the light. "The city hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of the Lord doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. For there shall be no night there."

Years have passed since then, and Rose and Miles still live in Hinton Mill. Their life is a very happy one, with many blessings and few sorrows. There are little children growing up round them, and life has much sunshine for them. But Rose never forgets the dear old master and mistress, and she often recalls the master's last words, "Don't forget that I'm waiting for you at home," and she remembers, that pleasant as the old mill is, that it is not our rest, but that her Home lies beyond the dark valley, where the old master is waiting for her.

---

## **The Close of the Year.**

ANOTHER year! another year!  
The unceasing rush of time sweeps on;  
Whelmed in its surges, disappear  
Man's hopes and fears, for ever gone!  
O, no! forbear that idle tale!  
The hour demands another strain,  
Demands high thoughts that cannot  
quail,  
And strength to conquer and retain.  
'Tis midnight—from the dark-blue sky,  
The stars, which now look down on  
earth,  
Have seen ten thousand centuries fly,  
And given to countless changes birth  
And when the pyramids shall fall,  
And, moulderling, mix as dust in air,  
The dwellers on this altered ball  
May still behold them glorious there.

Press onward through each varying hour;  
Let no weak fears thy course delay;  
Immortal being! feel thy power,  
Pursue thy bright and endless way.

ANDREWS NORTON.

Shine on! shine on! with you I tread  
The march of ages, orbs of light!  
A last eclipse o'er you may spread,  
To me, to me, there comes no night.  
O! what concerns it him, whose way  
Lies upward to th' immortal dead,  
That a few hairs are turning gray,  
Or one more year of life has fled!  
Swift years! but teach me how to bear,  
To feel and act with strength and  
skill,  
To reason wisely, nobly dare,  
And speed your courses as ye will.  
When life's meridian toils are done,  
How calm, how rich the twilight  
glow;  
The morning twilight of a sun  
Which shines nowhere on things below.

---

## **A Copper Mine.**



HE copper mines in the south-west of England, where a few narrow pits all open about the same level, are very different from the well-ventilated coal-pits, through which air moves constantly.

On a fine, warm, breezy, bright, sunny day, with the sweet breath of fields and heather hills in his nostrils, a pedestrian in search of information comes to a trap-door and a hole like a draw-well. Odours, as of bilge water and rotten eggs, rise when the trap is lifted, and contrast abominably with the delicate perfumes of beans and hedge rows.

There is no rattle, no din, no movement here. A dull, sleepy,

## *A Copper Mine.*

---

creaking sound comes faintly in from a big water-wheel which is slowly turning and pumping water from a neighbouring hole. The only cheery sound about the place is the rattle of hammers and stones, where boys and girls, and strong-armed women are smashing and washing ore in sunlight and fresh air. Like bees they sing as they cheerily work. Their cheeks are ruddy, and their bright eyes dance with fun ; but down in the dark well is sickness, silence and gloom.

A distant sound is heard below : the yellow glimmer of a candle shines out of the dark earth, and the regular beat of thick-soled boots on iron staves comes slowly ticking up the pit, like the beating of a great clock.

A mud-coloured man appears at last : this miner may be blue, or yellow, green, brown, orange or almost red, but he is sure to be gaunt and pale-faced. His hair and brow are wet with toil ; his eyes blink like those of an owl in day-light : he wheezes and looks fairly blown. With scarce a word of greeting, he stares and passes on to the changing house. When a lot of miners who work in such mines gather amongst other folk, they are as easily distinguished as blanched celery from green leaves.

When visitors go down, guides and strangers, dressed in their worst, each armed with a tallow dip, stuck in a ball of clay, cluster about the well, which is called the 'foot way,' and, one after another, they vanish from the upper air. For the height of a town-church down they go into the darkness, and their steaming breath rises up like blue smoke. When daylight fails, a halt is called, and candles are lit on the ladders. This travelling is, to say the least, uncomfortable. A man in the middle has to watch that he may not tread on the fingers next below him and to look out for his own knuckles ; he has to clasp the cold, greasy, gritty iron rounds, and the candlestick of soft wet clay, so as to hold both without losing the light, or singeing his nose with the candle. He has to feel for his footing, to watch for any damaged or missing round, and generally keep his wits bright ; for there may be fifty fathoms of sheer open depth at his elbow, and nothing earthly to save him if he slips or stumbles in this 'foot way.' Like a train of Irish hod-men slipping down from a London house, down goes the procession, and those unused to the work find it hard labour.

In half an hour, or an hour and a half, according to pace and distance, a journey which would have taken a few minutes in a coal-pit, lands the visitor at the bottom of this mine, where machinery is unknown. On the floor of a coal-mine the footing is sure. Here passages are made at different levels, and they are full of pitfalls, and uneven in height and width. Tramping and splashing through mud and mire, over hard rock and piles of rubbish, the train moves off.

When the level is reached, a miner leads, another brings up the rear, and strangers file off and keep their places as best they can. "Shoot!" cries the leader, and ducks his head. The next, finding the edge of a sharp iron-shod trough at the level of his eyes, dives under it in his turn and passes the word "Shoot." It is the place where ore is shot down from upper levels into waggons, and it is a

## *A Copper Mine.*

---

trap to break the heads of the unwary. "Sump!" cries the leader, and the follower, with his candle flickering in his eyes, finds that he stands on a single plank, or a narrow ledge of stone, above a black abyss. In day-light, heads are apt to swim above such depths; in the dark that feeling is absent; so each in turn passes the bridge and gives the word "Sump." It is the place where ore is sent down, or the top of an air-chimney, or the mouth of a pit dug into the vein. "Deads!" cries the leader, crawling up a heap of stones, wriggling through a long hole, and sliding down head foremost into the passages beyond. The soles of his boots disappear at last, and one by one the procession struggles through, taking the colours of the mine from its roof and sides. And so for half a mile, or a mile or more it is "heads," "shoot," "sump," "deads," "splash," "tramp;" and by that time all hands are wet, hot, greasy, smoky, and muddy.

When the miners have driven two long caves, one above the other, so far that candles will no longer burn at the ends of these passages, and men can hardly breathe, the next step in metal-mining is to 'rise' and 'sink' and join the caves, so as to make a passage for air to move through, if nature so wills.

To get to the top of a 'rise,' 'stemples' are often fixed for steps. These stemples are bars of wood on either side, and to mount is like climbing a chimney. The stones which are quarried at the top out of such a hole are thrown down and gather in a conical heap below. So the place is well called a 'close end.' In order to get oxygen into this black hole, a small boy, whose life is one perpetual grind, is stationed at some place where the air is thought fit for use. With a circular fan and a leaky tube, or with a thing like a magnified squirt — by the muscular force of a young male engine with the idle nature of a boy — some air of some sort is driven to the end, and half-choked men and dim candles struggle on for life in the burrow.

The ventilating boy passed, the leader dives into a rolling cloud of thick fetid smoke. His candle turns into a nebulous haze, his legs are seen wading alone in clear air after his head has disappeared in smoke, but both are found together at the end. With hands and feet on either side of the 'rise,' in the graceful posture of a split crow, or a wild cat nailed on a kennel door, through showers of dust and falling stones, up sprawl guides and followers with many a puff and cramp, till they crowd a shaky platform at the top of the 'rise.' There is a feeling of tightness about the neck; the chest heaves with a gasp, instead of rising steadily; and generally there is distress and a feeling like nightmare. Men at work in these bad places pant and breathe painfully; their faces are purple or red; their veins swelled; their brows wet and begrimed with soot. They seem to labour hard, though their work is not harder than quarrying stones elsewhere. In such places candles flicker, and sometimes go out altogether; no puffing or drawing will light a pipe or keep it lighted. There is no laughter, no fun, no cheery chatter of active labour at these 'close ends.'

To return to upper air is hard work. From the bottom of a deep mine, up perpendicular ladders, with foul mine-water dripping on

## *A Colloquy with Myself.*

his head, and a smoky candle spluttering in front of his open mouth ; edgeways through clefts, on all fours, feet foremost, head foremost, on his back, his sides, the amateur miner follows his guide. Greasy, muddy, drenched, steaming with perspiration, with throbbing ears, giddy, tired, and gasping like a fish, he struggles back to fresh air ; and, when daylight appears, glimmering far overhead, when the trap-door is passed, the first long greedy draught of the clear, pure air of heaven seems too strong. It flies to the head like brandy. Even miners who are used to such places often stagger and totter like drunken men when they come 'to grass.' These were the sensations of the winner of a Highland hill-race, in good condition, at the age of twenty-eight, who in well-ventilated mines only felt ordinary fatigue after many a long scramble underground.—*From "Frost and Fire."*

### *A Colloquy with Myself.*

As I walked by myself, I talked to myself,

And myself replied to me ;  
And the questions myself then put to myself,

With their answers, I give to thee.  
Put them home to thyself, if unto thyself  
Their responses the same should be ;  
Oh ! look well to thyself, and beware of thyself,

Or so much the worse for thee.  
What are Riches ? Hoarded treasures  
May, indeed, thy coffers fill ;

Yet, like earth's most fleeting pleasures,  
Leave thee poor and heartless still.

What are pleasures ? When afforded  
But by gauds which pass away ?  
Read their fate in lines recorded  
On the sea-sands yesterday.

What is Fashion ? Ask of Folly ;  
She her worth can best express.  
What is moping Melancholy ?  
Go and learn of Idleness.

What is Truth ? Too stern a preacher  
For the prosperous and the gay ;  
But a safe and wholesome teacher  
In adversity's dark day.

What is friendship ? If well founded,  
Like some beacon's heavenward glow ;  
If on false pretension grounded,  
Like the treacherous sands below.

What is Love ? If earthly only,  
Like a meteor of the night ;  
Shining, but to leave more lonely  
Hearts that hailed its transient light.

But when calm, refined, and tender,  
Purified from passion's stain,  
Like the moon, in gentle splendour,  
Ruling o'er the peaceful main.

What are Hopes but gleams of brightness,  
Glancing darkest clouds between ?  
Or foam-crested waves, whose whiteness  
Gladdens ocean's darksome green.

What are Fears ? Grim phantoms,  
throwing

Shadows o'er the pilgrim's way,  
Every moment darker growing,  
If we yield unto their sway.

What is Mirth ? A flash of lightning,  
Followed but by deeper gloom.  
Patience ? More than sunshine, brighten-  
ing

Sorrow's path, and labour's doom.

What is Time ? A river flowing  
To eternity's vast sea,  
Forward, whither all are rowing,  
On its bosom bearing thee.

What is Life ? A bubble floating  
On that silent, rapid stream ;  
Few, too few, its progress noting,  
Till it bursts, and ends the dream.

What is Death, asunder rending  
Every tie we love so well,  
But the gate to life unending,  
Joy in Heaven, or woe in hell ?

Can these truths, by repetition,  
Lose their magnitude or weight ?  
Estimate thine own condition,  
Ere thou pass that fearful gate.

Hast thou heard them oft repeated ?  
Much may still be left to do.  
Be not by profession cheated ;  
Live as if thou knewest them true.

As I walked by myself, I talked to myself,  
And myself replied to me ;  
And the questions myself then put to myself,

With their answers, I've given to thee.  
Put them home to thyself, if unto thyself

Their responses the same should be,  
Oh, look well to thyself, and beware of thyself,

Or so much the worse for thee !  
BERNARD BARTON.



## The Old Year.

DROPPING, dropping, dropping,  
Slowly dropping away;  
Like the silent sands of the hour-glass,  
Drops the old year day by day.

Dropping, dropping, dropping :  
No sound of spoken word;  
But every day had a tale to tell,  
Which only God has heard.

Dropping, dropping, dropping,  
Swiftly dropping away;  
So go the years of the earthly life  
On their appointed way.

Dropping, dropping, dropping :  
Oh, joy to see them go,  
If they tell a tale in the Father's ear  
Of a holy life below.

S. N. S.

---

## Reflection on a Christmas Tree.

BY JAMES HILDYARD, B.D., RECTOR OF INGOLDSBY.

**H**OW eagerly do these children gaze on this glittering bauble! Methinks there are not less than an hundred eyes directed towards it, and not one but rests steadfastly upon the admired object. And yet all that it contains would be dearly bought at five shillings, for any solid or lasting purpose.

The making of some of the toys has been the one occupation of several of them during play-hours for the last six weeks, and has even interfered seriously with the business of the school-room; and many a mysterious whisper, and hasty concealment of a half completed article, has betrayed that there was some more than usually important matter on hand.

And now that all the knick-knacks are collected together, and .

hung fancifully among blue and green and crimson tapers and ribbons on this fairy stem (which is but after all a lifeless branch of a fir-tree without roots), how do these little urchins attach a value to them, almost equalling in their vivid imagination the fabled wonders of Aladdin and his Lamp!

At length the ringing of a hand-bell announces that the prizes are beginning to be drawn, and all is hushed and still. Their little hearts beat quick in mute expectation of the result, and each one follows eagerly with his eye the arm stretched forth to reach down the object indicated by the lottery. One by one they are apportioned, and great is the glee or grievous the disappointment according as this or that article is awarded to each claimant by the judgment of the distributor, from whose decision there is no appeal.

And are these children, then, I ask, so far removed from us grown-up Christians, who are looking on in wonderment at their vain ardour after such very trifles? Does it never occur to us, what are all the most splendid treasures of this world, could we concentrate them in one spot, compared with the glories that shall be revealed hereafter? Are they not as dross in the balance, when set against the pure gold of eternity? And yet do we not, some of us, toil after the one, rising early and late taking rest, while the other we dismiss almost wholly from our thoughts as a matter of comparative indifference? Do we not carry on the pursuit after the one in much secrecy and mystery, lest haply our monopoly be discovered and interfered with, and some strange hand step in to share in the gains? And is there not, perchance, some one object —be it riches, be it fame, be it pleasure, be it distinction—that we are bent on securing, forgetful of that higher reward, that unfading crown, which is reserved for those hereafter who have sought steadily for it by patient continuance in well-doing, and in a firm faith in Christ their Saviour? And missing this temporal prize, are we not most grievously disappointed; though its possession, had we attained to it, were of no more solid worth than the toys after which our children are now so eagerly on the stretch? Finally, do we remember that there is no appeal from the heavenly judgment;—blank or prize, it is drawn but once, and that for EVER.

---

## *Short Sermon.*

### *Reading God's Word for Principles.*

BY FRANCIS MORSE, M.A., PREBENDARY OF LINCOLN, VICAR OF ST. MARY'S, NOTTINGHAM.

Acts ix. 6.—“*Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?*”



MONGST the helps that are to be found towards living a holy life, an important place must be given to ‘The Study of the Word of God for Principles of Holy Action.’

It is very much to be feared that many persons, even

amongst those who make a fair outward profession of Christianity, hardly ever read the Bible at all. They hear it read in Church, no doubt, and they hear sermons, and they have a general knowledge of its contents, but they are not familiar with its principles, and do not take it as their daily guide.

Others, who do read it, read it very often rather to see in it the doctrines they take with them to its study, to confirm themselves in their pre-established opinions, and to find a condemnation of all those who differ from them. Others, no doubt, read it just for the sake of reading it. They have some remains of conscientious feeling about the duty of reading the Bible; and so, perhaps alone, perhaps with their families, they read a portion morning or evening, and only read it. It is forgotten as soon as read. It is read as a duty to be done, not as a means of learning what duty is to be done.

But what I would commend to my readers here as a great help to holy living is the daily reading of the Holy Scriptures with the one view of carrying their principles out in daily life and business.

When Captain Hedley Vicars became an earnest Christian, he laid his open Bible on his table, and told all who came in that henceforth *that* was the Book by which he meant to act.

I am not suggesting that you shall lay your Bible on your counting-house table—it might lie there only to be seen; but that you should, each day, go to business with some part of God's word fresh in your mind, as the direction of your God, and the principle of your life.

I have headed this subject, ‘Reading the Word of God for Principles,’ for the New Testament, and, indeed, the Old too, as far as it applies to us, is made up of great broad principles. We do not find there directions for every minute particular of action, but great motives, broad principles, transcendent promises, overwhelming threatenings.

It is our business to become so familiar with these as to bring them to bear on every action of life, great or small. They are sufficient to save us, if we do so, but not more than sufficient; and it is certain that if we do not avail ourselves of the forces they offer us, we shall constantly be beaten by our foe, and eventually lost.

You will remember that Holy Scripture was the sword of the Spirit which our Saviour used in His temptation, and that it was with a word of God that, on each occasion, He silenced and eventually drove away the evil one. ‘It is written,’ He said, ‘it is written.’

And you will remember also that St. Paul, when instructing the man of God how to be thoroughly furnished, writes thus: ‘All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works’ (2 Tim. iii. 16, 17).

The course of ordinary business is like that of a full river rolling on in its might, and carrying everything away with it as it

goes. Men think of nothing else. There is need of some rock, islanded in the midst of their thoughts, to stem and check their progress, if it is to be stemmed at all.

Such a rock would be the *Word of God*, if known and believed to be the Word of God. But who rarely reads it never thinks of it, especially where thought is needed, so that it has no more effect upon his course of life than a stone thrown from the bridge into some swollen river.

But a man who had just been reading, as the Word of God, ‘All liars shall have their portion in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone,’ would hardly tell a lie with *that Rock* standing up before him. A man who had just been listening to ‘What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?’ would hardly with *that* rising up in his mind risk the losing of his soul for the sake of gaining a few pounds. A man who had just been thinking over our Saviour’s words, ‘Whosoever shall be ashamed of me in this evil and adulterous generation, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed when he comes with his holy angels,’ would hardly then and there shrink with shame from the confession of that Saviour. A man who had been reading that morning, ‘I say unto you, Whosoever shall look upon a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart,’ would hardly, with that ringing in his ears, let his eyes run loosely where they please. A man who had just heard from the lips of the Saviour, ‘Seek ye the kingdom of God and His righteousness *first*, and all these things shall be added unto you,’ would hardly set to work in business as if there were no God, and money were the one thing to be sought. A man who had just been reading of the exceeding tenderness and loving kindness of the Lord, shown in that while he was yet a sinner Christ died for him, would hardly then and there run into sin which crucifies that Lord afresh.

No, it is because we forget these facts, and are so unfamiliar with these truths, that they have little or no influence upon us. They are not islanded as rocks in our hearts, and so the stream of life flows on and carries them away as but leaves upon its surface.

What I suggest, then, is this, that you labour not only to become more familiar with Holy Scripture, but that you aim at bringing it as a real restraining power into your daily life.

Read it with reference to daily life. Fix in your mind, for each day, some great promise, some great threatening, some great principle. Write it in your memory as you walk down to business. Think of it again and again as the work of the day goes on. Apply it in your work. Place it side by side with your practice. Urge it upon your fears. Press it on your hopes.

God says this and this. How shall I dare to disobey Him? God writes thus; and how shall I have the folly to act otherwise? God promises this. What in this world can be so joyful, what so worthy of effort? Let me please God my Saviour, though all the world be set against me. Ask, ‘Lord, what would thou have me to do?’ And be ready, when He speaks, to say ‘Here I am, Lord, send me.’

the rock  
their pro-

ieved to  
inks of  
o more  
bridge

od, 'All  
ith fire  
ling up  
shall it  
' would  
his soul  
ad just  
hall be  
m shall  
angels,'  
confes-  
orning,  
st after  
' would  
' where  
avious,  
and all  
) work  
e thing  
eeding  
ile he  
there

milier  
upon  
, the  
upon

ome  
ig it

ach  
reat  
ess.  
on.  
tice.

im?  
ise?  
t so  
the  
me  
ed.

